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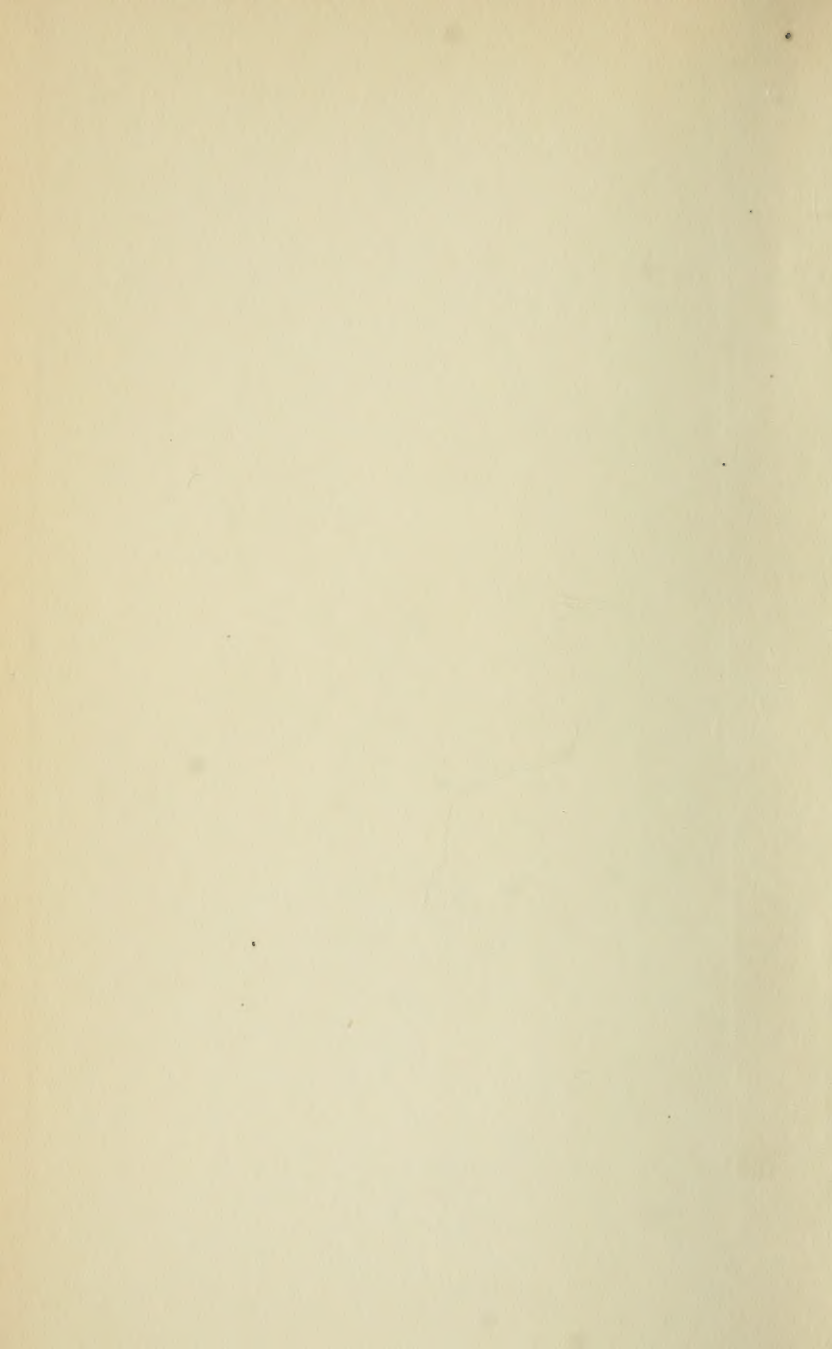
MEMORIES

CHARLES

H. . . .

KELLY .

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MEMORIES



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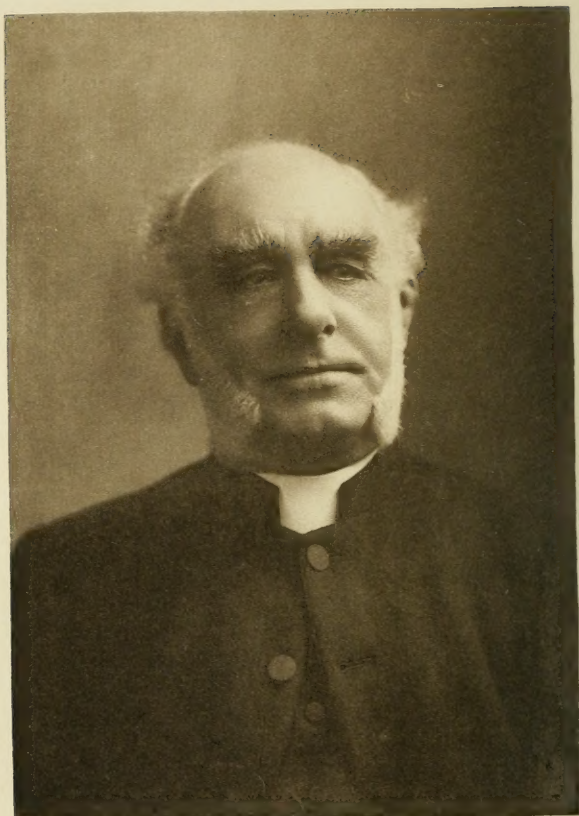


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Charles H. Kelly

MEMORIES

BY

CHARLES H. KELLY

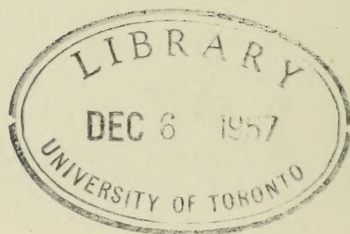
TWICE PRESIDENT OF THE WESLEYAN METHODIST CONFERENCE;
VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY
AND THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION; AND PAST PRESIDENT OF THE
NATIONAL FREE CHURCH COUNCIL

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FOREWORD

SOME ONE—I do not know who—has said that there are at least three men in every man : the man as he appears to himself, the man as he appears to the world, the man as he is. One feels the truth of this when he sets himself to autobiographical work. It is certain that no book of memoirs or reminiscences will approve itself both to the writer and his intimates, or to all who read it.

I shall do my best in the work to which I have set myself. Some, even of those who have strongly urged me to undertake it, may not be satisfied because they may miss things they wanted to see in print ; others may consider that causes, policies, striking events in our church history should have received more definite treatment ; and others that I should have given more attention to movements than to persons. I wish it were possible to gratify every one ; but, as it is not, I must do my work in my own way, and leave the consequences.

C. H. K.

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MEMORIES

PERSONAL

MY grandfather was John Kelly, who was born in Co. Galway, in 1779, and 'died in the city of Dublin on Saturday, November 29, 1817, aged thirty-eight years.' I understand he dropped the 'O' from his father's name of 'O'Kelly.' Dr. Robert G. Cather on several occasions tried to persuade me to assume it again, and have it printed in the *Minutes of Conference*; but, as my father never used it, I declined. I have an old ebony walking-stick with a silver band, and on it the words 'O'Kelly, Tuam,' and it also has at the top a silver plate bearing the name 'J. Kelly.' It was my grandfather's. I have also an exquisite water-colour miniature likeness. It represents a handsome man of, perhaps, thirty. At the time of his death his son, my father, was only fourteen years old, having been born in Manchester in 1803. He was buried at Brooklands Cemetery, Sale, on his sixty-sixth birthday, February 20, 1869. I believe he

was the only Methodist of his family, but he became a Methodist before he was twenty, largely through the influence of Mr. Charles Rider, of Collyhurst Hall.

My grandfather was a man of musical and dramatic tastes. His family were of that sort. He held a silver ticket that secured perpetual admission to one of the great theatres. My father never used it but once. He was a young boy, and slipped off to the theatre while there was a dinner-party at home. The play he saw was *The Devil to Pay*. When he got home he found how appropriate it was: he was well thrashed. I never used the token; and I do not know where it is. Probably when my sister and I have gone, it may turn up among some old and long-undisturbed things of my father's.

My father, his brothers, and his sisters, were all good singers; his sisters had peculiarly sweet voices, especially 'Auntie,' who lived with us for half a century, until she died, aged eighty, in 1888, and who sang like a nightingale up to the last—the very last.

I am the renegade of the family so far as music is concerned. Up to the end of my work at Chatham, I led the singing in my military classes and week-day work, but then deliberately gave up all singing in public service, because I thought it tended to injure the voice for preaching. I think my theory was right. At any rate, my voice served me well for

the pulpit all through my more than fifty years' work, and I gave it plenty of exercise. Still, many well qualified to judge do not agree with me, and they quote Mr. Gladstone as an example in their favour. In an address on 'Voice-culture' Sir Walter Parratt, Mus.Doc., is reported to have said at a conference in favour of open-air schools: 'Singing helps people very largely when addressing their hearers. The most magnificent instance of this was the late Mr. Gladstone. I have watched his voice when making a great speech, and it was very curious to find that he began every sentence upon E, the first line in the treble. He generally dropped a minor sixth to G sharp, and when he became pathetic he went down just a whole octave. There was always a feeling of music about his speeches which helped to produce the wonderful effects.'

My mother was Sarah Lowe. She died on September 24, 1900, in her ninety-second year. She often spoke of her grandmother as having, in later life, become a Quakeress. She seems to have been a stately dame. My mother remembered her with awe, and regarded her as being only a little lower than the angels.

My mother was a good, firm, self-willed woman, who ruled her household according to her own principles. I do not remember ever to have been thrashed by my father, but my mother thrashed me vigorously on a few occasions; notably one Sunday

when, in defiance of the Decalogue and parental teaching, I had bought some apples. I was then not more than six years old. The incident is fresh in my memory still. I have a feeling recollection of it.

On November 25, 1833, there was 'an infant crying in the night.' I was that infant. The cry began as the clock struck twelve, and there was a dispute as to whether the birth-date should be the 25th or 26th; but the first date won. That was at Salford, Manchester.

At the same instant there was a similar incident about five or six miles away, at Heaton Park, now one of the public parks of the city of Manchester, where Lord Grey de Wilton was born on the stroke of the clock. He also dated from November 25, and not the 26th. He died on January 18, 1885, having been called to the House of Lords in his father's lifetime under the title of Baron Grey de Radcliffe. Some time before his death he succeeded his father as third Earl of Wilton.

I saw him on an interesting occasion when we were youths. It was at the consecration of a Church of England place of worship. In the Heaton Park party was Mr. Gladstone. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of the diocese, but the sermon was preached by Dr. Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, from the text, 'I have much people in this city' (Acts xviii. 10).

It was a notable discourse. The preacher said that, apart from the Anglican Church, the Lord has many 'cities,' and that all His people were not to be found in one communion. He specified several of these 'cities,' but laid special emphasis on Methodism. His eulogium of John Wesley, and his tribute to the work of Methodism, impressed me very much. I have often wondered what Mr. Gladstone thought about it. He never ardently loved Nonconformity or Nonconformists, and I have a strong impression that he knew but little of either, or of Methodism; but he heard good words that morning from a High Church prelate, whose father had been John Wesley's friend in the patriarch's old age.

After the Consecration Service, whilst waiting at the railway-station, I stood near a very la-di-da-di young fellow who was flirting with two or three very stylishly dressed young women. They had all been to the service. One of the girls said something about a clergyman named Currie. Another said, 'Why, I should not have thought the Rev. Mr. Currie would have done or said such a thing.' 'Oh,' replied the first, 'I don't mean the entirely sanctified Mr. Currie.' This latter was an Evangelical incumbent of a neighbouring church. I remember the godless utterance shocked me.

When I was about three weeks old it was thought

my life was soon to end. So, one day, some good body wrapped me up warmly and slipped away with me to the 'Old Church,' now the Cathedral of Manchester, and had me baptized. Baptisms were ordinary events there. Who my godfather or god-mother were I neither knew nor cared. They certainly never troubled me or themselves about their vows. But there had been a notable, not to say notorious, parson at the church for many years, who officiated at marriages, baptisms, and burials—the Rev. Joshua Brooks. He is said to have baptized, married, and buried more people than any other clergyman in England. He was much talked about in my early days, and some of his sayings and strange doings were so extravagant that in my 'teens I was afraid he might have been the parson who had baptized me. I therefore actually obtained my baptismal certificate, so as to make sure on the point. I might have saved myself the trouble, for in later days I discovered that the comical chaplain had died on November 11, 1821, just twelve years before I was born. But I was resolved that if the eccentric, and not too godly, Rev. Joshua Brooks had officiated I would be baptized again, despite all canonical law and all ecclesiastical rule that forbade *rebaptism*.

My views as to the Apostolical Succession and Baptismal Regeneration had evidently taken shape

at an early period of my child-life. They have never changed.

The first chapel I attended was the old one in Gravel Lane, Salford. My first pulpit experience was there. Our pew was in the body of the chapel. There was an old-fashioned pulpit whose stairs were at its back, but were not visible to the congregation. The great puzzle, to my four-years'-old brain, was as to how the preacher got in and then got out of that extraordinary box. For several Sundays I had tormented my mother with questions: 'How did he get in? How will he get out? Will he jump over? May I stop to watch him?' No doubt this disturbed the pious worshippers. One Sunday Mr. Hedley, who sat in the pew behind ours, and who was as much interested in the child as in the preacher, said, 'Mrs. Kelly, let me take this child and show him the pulpit stairs, for he will never be content until his curiosity is satisfied.' After the service he took me and let me go up into the pulpit. Myriads of men have been anxious to know how to get into the pulpit, and some, having got there, have been as anxious to get out. Mr. Hedley, of Higher Broughton, was the first to teach me. A generation afterwards I repeatedly saw his intelligent and godly widow at Red Hill, Surrey, where she was one of the bright and shining lights of Methodism.

We removed from Salford to the other side of the Irwell in my sixth year, and lived in Manchester for ten years. I had already learnt my first lesson on bigotry. I was with some other child. We saw in one of the streets clothes that had been washed hung out to dry. There was a large bedsheet on the clothes-line. On one side was a showy picture. The woman to whom it belonged said to me, 'Here, little boy, you may come and look at this pretty picture, because you go to our chapel ; but that other little boy shan't see it, because he doesn't come.' I remember, to this hour, the feeling of disgust I had, and how cruel I thought it was that, because the boy did not go to 'our chapel,' he might not see the show.

I wish that woman's breed was extinct, but it is not. I had not known that bigotry existed until that day. I have hated it ever since, and hate it more intensely now than ever.

I was married at Wesley College Chapel, Sheffield, July 13, 1865, to Eleanor Bell Smith, daughter of Mr. Joseph Smith, of Broomhill House, Sheffield, and afterwards of Oberland, Guernsey, at which beautiful spot he died. God has given me many great gifts ; but no other so rich as that of a wife who has been 'guide, philosopher, and friend,' whose good temper has never failed, and whose devotion and self-denial have made it possible

to perform the peculiar duties that devolved upon me.

In the vestry, before the wedding service, I found the godly minister, who had known me from my boyhood, looking anxious. He said, 'I am glad you have come; I was wondering what I should read.' I said, 'I will mark the passages for you; read them, and no more.' On returning the Book of Offices to him he said, 'You have not marked the good advice at the end.' I replied, 'No; we know all about that!' 'Yes, but,' he said, 'I should like to read it—it is Scripture.' I said, 'It is all Scripture from Genesis to Revelation, but you can't read it at a wedding.' 'Ah, but I should like to read this,' he said, with a twinkle in his eye, 'because my wife will be there, and I am glad to have her at a wedding now and then, when these sentences are read, because they tell a woman her duty to her husband.' He read the passage with suitable emphasis.

My father-in-law, Mr. Joseph Smith, was a good and generous man, for whose memory we all entertain a high regard. His widow, who survived him several years, was a saintly, intelligent woman, an old and thorough Methodist. She left Guernsey soon after her husband's death, and took a lovely old house, Elmsleigh, near us at Wandsworth. It had been the house for the maids-of-honour to Queen Anne,

whose palace stood in the grounds. Voltaire stayed for some length of time at Elmsleigh during his residence in England. Both these old mansions have now disappeared. The ruthless builder has spoilt the place, and ugliness reigns instead of beauty.

Wandsworth has interesting Methodist associations. Mr. Gilbert, of West Indian fame, lived there—a friend of John Wesley, and sponsor for our first foreign missions. Wesley was married in the parish church. Pity he ever was; but he was. His bride had lived at a house in Love Lane. There the short wooing took place. Until within the last few years that lane had changed but little; it was dark and narrow. At the corner of it was an old sign-board that probably had been up ever since Wesley went romancing there; it said, ‘Drive round this corner slowly’! John Wesley would have done well to have taken the warning; but he did not. Love Lane is indeed changed; even the name is only a thing of the past. It is now Putney Bridge Road; there is no romance in that.

We have had three children. The eldest was Blanche; the other two are sons, still living—Arthur Henry and Charles Ernest.

Our only daughter, Blanche, died in 1872, when nearly six years old. It was a great grief to us. She had a short, sharp attack of diphtheria. I was attending a set of missionary meetings in the Man-

chester District. One night, as I was about to speak near Manchester, a telegram was given to me urging immediate return home, as the little maid was nigh unto death. I addressed the meeting; but, having one more on the list for the next night, which would finish the set, I earnestly asked a senior minister, who was in the vestry, to be good enough to supply for me, and so enable me to return to London by the midnight train. The man, without a word of sympathy, refused, and yet acknowledged he had no engagement. But our good and amiable brother, the Rev. Josiah Banham, pitying my anguish, immediately offered to go for me, for which I shall always be grateful to him.

I never saw the other creature again without positive loathing; his unhandsome face was a thing of disgust to me. He lost, that night, the chance of a star from his crown—if crown he ever gets—in eternity; and he took from the Judge the power to say, in the Last Day, of at least one incident in his life, ‘Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto Me.’

Happily, by Mr. Banham’s kindness, I was able to catch the midnight express in Manchester and reach home some hours before Jesus took the little child and set her in the midst of the angels.

We can never forget the touching kindness, at that time, of the venerable and reverend Jacob Stanley,

Mrs. Stanley, and their excellent daughters. I should think it was the last time he performed the burial service, when, after a long, laborious ministry, he laid Blanche to rest.

He was a son of the Rev. Jacob Stanley, who was one of the 'great' Presidents of the Conference and one of the first Liberals to hold the office.

At that time I read my own Obituary. I had spoken at a missionary meeting in the Manchester District a few nights before I was summoned to return home at once, as our darling little girl was dying. Mr. Clough, of Northwich, wrote to his friend, who was Superintendent of the circuit in which the first of these meetings was held, and said, 'You will be sorry to hear that Mr. Kelly, who was at your meeting on Friday last, has been called home suddenly by death.'

This dear old parson, without waiting to inquire, supposing that I had been called home to heaven, furnished quite an interesting Obituary to the local paper. I was permitted to see myself as others saw me.

MANCHESTER

So far as places are concerned, my earliest memories cluster about Manchester.

To compare that city of to-day with the town of my boyhood makes me realize, as little else does, that I am an old man.

I remember its old 'Charlies,' with huge coats and watch-boxes, before the police, who came after Peel's Act.

I remember when Manchester had no Mayor and Corporation. Its chief official was called the Borough-reeve. I distinctly recollect the last who held that position, Mr. Alexander Kay (1845-6). Elections to the office ceased then, and it was merged in that of mayor. But the first mayor had been elected in 1838, and Mr. Kay was the fourth. The first mayor was Mr. Thomas Potter, who was knighted after the termination of his second year of office. Sir Thomas was a man of kindly spirit, and one proof of that greatly interested me as a lad. It was his habit, as chief magistrate, to visit the various police-stations on Sunday evenings and deal with the Saturday night charges of drunkenness, so as

to fine and discharge prisoners, and in that way enable them to go to their work on Monday morning, instead of having to wait for the borough court and lose a day's wages. Some rampant teetotallers might not approve of that, but it was a humane and sensible practice.

In the year of my birth there was a great struggle in Manchester about the levying of Church Rates. The agitation had been keen for some time; but when the question was pressed to a poll, in May 1833, the Nonconformists gained the day by one vote. The numbers were 3,513 for the rate, 3,514 against it. The next year the Episcopalians contested the point again. The numbers had been so nearly equal that they hoped to reverse the decision. The poll was taken September 3, 1838, when the Dissenters gained a signal victory. The proposal was for a half-penny church rate. There were 5,857 for, and 7,019 against the payment of the rate.

The closeness of the vote in 1833, giving only a majority of one, reminds me of a playful remark I often heard my father make about a Salford election. At that time the parliamentary polling lasted two days. My father used to say that he had himself returned a member to Parliament. He voted last on the second day, and had only time to record his vote when the clock struck, the books were shut, and the poll closed. There was immense excitement, because it was certain

that it was going to be a neck-to-neck race. When the result was announced, July 26, 1837, the numbers were: Mr. Joseph Brotherton, 889; Mr. William Garnett, 888. The importance of one vote was manifest. The unit often stands for much.

Mr. Joseph Brotherton was a remarkable man. For many years he was noted in the House of Commons for a resolution he proposed at the opening of every Session to the effect that the House should never sit later than twelve o'clock. He never got many supporters. He was a cotton-spinner, and in partnership with his father. He retired in early life from business to devote himself to public work. He did not assume the title of 'Reverend,' but was minister for many years of the Bible Christian Church in King Street, Salford, close to our Gravel Lane Chapel. This is not to be confounded with the Methodist Bible Christian denomination. It was a small, very small, sect, that held Swedenborgian doctrines, but had no connexion with the New Jerusalem, or Swedenborgian, community. The chapel was a dingy one, in a dingy graveyard. The people were often called 'Cowherdites,' after the name of the first pastor, who had been a clergyman of the Church of England. The place was spoken of as the 'Beefsteak Chapel,' for the very remarkable reason that the adherents were pledged to eat no flesh meat. One of the members, an old man, and his

venerable wife took a fancy to me as a child, and he gave me a solid silver medal, that probably his father had given him, bearing the inscription, 'The gift of a father is the gift of a friend. J. E.' I have it yet. It is to be regretted they were not wealthy people, for they left me all they possessed, which was not much.

In his early youth my father joined the Elm Street Sunday school, and was connected with it for between fifty and sixty years. He thus became a worshipper at Wesley Chapel, Oldham Road, Manchester, to which the school was attached. He did not leave it, on his marriage, to go with my mother to Gravel Lane. Wesley Chapel, the old building, since taken down, was that over which the Chancery suit was fought by Dr. Warren after the division of 1835 and following years. The judgement established the rights of the Conference. Lord Lyndhurst was the Lord Chancellor. The name representing the Conference in the case was that of Mr. James Fildes, whom the Lord Chancellor persisted, throughout the trial, in calling 'Fil-dees.' But, happily, his judgement was better than his pronunciation.

When we removed from Salford all the family went to Wesley Chapel. It was a desolation. There were scarcely any people; they had nearly all left. I distinctly remember the ministers stationed there between my sixth and ninth years. I often saw the

great Robert Newton preaching to a mere handful. Some of the few who stayed were cruelly jeered at. I have never lost the sound of the music of Dr. Newton's wonderful voice; I hear it now. There may have been orators with voices equally fine, but I have never heard one. I heard his at intervals all through my youth and early manhood. Spurgeon's voice was not to be compared with Newton's. What a physique he had! What a splendid Life Guards' officer he would have made!

It was with him that Dr. Warren contested for the possession of the Wesley Chapel pulpit. There was almost a riot, when Warren gave out the hymn :

Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
The Spirit's course in me restrain?
Or, undismayed in deed and word,
Be a true witness for my Lord?

It was altogether a lamentable piece of Methodist history. There was a sad cleavage; Dr. Warren, who was no Radical at heart, did not stay long with the seceders, but took orders in the Anglican Church. He became minister of All Souls' Church, Every Street, Ancoats, Manchester; but was a disappointed, yet able, man. I once went to hear him. I doubt if there were twenty people present. It was indeed a case of 'All Souls,' but few bodies. He was the father of Mr. Samuel Warren, Q.C., Recorder

of Hull, and the once popular novelist, who wrote *Ten Thousand a Year* and *Passages from the Diary of a Late Physician*. Dr. Warren died in 1862.

I have little doubt the difficulty with him was chiefly a personal one, partly arising from his exclusion from the nomination to any of the offices in the proposed Theological Institution. There had been nothing in his ministry to intimate that he held the ecclesiastical views of the seceders. But with most of those who went out it was different. They were earnest men, with strong and sincere convictions. In many cases they were intelligent church politicians, who were possibly amenable to reason and argument, but who resented the position of the laity in Methodist church government. There were grave faults of wilfulness on both sides. The result was a great and regrettable division. Several of the prominent seceders were friends of my father, and, as they held monthly meetings in each other's houses, I knew them. These meetings were not for the discussion of church questions nor of the peculiarities of Methodism. It was known that my father and some others differed from the rest in opinion on such questions, and they were avoided. They considered literary subjects; some of the essays that were read were able productions, and are among my papers now. These friends also dealt practically

with social matters. They carried on a spirited correspondence in the *Manchester Guardian*, for instance, on the question of indiscriminate charity, and waged a war against professional begging. Some of them became members of the Borough and City Council, and others magistrates.

Manchester seems to have had more than its share of Methodist troubles. It was head quarters for the Warrenite secession; it was at one of its Conferences that Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith were expelled in 1849; but it also had lesser divisions. There was the case of the 'Band Room Methodists,' who set up service in Hanover Street, and one of whose chief leaders was Mr. Broadhurst, whose name is still held by a great business firm. He was father of Mr. Daniel Broadhurst, J.P., who was for some years Borough Treasurer. Then there was also an obscure party that did not live long after birth: the 'Tent Methodists,' whose place of worship was in Canal Street, Ancoats, but which was opened by the Anglicans as St. Jude's Church, April 1837.

Methodism in Manchester and the surrounding districts has been greatly strengthened and blessed by the work of the mission whose head quarters are at the Central Hall, Oldham Street. No church can show a mission with finer results. The spiritual, social, and philanthropic work has been greatly owned

of God. But, whilst the highest spiritual results have been secured, the material prosperity, in the way of buildings and property, has been very great. Some of the other great missions in the Wesleyan Church have had remarkable success, but it is not too much to say that the Manchester Mission has excelled them all. God's great gift to it was the gift of a man: that man was the Rev. Samuel F. Collier. At the critical moment the Lord 'sought for a man that should stand in the gap,' and He found him.

SCHOOL DAYS

I WAS sent, as a very young boy, to Charles Cumber's school, in Manchester, and stayed there a long time. My father was strongly advised to send me by Mr. Alfred Binyon, a Quaker, partner in the firm of Thomas Hoyle & Sons, the great calico-printers. I remember Mr. Binyon distinctly. He was frequently with my father, and used to astonish me by his power to add up three columns of pounds, shillings, and pence at the same time. Mr. Cumber's school was connected with the Society of Friends. It was conducted in a building next to the Meeting House in Mount Street, one end of it being at the corner of Peter Street. On the ground floor of the schoolroom was a covered playground; its roof was the floor of the schoolroom above. Being a Quaker school, the boys were supposed never to fight, but always to hold and cultivate principles of peace. But there was a quiet corner, overlooked by no window, where the lads settled private differences of their own, and were watched by sympathetic 'friends.' In that corner I fought and won my only fight. My

opponent was a red-haired, thin-lipped young bully, who terrorized the small fry, and whom I thrashed for his having thrashed a nervous little fellow, smaller and feebler than himself.

Mr. Cumber was a thorough Quaker. He was a Channel Islander; sprightly, scrupulously neat, and an advanced educationalist. His school was reputed to be almost the best in Manchester, surpassed only by the ancient Grammar School. He gained considerable reputation as a teacher, partly because of his unusual methods. He was a Latinist who tried to ground his scholars well. When I entered Didsbury, in my first interview with the Rev. Jonathan Crowther, the Classical Tutor, who could converse freely in Latin, he asked me at what school I had been, and if I could read Latin. I told him I knew a little of the language, and that I was a scholar of Charles Cumber's. 'Then,' said the old man, 'if you don't read Latin, you should. So I shall see you in such a class.'

Mr. Cumber was great in physical science, and taught a good deal by illustration. I have not forgotten his solar microscope, and his little model steam-engine. He was a bachelor, and lodged in Dickenson Street, close at hand. Some of the boys who lived at a distance dined with him. It was his custom to make them spell the names of all the dishes on the table before

they were served—sometimes a very provoking proceeding.

His desk was on a platform—it looked like a throne; behind him was a glass door; there he sat, able to overlook both the boys and girls in their separate rooms. I think most of the girls—not all—were young Quakeresses. Some of them were very pretty. Their names are not forgotten, even if not mentioned. I remember that Miss Pipe, who gained fame in after-days as a teacher, was one of the outsiders among the girls. She was a Wesleyan.

The assistant teachers were not 'Friends.' One, Mr. Henn, became, I think, an Anglican clergyman. Another, a big, burly, good-tempered fellow, got into fearful trouble one day. He had written a copy-head for a boy to copy: for writing was taught in schools at that time. The words were, 'Stolen waters are sweet.' On his round of the desks Charles Cumber saw this. He was furious, and called out, 'James Fell, James Fell, what dost thee mean by this?' I can see now the scared look on James Fell's face as he murmured, 'The words are in the Bible, sir!' 'In the Bible! Art thee a fool, James Fell? Dost thou not know that there are many words in the Bible that are not God's word, some even of the devil's, and that these are supposed to be the words of a bad woman?' Then he tore

the page out of the copybook. It was a dramatic scene.

The head mistress, whose name I do not remember, was a tall, stately woman, who, like Charles Cumber, always dressed in the neat, beautiful garb of Quakerdom. I am sorry it has disappeared.

Charles Calvert was the drawing-master, a man of some repute as an artist; the teacher of French was Mr. L. A. J. Mordacque, a popular little man, of quick movements and great politeness. His son, the Rev. Louis H. Mordacque, was incumbent of Haslingden, but died many years ago. My German teacher was Dr. Bernstein. He was more apt to teach than some of his pupils were to learn. He induced me to make my first appearance in public by taking part in a German play in the theatre of the Mechanics' Institution in Cooper Street. I forget the name of the play; the only words I remember were those in a song, and they have haunted me ever since; they were an address to 'Sweet holy Nature.'

Mr. Cumber insisted on good reading and recitation. Some of his hints were excellent. We had to recite before a large company. 'Do not be afraid; they are only individuals. If you feel timid before them, try to think each one is only a cabbage-head.' No one knows how helpful that has been to me in front of a crowd. Then again, 'Fill your lungs

with air. Speak out without shouting. Address the person far off ; and do not forget your audience is not in your stomach. Now, Charles Henry Kelly, let me hear thee recite Cowper on Slavery :

Oh for a lodge in some vast wilderness,
Some boundless contiguity of shade,
Where rumour of oppression and deceit
Of unsuccessful or successful war
Might never reach me more !

Now Walter Scott on Love of Country :

Breathes there the man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land ?
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand ?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well :
For him no minstrel raptures swell ;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch concentrated all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

That will do ; take care thou art always as emphatic in thy utterances, whether original or quoted. Thou canst make thyself heard ; so make thyself heard. It is of no use to speak if thy audience cannot hear thee.' Under Charles Cumber's in-

fluence I formed great respect for the Society of Friends and many of their principles. They were good people, and pleasant to know. I suppose, at that time, they were more precise than many of their successors. I once attended a meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society in their Meeting House. It was an unusual thing for them to permit its use for outside objects. The programme contained two or three hymns, but the 'Friends' would not allow them to be sung. One of the speakers was the Rev. Richard Butler, an eloquent Irishman, incumbent of St. Silas's Church, and, as the congregation was prevented singing the hymn, he read it. The first lines were interesting for a Quaker place—

Soldiers of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on.

On another occasion, when singing was forbidden in the first instance but ultimately permitted, great offence was given, quite unwittingly, by the selection of the hymn:

Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround His throne.

Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God;
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

Mr. Cumber died June 1, 1853, aged sixty-two, and was buried on the following 'First Day,' Sunday, in the Friends' Ground, Mount Street. I was one of the very few of his old pupils who attended the funeral. It was quite a Quaker ceremony.

ORATORS IN MANCHESTER

AMONG my youthful recollections and impressions are many relating to orators or speakers. I remember John Bright in his palmy days. He was wonderful on the platform. His physique, his voice, his delivery, his strong, plain Saxon, his effective perorations, and his deep convictions, were all helpful. I stood near him on the platform of the old Manchester Town Hall, King Street, at the meeting when the better-dressed rabble in the crowd would not hear him. There stood just below him a prominent Manchester merchant, who afterwards was M.P. for a time, partner in business with a well-known Methodist, who led the uproar; he bellowed like a bull; and I have often seen, in memory, his painfully distorted face in his excitement. Mr. Bright waited calmly for at least a quarter of an hour, but it was useless. When he retired I was close to him as he went down the steps in King Street. An excited politician moved towards him with clenched fist, as if about to strike him. Mr. Bright instantly put himself into fighting attitude, Quaker though he was, as if to say 'Friend, thou art not

wanted here, but if thou dost come my fist and thy face will soon be in contact.' But the bully disappeared like a shot, as is the wont of bullies—men or boys—if they are faced. Not long before his death Mr. Bright came over to Wandsworth, when I asked him if he remembered the incident. He did, and was gleeful about it. For many years I kept many of his letters to my father, but they have all long ago been given to my youthful friends during their autograph-hunting craze.

In contrast to John Bright, and Henry Vincent, with his rushing oratory, I think of Ralph Waldo Emerson, who visited Manchester. He was a thinker, a philosopher, a writer whose books will live; and people went to listen to him as a lecturer. But what an extraordinary speaker he was! I have a distinct recollection of him: his style, so disjointed; his voice, so monotonous yet pleasant; his delivery, so tantalizing. He boggled; he got his MS. confused; but he went on unconcerned, for if he lost his place it did not matter. Sentences could be omitted and the flow would go on. There was no continuous thread of thought. Yet, despite all, the hearers felt that they had listened to a noble utterance, and to something that was very beautiful. That first visit was in 1847. I was then fourteen. I heard him in the Mechanics' Institution in Cooper Street—a place of the past. A few years later I

heard another American speaker there—Elihu Burritt, who was called the 'learned blacksmith.' He particularly advocated an ocean penny postage. His project was warmly approved. More than fifty years passed before it was adopted; but on October 1, 1908, letters of an ounce weight were posted for the first time for one penny between Britain and the United States of America. Manchester has, of course, had in its Methodist pulpits the best-known Methodist preachers. I heard Robert Newton, Dr. Bunting, Dr. Beaumont, John Rattenbury, and Presidents of the Conference year after year at the Easter Missionary Anniversary, and many others.

That city has had many able and valuable ministers in the pulpits of the other churches, but I do not think it has had more than its share of prominent preachers, men of commanding eloquence or popularity. But, if it has had few princes in its pulpits, it has had, for more than half a century, a king in Dr. Alexander Maclaren. The city and the nation have been richly blest by his ministry.

Dr. Joseph Parker was pastor at Cavendish Chapel for a few years before he went to London. I was talking to him a few months before his death about his style of preaching, and said that it was doubtful if he ever did anything more Parkeresque than when I heard him preach on the first Sunday evening of that Manchester pastorate. Before taking

his text he said: 'We usually announce our last hymn after discourse: to-night we announce it now.' Then he told the number of the hymn to be sung. His text was, 'I am not eloquent, but slow of speech, and of a slow tongue' (Exod. iv. 10). A great point of the sermon was that the world would not be converted by the preaching of great and eloquent men, but by the utterance of ordinary men, men 'not eloquent.' The peroration was to the effect that, when all such did speak as they could, truth would be made known, the preaching of the gospel would be wide-spread, righteousness would be established and cover the earth; and then, 'O glorious time! O blissful sound! the cry would go up, "Babylon the great is fallen" [deep Parkerian tones, and one step back in the pulpit] "*is fallen!*" [deeper tone, and another step back], "IS FALLEN!"' [his deepest tone, and a final backward step; and he seated at the back, with his arms folded and gown properly covering them]. There he sat, and the choir rose, and the hymn announced before the sermon was sung.

Every one knows that Dr. Parker's London ministry was a remarkable one. He was a many-sided man, and he was a great pulpit power. There are very many preachers, there are few great preachers at one time; but Joseph Parker was a great preacher, a mighty force. It was a joy to know him. He wrote me on October 1, 1902:

'I find that, for a time at least, I must get some of my brethren to help me by taking the Sunday *evening* service at the City Temple. I naturally turn to you, and I am sure you will do all in your power to meet the case. I am really very unfit. . . . Even if you have to run into November, so be it.

'With affectionate regards and best wishes,

'I am, ever sincerely yours,

'JOSEPH PARKER.'

I offered him my first open Sunday, and promptly received his reply on a post card, of which this is a facsimile:

City Temple
 Sunday evening Nov 30 -
 fixed for Mr. Reley
 Haldenish!
 Oct 2

Instead of preaching only on Sunday evening I had to preach at the City Temple twice on Novem-

ber 30, 1902, for the noble man died on the 28th, and all that was mortal of him lay in his coffin in his house at Hampstead while I stood in the pulpit that for so many years had been his throne. The place was packed by two enormous congregations. In the morning my text was, 'He was a good man' (Acts xi. 24); in the evening, 'It came to *pass*' (Gen. i. 6). The London papers, next morning, gave ample reports of the services and sermons.

I have many delightful recollections of this famous man. He was a pronounced Evangelical, strong Nonconformist, and a humble, sincere Christian; and, after a pleasant friendship of many years, it was a mournful satisfaction to be able to render my tribute of love and respect on that notable Sunday after his death and before his funeral.

SALE : LOCAL PREACHER

WE removed in my sixteenth year from Manchester to Sale, six miles away. Sale has now become practically a suburb. I joined the Ashton-on-Mersey Sunday school and chapel, and continued there until I went as a student to Didsbury. I received my first 'Note' authorizing me to preach from the Rev. Thomas Alexander Rayner, superintendent of the Altrincham Circuit, Sale at that time being part of the circuit. He was a courteous, gentlemanly person, somewhat stiff and cold in manner. His colleague, the Rev. James M. Cranswick, was most cordial and friendly to me, and very helpful. He was a popular preacher and missionary advocate, who had to leave our ministry through heart trouble, and entered that of the Established Church. He died vicar of St. Paul's, Stalybridge. I preached my first sermon in a room at Sinderland Green, on Sunday, December 18, 1853, from the text, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners' (1 Tim. x. 15). In the next summer I preached the Sunday school anniversary sermons

at the same place, being still a local preacher on trial. It was the first of hundreds of such anniversaries that have fallen to my lot. My second sermon was at Timperley, on the Sunday after my first, on Christmas Day, 1853. Text: Luke ii. 15, 'Let us go now unto Bethlehem, and see this thing that has come to pass.' My third was on the following Sunday, New Year's Day, 1854, from Rom. xiii. 11, 12: 'Now it is high time to awake out of sleep. The night is far spent, the day is at hand: let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.'

I had written a good many sermons *in extenso* in my boyhood. Before I was thirteen my mother got possession of about fifty of them. They had taken some years to produce. She thought them wonderful; I have no doubt they were. I know that there was a series of twelve on 'The Ten Plagues of Egypt.' They contained some marvellous information, entomological and other kinds. There was another on 'The Flood,' giving some never-before-heard-of views on the propagation of the species, the continuance of evil, and many extraordinary suggestions as to birds, beasts, and fishes. My early views on natural history were not confined to such as I had learnt from books. I remember getting into trouble at school because of the expression of an opinion in a school essay on 'Monkeys.' I sup-

pose I should be about eleven when I wrote that monkeys, to whom I had given nuts in the Zoo, were so like some men that I knew, I had no doubt they were really men, and would not talk only because they were afraid of being set to work if they did. For that unscientific opinion I duly received a pedagogic castigation.

In my 'teens I regained possession of those early 'fifty-three' sermons, and safely put them in the place proper for them—a blazing fire. So now, no one can give proof, by reading them, that my good old mother was either right or wrong in her opinion concerning them.

I not only wrote sermons when a young boy, but also preached them. I used to go to the original Wesley Chapel, Oldham Road, Manchester, on Saturday mornings, and have what I and one or two of my playfellows called a service. The chapel-keeper and his wife, David and Mrs. Heys, were at work cleaning up and preparing for Sunday. Years afterwards, when I was a student at Didsbury College, there came a request for me to take a Sunday's appointment, as the old chapel-keeper, then nearly ninety years of age, was approaching death, and had a great desire to hear me preach. I went. The old man was carried in and stayed to the end of the service. He said, 'I often got good under him when he preached in a pinafore,'

and the aged patriarch, after expressing his joy, said, like Simeon of old, 'Now, Lord, lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace!' He died soon after.

Among the people kind to me when I began to preach were the Baptists at what Wesley called the 'lovely spot'—Little Leigh in Cheshire. It was one of John Wesley's favourite places. Mr. and Mrs. Horton and family were friends of ours, whose gates were directly opposite the Baptist chapel. They attended service there, although not Baptists. I always went when visiting them, and I preached many times as a local preacher and Didsbury student. Richard Horton was a boy friend. He was killed by a kick from his horse on March 26, 1858, and I preached his funeral sermon on Good Friday from John xi. 25: 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

The pastor of the church was Thomas Fownes Smith, who died on September 24, 1866. He was quite an old man; very quaint; godly; simplicity embodied; kind-hearted; always glad to get me to preach, but who would not have dreamt of allowing me, not having had adult ('believer's') baptism, to have sat down at the Lord's Table with his church. His hair was carefully brushed over his head, and cut across his forehead. On one of my unexpected visits I went into the morning service during the singing of the first hymn. When the

good man prayed he said: 'Lord, we are pleased to see our young brother Kelly has come to visit his friends the Hortons; we did not know he was coming, but rejoice to tell Thee that he will preach in this chapel both this afternoon and this evening, and Thy servants will welcome him. Give him Thy help.'

There was a saintly, delightful, retired Baptist minister, the Rev. Joseph Harvey, who lived in a lovely little cottage in the fields at Little Leigh. He was a superior preacher, laid aside by illness. He used to speak words of encouragement to me. One day, in my early local-preacherdom, he urged me to become a minister, and said that, if I did, he had no doubt I should become a London preacher. I thought that the last of the dreamers in the Baptist ministry did not die when John Bunyan went to heaven. My notion then, and for some time later, was that, if I became a minister, my first appointment would be Allendale Town—a place I have never seen—and that my subsequent circuits would be of that honourable rank.

Little Leigh figures in John Wesley's Journal. The good man stayed there more than once at the house of Mr. Barker. When I was a boy I went to that house to see the 'John Wesley bedstead.' It was large and handsome, and was reputed to be in England second only to one belonging to the

Duke of Northumberland. Some years ago it was sold to Dr. Dresser, who was the Art Decorator of the South Kensington Museum, and brother of the late Mrs. Perry, a Wesleyan lady of Chislehurst. After Dr. Dresser's death it was again sold and realized £120.

I remember that, on one of the panes of the bedroom window, some of the 'old preachers' had scratched their names. My impression is that Wesley had written his, but I am not sure. I distinctly remember reading—

Men may live fools,
But fools they cannot die.

S. BRADBURN.

MINISTERIAL PROPOSALS

IN my early 'teens an old friend of my father's, Mr. Charles Johnson, was very anxious that I should go to one of the Universities and enter the ministry of the Church of England. When my father demurred, he offered to pay all expenses ; but, without consultation with me, my father absolutely refused. This Mr. Johnson was not an Anglican. He was rather unattached, but, like other outsiders, he attended the ministry of the extraordinary William Gadsby, a renowned, eccentric Baptist.

In 1854 I received personally a direct offer of a similar kind. The hearts and minds of Evangelical Churchmen were deeply moved and disturbed by the course the Tractarian movement had taken. They were alarmed at the state of things at Oxford and at the prospect of parishes being handed over to the teachings and practices of Ritualists. Several of them conceived the idea of sending young men of evangelical principles and personal spiritual experience as undergraduates to Oxford, hoping thereby to put, at least, some leaven into the lump, and also to secure men for ordination who would

walk in the old ways. How far the idea was worked out I do not know ; but in Manchester several prominent men held it, and were prepared to help to carry it out. I do not remember many of the names concerned ; but two of them were Mr. Robert Gardner, a well-known merchant, and Mr. Alderman Lamb. The latter was a distant relative of mine. One of these, speaking for both, interviewed me in his counting-house, and offered to 'frank' me through, saying that, if I ever wished to repay costs I might do so, if now I felt reluctance to consent on financial grounds. My answer was given at the first conversation. I stated plainly that all my religious life I owed to Methodism : my conversion, my experience, my opportunity, up to then, of service ; and that all my church love, too, was hers. But I was so convinced of my call of God to devote my life to the work of the Christian ministry that I should certainly respond to that call. The Wesleyan Church had declined for the past two years, in one year to accept any candidates, and in others to accept many, on account of the great agitation and its terrible consequences ; and the next Conference of 1855 might again decline. I said, therefore, that I would offer myself as a candidate in the following year (1855), and, if accepted by my own Church, that had full claim on me, I would enter the Wesleyan ministry, God willing ; but if

candidates were not accepted, or I was declined, I would then accept the offer, go to Oxford, and consider it was God's will that I should devote myself to that other part of the Church Catholic. That position was fully appreciated, and so the matter rested. I waited. The Conference of the year accepted me, and I have never for a moment regretted the issue; but if I had been declined I could have gone at that time, with a clear conscience, into the other fold.

It is futile, but I have sometimes wondered what my history would have been if my course had then been diverted. I certainly could have done little or nothing to avert the mischief of semi-Romanism. I should have been only a pebble thrown into a great pool, a single voice among a great crowd. I have done little in Methodism, but should have done less in Anglicanism.

1849 METHODISM

I DISTINCTLY recall the historic Wesleyan Conference of 1849, when Messrs. Everett, Dunn, and Griffith were expelled because they would not answer questions respecting the authorship of some anonymous papers called the *Fly-sheets*, that attacked prominent men, and notably Dr. Jabez Bunting; though Mr. Dunn was in trouble more particularly because of his magazine called the *Wesley Banner*. The Conference was held in Oldham Street Chapel, Manchester, where the Central Hall now stands. On the Dale Street side iron rails were on a wall in front of the windows. I remember standing, as a lad, on the wall and watching Dr. Beaumont, whose place was in a back pew close to a window, deliver one of his fiery oratorical speeches against the 'platform,' and in defence of 'fair play' for the accused men. There was evidently an uproar in the house.

Standing afar off, to-day it seems strange that a man like Dr. Beaumont, of unstained character, mighty eloquence, and a passionate love for Methodism, should never have been President of the Conference, and that, whilst Dr. Jabez Bunting and

Dr. Robert Newton should have been elected actually four times, Dr. Adam Clarke, a great man, most popular with the people, and esteemed in the nation, but who did not see eye to eye with those in power, should only have had the chair thrice, although he was kept out the fourth time by only a small majority. If these excellent men deserved repeated elections, then Dr. Beaumont, and the able, wise, and beloved Joseph Fowler, and another leader of progressive Methodism, Thomas Galland, M.A., a Cambridge graduate, fine preacher, Methodist statesman, and some other distinguished ministers, should undoubtedly have filled the chair of the Conference. It is almost certain that they were never elected chiefly, perhaps wholly, because of their liberal opinions and utterances. This is certainly strange and unfortunate.

So far as the Conference of 1849 was concerned, it was further remarkable on account of men received into Full Connexion. Five of them became Presidents—viz. W. Morley Punshon, J. H. Rigg, E. E. Jenkins, Thomas M'Cullagh, and Richard Roberts. I have had the pleasure of knowing all these, who have each rendered fine service to Methodism in different ways, and all of whom have passed on.

Of the ninety-seven ministers who have been Presidents of the Conference since the death of John Wesley I have known personally fifty-four.

CANDIDATE FOR THE MINISTRY

I WAS a candidate for the ministry in 1855. The mischief of the agitation dating from 1849 was not over. Men's hearts trembled. Even good men were tempted to think that Methodism had seen her best days. They were fearful, and timid counsels prevailed. But in 1855 more men were accepted.

I preached my District trial sermon at Burnley, where for the first time the District Meeting was held. It was on Wednesday morning, May 16, 1855. Service began at five o'clock. My hearers who had to report were the Rev. George T. Perks, my class-leader when I was a boy, the father of Sir Robert Perks, Bart.; the Rev. James Osborn, who had his own way of expressing his opinions, and who wrote to my superintendent some weeks after, and said, 'Tell your candidate to correct the MS. of his sermon, and write "king of terrors" instead of "king of fears"'; and the Rev. John Relph. During the singing of the hymn before preaching, the Rev. Alexander Strachan, a wise and clever Scotsman, superintendent of the circuit, whose son became Bishop of Rangoon, came into the pulpit and said to

me, 'Tell them the service will conclude at seven minutes to six ; and mind it does : they have to go to the factories.' There were hundreds in the congregation. My text was, 'The glorious gospel of Christ' (2 Cor. iv. 4).

After the Rev. Dr. Hannah had finished the theological examination, ministers were invited to ask any questions. The Rev. Samuel Romilly Hall made some objection about my attire, and wished the young brother dressed more like the old preachers. To whom the Rev. Frederick Payne somewhat pointedly intimated that, before Mr. Hall troubled the candidate on the sartorial subject, he should himself set an example by wearing the old-fashioned coat, knee-breeches, silk stockings, and silver buckles, which the most quotable of the early Methodist preachers did ; the last of the breed being the Rev. Samuel Woolmer, and, to some extent, the Rev. James Rosser, who was then living.

Another critic asked if there was any 'power' in the trial sermon ; to which the yet more critical Scotsman, Mr. Strachan, replied : 'Quite as much as could be got into it in the time !'

Yet another venerable man tackled me about my hair. It was long, dark, and very curly, and there was much of it. In his opinion, 'A preacher's hair should be brushed close down,' but he was afraid 'the young brother' had spent too much time at the

looking-glass attending to his hair. That roused the Rev. Robert Thompson, a tall man, and built on noble lines, a striking-looking man, who wore large blue spectacles. He said, 'I should like to ask the candidate this simple question: How long did it take to do your hair this morning?'

'Perhaps two minutes, or less,' I replied.

'Exactly,' said Mr. Thompson; 'much less time Mr. Chairman, than it took some of the elder brethren, who are so captious, to attend to their own toilet!'

Dr. Hannah beamed on him, as he always did when any one went to the defence of a young man.

So I got through, with Henry J. Sykes, who still lives, and Thomas Clulow, who had been a candidate in 1854, when none were accepted, and who died in 1869—an amiable and excellent man.

My July examination sermon was preached at Stoke Newington, on July 3, 1855, before the Rev. John Mason, the venerable Book Steward, and the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman, afterwards President of the Conference. My text was, 'But the God of all grace, who hath called us unto His eternal glory by Christ Jesus, after that ye have suffered awhile, make you perfect, stablish, strengthen, settle you' (1 Pet. v. 10).

I must have had merciful and sympathetic critics, for Mr. Wiseman told me that, both for my preached and manuscript sermons, the committee had given

the mark 1. I remember to have been greatly surprised when I heard it.

Before the service I had tea at the hospitable home of Mr. Edmund Dunn, a brother of the Rev. Samuel Dunn, one of the noted trio of 'Everett, Dunn, and Griffith.'

STUDENT LIFE AT DIDSBURY

I ENTERED Didsbury College on September 6, 1855, finished my terms there as a student on June 26, 1858, and returned for another year, having been appointed President's Assistant to the Rev. John Bowers, who was Governor of the college, as well as President of the Conference (1858-9).

Sixteen others entered with me. Of the seventeen of us, nine have died, one—the Rev. Thomas Maire Strachan—is in Anglican orders, the other seven are old men on the Supernumerary list. Of the 1853 men we had three in residence for a few weeks ; they were waiting for appointments by the President from his List of Reserve. One was Henry Beeson, an able preacher, but very caustic in style. He died in 1896. Another was Nevison Loraine, who was sent to supply ; then took one circuit, but soon resigned ; was received into the Church of England, and has been for some years Vicar of St. Paul's, Grove Park, Chiswick. He is also a Prebendary of St. Paul's Cathedral. He was appointed Golden Lecturer of the City of London, 1908. He was a popular preacher when with us, and acquired, and has retained, popularity as a preacher

in the Established Church. He has always had a striking personality, a good presence, a fine voice, an oratorical delivery. We have kept up a friendship formed before I went to Didsbury. The third was Robert Posnett, who died at Harrogate on Sunday, August 9, 1908, aged seventy-seven. He was sent to supply at Lyminge, Kent. He displayed great emotion on leaving college. His sorrow quite affected that dry-as-dust old tutor, the Rev. Jonathan Crowther, who actually gave him a parting present—his volume of *Sermons Preached in Madras*. That greatly impressed us all. Posnett told me, with tears, he would hand it down as an heirloom. There had been another student of 1853, Wesley Casson; but he had left, and was for many years in the ministry of the Methodist Church of Canada. He was reputed to be an able man. He was the son of a well-known and somewhat eccentric minister, the Rev. Hodgson Casson. There was a tradition that he had done a gallant and honourable thing.

When these 1853 men had gone, the whole college was left to the seventeen students who had just been received. We had no second or third years' men. By what I regarded, and still regard, as a great mistake, drastic discipline—discipline exercised in a panic—had cleared the classes. In 1855, shortly before the end of term, Edwin Booth, a great American tragedian, acted in a Manchester theatre.

Several of the students went to see him act. His fame was wide-spread, and crowds flocked to see and hear him. The visit of the students was reported. The staff were shocked. A Discipline Committee considered the case, and practically nine men were expelled. Among these were some of the best students; best in every way—in class work, as preachers, and as godly young men. A few of them were received back into our ranks, some went into the ministry of other churches, one lived and died a godly and earnest minister in our Australian Church, and one or two dropped out of sight.

The exercise of proper discipline in our Theological Institution is always important, and often difficult; but it should never be controlled by clamour, and always needs common sense, knowledge of both the world and the Church, acquaintance with human nature as well as piety and great regard for the character of the Church of Christ and the reputation of the colleges.

Still, recognizing all that, I deplored the severe action of the grave and reverend fathers in that particular case.

When I arrived at Didsbury the students were dining. I went at once and took possession of the study I had desired to have. It was then No. 27. It has a changed number now. I kept it the whole four years of my residence. Both Luke Tyerman

and Richard Roberts had it before me. Tyerman, a mighty preacher in his day, the biographer of Wesley, Whitefield, and Fletcher, had been very popular and a man much talked of in his student days. While I was there he came on a pilgrimage more than once to visit the old room. He mused, talked, and prayed in it, as he had done many a time before. He was no ordinary man. Long years after he told me he would never go again. In altering the place he considered they had spoilt it; and I agreed with him.

All the staff of my day were men of mark: the Rev. John Bowers, the Rev. Dr. Hannah, the Rev. Jonathan Crowther, the Rev. John Dury Geden. They were distinctly personalities. Two of them were notable preachers, and two of them were distinguished scholars. They were all good men and true. Mr. Bowers, the Governor, was every inch a gentleman of the old school. He had old-world manners; and he was punctiliously polite. He was a dramatic preacher. He was genial and kind, but the most incurably unpunctual man I ever knew. He was always late at meals, and greatly provoked generation after generation of students by this bad habit. He had much power in prayer, but was always too long. In class he often kept us on our knees for twenty minutes; and at Dr. Bunting's funeral service in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, he

prayed fifty-seven minutes. Dr. Liefchild said of that prayer that it gave him the most lively sense of eternity he ever had. And yet, despite all these things, he was a rare, fine man, a sincere Christian, and a true gentleman.

Dr. Hannah was of another type altogether. As a youth he was much helped by the Rev. Mr. Sibthorp, a clergyman resident in Lincoln, to whom he used to go for lessons, and from whom he received instruction that laid the foundation of a liberal education.

He was not *formally* admitted into Full Connexion as a minister until he had travelled nine years. That arose from his inability to attend the Conference. For the Conference at which he was formally admitted he wrote the Pastoral Address, and by that Conference he was appointed to accompany the Rev. Richard Reece to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America. It was rather a strange beginning of his singularly successful career as a Methodist minister. He was twice President of the Conference—1842 and 1851—and six times its Secretary.

His theological lectures, as printed, give no adequate idea of his ability as a tutor. His extemporaneous power was wonderful. Who that sat in his classes could ever forget the gush and glow of his utterances! The conversations after the formal

lectures, and the replies to questions, brought out the learning, wisdom, and instructive skill of the man. He was intensely timid, nervous, and self-conscious. This made him sometimes hard to deal with, and unjust to men. He imagined students disparaged him, and he felt himself slighted where no slight was intended. Under misapprehension, he would order a man out of the class-room ; then apologize profusely when he discovered his mistake.

He had a strange compound of simplicity and strength.

It was a great trouble to him if students did not ask him questions after his lectures. He would go home and be miserable for hours.

He had delivered one of his least effective lectures one morning on 'Truth.' The gist of it was that truth is truth. It certainly was disappointing. No questions were asked. He was pained. He broke the dead silence by saying, solemnly and pathetically, 'Is there no question?' The man who sat next to me whispered ominously, 'I will ask him one!' and then said, 'Yes, doctor, I should like to ask one!' In his peculiar tone the dear old man replied, 'I shall be delighted to hear it, brother ——.' Then said the wag, 'Doctor, will you kindly tell us what is the content of a cognition?' The doctor looked as though he had been shot, and exclaimed, 'The content of what?' 'Of

a cognition.' 'Oh, brother —, you want to lead me into metaphysics. I never go there if I can avoid it! Let us pray.'

Mrs. Hannah, his very bright, clever wife, who watched over him with tenderest care, was anxious about this matter of questions, and spoke to me about it. She told me how much her husband suffered when the students simply listened to the lectures. I assured her that I would myself question him if no one else did, but that I would ask others to help also. The dear old lady was delighted, and let me know that I stood a good chance of getting to heaven. I bombarded him with questions, so did others; and, as a result, we had many an eloquent utterance. Dr. Hannah was a powerful preacher, a saintly man, and greatly beloved by his students.

He lectured one morning on the Parable of the Wheat and Tares. He dwelt on the fact that the 'tares' were probably zizan, a plant that looked almost precisely like true corn, but, having only an empty ear, therefore useless. He had some specimens with which he illustrated his point. The men were not particularly struck with the lecture, and asked no question. I saw he was pained, so said: 'Doctor, your specimen of zizan is very interesting; would you kindly tell us where it came from?' That was enough. The dear old gentleman started off on a conversation far more instruc-

tive than his lecture. He said—and I hear his tones and see his bodily movement distinctly as I write this more than half a century later—‘I shall be delighted. My dear friend, Miss Daniel of Cairo, presented me with a little handful, and I have treasured and used it ever since,’ and then he launched forth.

In the afternoon, to the surprise of every one, his venerable wife, Mrs. Hannah, appeared in the corridors—perhaps the only time any of us ever saw her there. She came to ‘No. 27,’ my study, and told me that she felt sure Dr. Hannah would call to ask me to accept a few stalks of this plant, and she begged me not to decline to receive them. Such a thing she had never known before. The doctor had said to her that, although he had delivered that lecture for several years, no student had ever shown such interest in his specimen before, and he would gladly give me some. After his nap the old gentleman came; it was the only visit he was known to have paid to a student’s room in my four years’ residence, and he gave me the memento of his lecture. I have them yet. Some day, perhaps, when those who follow me clear out a drawer, they may wonder why these dry stalks and a few other things that, in their eyes, are worthless, have been kept so long and apparently treasured with so much care.

His only son, Dr. John Hannah, became Warden of Glenalmond College, Scotland, and afterwards Vicar of Brighton and Archdeacon of Lewes. He married a sister of old Dr. Gregory, the Dean of St. Paul's. He also had one son, the Rev. John Julius Hannah, now Dean of Chichester.

In some respects it was not helpful to their position in a Wesleyan college that three of the staff of the time had sons in the ministry of the Anglican Church: Dr. Hannah; Mr. Bowers, whose son—the Rev. T. S. Bowers, M.A.—was for a while a Wesleyan minister, but became Vicar of Kirkstall, near Leeds; Mr. Crowther, whose son, the Rev. H. Martyn Crowther, M.A., was a clerical head master of a Devonshire grammar school, but maintained friendly relations with the Church of his father all through life, and for some years acted as Classical Examiner at our colleges. Mr. Geden's sons were children at the time. One, Dr. Alfred S. Geden, is in our ministry, and has been for some years Tutor at Richmond College; the other, the Rev. John Mease Geden, M.A., is in the Church of England ministry.

The Rev. Jonathan Crowther, Classical Tutor, died in my first year. He was reputed to be a very learned man. A Polish refugee who once called at Didsbury declared that Mr. Crowther was only the second Englishman whom he had met who could sustain, correctly, a lengthened conversation in Latin.

He had been head master both at Woodhouse Grove and Kingswood Schools, and was considered very severe. Sometimes in after-days his former pupils when in the ministry used to annoy him very much by reminding him of his flogging propensities. But he had changed wonderfully. At Didsbury he was kindness and gentleness personified. He died January 16, 1856, and was succeeded at Didsbury by the Rev. John Dury Geden, who was at the time stationed in the Oxford Road Circuit, Manchester. I think Mr. Nevison Loraine was sent from Didsbury to help him in circuit work until Conference, when Mr. Geden was appointed to the college chair. He was a charming man, apt to teach, a fine preacher. His learning commanded respect, and he was a member of the Committee for the Revision of the Old Testament.

In my fourth year, when I was President's Assistant, the staff was increased by the appointment of the Rev. Frederick E. Toyne, an old Kingswood boy, as Assistant Tutor. He was a great favourite with the students, well qualified, apt to teach, a superior preacher, and an admirable colleague. He was in our ministry a few years, and then entered that of the Church of England. He became Vicar of St. Michael's, Bournemouth, and also Honorary Canon of Winchester.

For three or four years before Mr. Toyne's appoint-

ment there had been no Assistant Tutors ; previously there had been several. Some of them had been unpopular with the students, and difficulty had arisen. In the Rev. Luke Tyerman's Didsbury diary, as reproduced in the *Methodist Recorder*, August 13, 1908, he says of one : 'At night I heard Mr. — preach a poor, diffuse sermon. I think that Mr. — is far from being a proper person for the office he fills. He treats us too much like school-boys, uses too much of authority and too little of persuasion and encouragement. We are all too much on a par with him to honour and submit to him.' No such criticism was possible in the case of Mr. Toyne.

Preaching appointments were plentiful. I never had a free Sunday until late in my third year, and then I had to beg hard for it. I wanted to hear the Governor preach. He greatly disliked to have students in his congregation, and flatly refused to leave me without appointment ; but he ultimately consented. I went over to Bowdon, where he was advertised to preach one of the sermons at the opening of the new church. The congregation was small ; the Governor was not gratified. He beckoned me after service to the vestry, and said, 'Verily, to see the nakedness of the land art thou come.'

As a student from Didsbury I preached 382 sermons, and, as President's Assistant in my fourth year at the

college, 109, of each of which my Sermon Book tells both place and text. Of these, 122 were anniversary sermons in my student term, and 44 in my year as President's Assistant. To many of these anniversary places I have gone often during my later ministry. Only a few of the friends of those Didsbury days survive. Scores of my old hosts have gone home. Still, some of those I first knew then survive, and have been faithful in their friendship all through.

Students were popular as preachers in many of the chapels. Often the people were more enthusiastic in commendation than liberal in payment of expenses. I remember one case especially. Some men walked to the appointment many miles. If they rode they had to pay their own railway fare. One of the men of our year had a specially good time one Sunday. He was a popular preacher, a dramatic speaker, and a great favourite. After evening services thanks were given profusely, and one of the officials said, 'Ah, Mr. So-and-So, you will have your reward for this day's work in heaven!' 'I hope so,' said the student, 'but, as I have expenses to pay, I should like some now; so shall be glad if you will give me five shillings.' I do not think he was asked for again. It is rather too bad when people defer payment till eternity. The old Earl of Shaftesbury, father of the philanthropist Earl, was not pleased if his guests went home from

his house after dinner sober. In those days social customs were different from those of to-day. One night, when his friends departed, he watched them from his dining-room window. They were all tottering. His butler helped several into their carriages very carefully. When he returned to his master his lordship said, 'Thank you, Simmons ; you were very attentive, and heaven will reward you for what you have just done, when you go to the next world.' Simmons would not have objected to some payment on account, and to a tip from the Earl as well as a prospective reward in a world to which he was not quite sure of admission either for himself or his master.

Students returned from their Sunday appointments with interesting reports of the services. Hearts were often gladdened when tidings were brought of many conversions. Brethren gave glimpses of character when they gave their reports. Some were never very confident ; they hoped, but they feared. Some were never doubtful as to their success ; no trumpeter ever needed to be engaged in their behalf—one always went where they went. One lived to become a supernumerary who used to say, 'We had a good congregation in the morning, better in the afternoon, best at night.' Quotations from prayers offered in the prayer-meetings were often delightful. The most oratorical, flowery preacher of my four years at Didsbury came back one week highly indignant

when, after he had preached his greatest sermon, one wretched man had prayed that the 'few broken and scattered remarks of this young student' might be blessed.

At one of the Yorkshire chapels where I preached several times, a man, impressed with the flight of time, and the fact that, even in my case, life would soon be over, prayed: 'Bless Thy servant; he grows older every year; he's got one foot i'th' grave already, and t'other will be *theer* soon.' But queer prayers are not confined to country Methodist services. Dr. Liddon told of a Presbyterian minister who was called on, at short notice, to officiate at the parish church at Crathie in the presence of Queen Victoria, and, transported by his tremendous experience, burst forth in rhetorical supplication: 'Grant that, as she grows to be an old woman, she may be made a new man; and that in all righteous causes she may go forth before her people like a he-goat on the mountains.'

It is well that He to whom the prayers are offered looks to the intention and does not merely listen to the words. If that were not so, how sad it would be in such a case as that of an American minister who wound up a week's mission with a prayer in which he said: 'And if any spark of grace has been kindled by these exercises, oh, we pray, WATER that spark.'

One of the most awkward prayers I ever heard

was in the Barlow Moor School, near the college. There was a week of special services. The Governor wished to prevent any excesses. He was supposed not to favour the 'penitent-form.' Interest rather drooped. An earnest revivalist student, Alfred Barber, troubled in his soul because of the coldness in the after-meeting prayed: 'O Lord, there is some hindrance to Thy work; remove it, we beseech Thee!' 'Amen! Amen!' said some of the brethren. Again he prayed 'Remove the hindrance!' Mr. Bowers, the Governor, was kneeling next to me, and whispered, 'Do you think he refers to me?' I replied, 'I am afraid he does, sir!' He immediately closed the service by pronouncing the benediction.

I used to think that, if I were a lay Methodist resident in Didsbury, I would not attend the college chapel. The tutors seldom preached; Mr. Bowers scarcely ever in term time; Dr. Hannah only occasionally; Mr. Geden very rarely indeed. The pulpit was left, for the most part, to students. They were necessarily immature; as a good man said, 'We have too much veal.' The Thursday night sermons were often a trial to others than the preachers themselves; often fervid, but turgid. I remember some of them to this day. I have often met and heard the brethren since. It is a delight to know that, in many cases, there has been unspeakable improvement. 'Robert,' the Scotch gardener, was a keen critic, a

feared 'sermon-taster.' He long ago passed away. He criticized some of these youthful homilies rather mercilessly. Thinking of him, with his delightful Scotch brogue and Scotch pawkiness, I am reminded of the village critic of Dr. Brown, of Haddington, who said of his earliest sermons, 'It's maist o't tinsel wark'; but of those of later days and riper experience, 'It's a' gowd noo.' No one would have rejoiced more over the improved preaching than sensible, godly Robert, the gardener.

In one year, week after week, several students selected the same text: 'Ye know the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for your sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might become rich' (2 Cor. viii. 9).

Among the students there was variety. Some were wise, and, aping no one, were content to be themselves. One had caught the Rev. Alfred Barrett's pathetic tone so well that, if our eyes had been shut, we might have supposed we were listening to him. Another reproduced Richard Roberts, under whose ministry he had sat. There were the tones, the long hair, and other reminders. Of course we had the Punshonian oratory. It was the fashion, for a time, among young preachers. Albeit, they could not reproduce the man. They could imitate the crack of the voice and the intonation, but there it ended. William Morley Punshon was a great orator,

a mighty preacher, a fascinating personality. Nearly all his imitators lacked most of his charm, his poetry, his power to thrill, his indescribable pulpit ability. Poor, dear lads ! they professed not to know that they mimicked. They thought the strident, disagreeable voice was as natural to them as to our Demosthenes ; but they were mistaken. Besides, he knew how to use his voice to wonderful advantage.

Punshon died in 1881, at only fifty-six. He had been, for a few years, one of the world's most popular preachers and one of its foremost platform lecturers. Deservedly, his eloquence and dramatic power secured him front rank as an orator in Great Britain, Canada, and the United States of America. But what is fame ? In less than thirty years how few remember him !

The young ne'er knew, the old have half forgot,
The splendid eloquence of that silver tongue ;
The searching voice, the inspired eyes, the play of hands.

Still, remembered, forgotten, or never known, William Morley Punshon was one of God's choice gifts to Methodism.

To many of the more modest brethren the Thursday night preaching in the college chapel was a great trouble ; to others it gave satisfaction. Of their power to preach they had no doubt. It was a joy to them to show to tutors and students what modern-day, up-to-date preaching should be. For the most

part the sermons were good, sensible, and passable ; now and then, when a genius of the place was in the pulpit, we had proof of it. But often we were entertained, if not profited.

Once a Boanerges preached from 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' He had the thought of the text in mind while he preached. His 'might' was great. He had extraordinary power of asperate ; '*Quatsoever*' was oft repeated. His congregation consisted of Governor, tutors, students, the servants, and perhaps a dozen outsiders ; but he shouted, kicked the pulpit, thumped the Bible, shook his long, shaggy hair, and orated as if a thousand unsaved sinners were before him. After the service he came to my study and asked : 'Well, what did you think of my sermon ?' 'Think of it, my dear fellow ! Why did you make such an uproar ? I expected to see your feet come through the front of the pulpit when you kicked in such an unseemly manner !'

'Do you call that anything ?' he said. 'Oh, you should hear me on a Sunday night !' I said I did not wish to have that treat. But he was a good fellow ; he was immensely popular in some places ; he had many converts. It is mysterious that such men have such power, such results ; but they have. He was no student ; he was not with us long, but early sent to supply in a circuit. He said to me

devoutly, not at all irreverently, when he left: 'If the Lord will forgive me for the time I have wasted here in trying to learn Latin and Greek, I will never sin in that way again.' He kept that vow; but, when he died, many spiritual children wept because their 'father in God' had passed on. And, by the way, putting the matter so reminds me that it was he, a bachelor student, who gave out the lines at that week-night service in the college chapel:

*I have no babes to hold me here,
But children more securely dear
For mine I humbly claim.
Better than daughters or than sons,
Temples divine of living stones,
Inscribed with Jesu's name.*

That was not the only peculiar verse I heard 'given out' by a student at a Thursday evening service. He has held high office since. This was what he wanted us to sing:

Suffice that, for the season past,
Hell's horrid language filled our tongues;
We all Thy words behind us cast,
And lewdly sang the drunkard's songs.
But, oh the power of grace divine!
In hymns we now our voices raise;
Loudly in strange hosannas join,
And blasphemies are turned to praise.

I was amused, and turned to look at holy Dr. Hannah; but that saint was as grave as a judge, and, holding a large hymn-book in his hand, was singing

heartily. But imagine Dr. Hannah, of all the men on this side heaven's gate, using 'hell's horrid language,' or 'lewdly' singing 'the drunkard's songs!'

Many of our week-end hosts, when we went to preach at their chapels, were 'wondrous kind.' Their hospitality was ungrudging. Their tales of former students who had been their guests were often very entertaining. There were just a few houses to which the men did not care to go. To one I positively declined to be sent. The host was a wealthy man who received students about once in six weeks. His house was a stately mansion, and his rule was never to introduce the students to his daughters. It was understood that the young people did not converse together. When the Governor read out my appointment to the place, one Thursday evening, I respectfully asked to be sent elsewhere. That was repeated twice or thrice. In addition to the matter of forbidding conversation with his family, the gentleman had a disagreeable habit of 'examining' the students. He was not really a man of superior education; but, when he could do it safely, he would bring out a Greek Testament and ask an innocent first year's man to read and construe. A chum of mine did his best to cure him. With all his apparent simplicity, he was a very well-educated youth, and read New Testament Greek with facility. He let the great man proceed, but soon startled him by disclosing the

educational whereabouts of both of them. After an awkward Greek tumble, there was another in store for him. My friend had read up specially one or two out-of-the-way subjects in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, and mastered them ; he had no difficulty in leading conversation that way, and he gave his pretentious host a very bad half-hour.

He was succeeded by another student who did very much the same thing. The two had been schoolfellows for some years at Woodhouse Grove, and were on a par for scholarship. They were superior men. Sometimes, when appointed to preach at the same chapel on the same day, one would take as the text for the morning, 'God is light,' and the other in the evening, 'God is love.'

There was another house to which students did not like to go: it was that of a delightful widow lady where students were entertained when they went, perhaps, once a quarter, to preach at the chapel of a country town, about thirty miles from Didsbury. She had some daughters, and one son. The son was a terror. He held a commission in a Militia regiment ; he was a plague to students. I remember one, who has been a supernumerary minister now for some years, being so much annoyed by the treatment of this son on the Saturday night, that, after the Sunday evening's service, rather than face him again, he took train and returned to college. The first time I

went we had a battle royal soon after my arrival. He was very rude. He was a handsome young fellow, with a society tone and a sort of politeness that can be the greatest of rudeness. It was quite clear that, unless I put him to the 'right-about,' he would be as insolent to me as he had been to others who had not resented it. After his second offensive remark, I said, 'Excuse me, Mr. —, if I remind you that I am your mother's guest, and that you are departing from the manners current among gentlemen in addressing me in this style.' 'Thank you, Mr. Kelly,' said his mother. 'Bob often insults my friends, and has never been reproved so pointedly before. I am much obliged to you.' 'All right, all right; I'm sorry,' he replied.

When the ladies went to bed he said, 'You don't want to turn in just yet, do you? Let us have some talk. I had no right to say what I did to you, but really, some of your fellows are so green and frightened, that I have had roaring fun out of them' —and so on, for some time. Then he became more sedate. He said his mother was greatly troubled about him, and that he was not surprised. He talked freely about the life he was living, but he said: 'I am not happy. I am miserable; and I really want to be better some day. Now, if I asked you, "What must I do to be saved?" you would say, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved";

but that won't do for me, because I do believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and I am not saved. How do you account for that? I once put it before a fellow I know in Ireland—a curate—and he said, "Oh, don't bother; it's all right. The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, and that means we are all saved"! But I know that is not right; now, how do you put it?'

We had a long talk about faith, and the nature of saving faith. It was three o'clock in the morning before we went to bed. That night I had one of the most notable of the hundreds of notable conversations of my long life.

He gave me, during that first visit, an insight into the personal, secret life of young men of his rank, and taught me lessons that were to be of value to me in army experience in camp and garrison when dealing with conscience-cases of young officers and others of a class with whom we do not come in contact every day.

Who that went from Didsbury as one of the almost weekly guests of Mr. James Morris will forget him? He had a well-known fashionable draper's shop near St. Anne's Square and the Manchester Exchange, but lived at Cheetham. He was kindness personified: a rare, good Christian. Childless, he took special interest in Didsbury students. He was blest with a sense of humour. The 'Verdant Green'

of our year almost worshipped him, and he greatly amused himself with Brother Verdant. The innocent boy had made a new sermon, with which he was more than satisfied. He read it to Mr. Morris. His elocution was far from perfect. His nasality was a pain to hearers. After he had finished he asked Mr. Morris if he had any suggestion to make about it. Mr. Morris gravely replied that he had. Brother Verdant was gratified, and asked what the suggestion was. To his horror, his host simply said, 'Burn it!'

Sometimes the impromptu criticisms annoyed the embryo parsons. One of them, a student of my fourth year, came to me in high dudgeon. He said, 'These students are fools; they are fools!' He was a Welshman, with decided Welsh enunciation. 'What have they been doing?' I asked. 'Oh, they are fools! they have been pulling to pieces the sermon I preached at Barlow Moor, in open air, last night. I say to them, "What was wrong with it?" They laughed and said my figures were broken. I say "Which?" and they laughed again, but would not tell me. Oh, they are fools! my figures are right. Now, dear brother Kelly, you, too, did hear my sermon. I saw you there; you will tell me if there was anything wrong. Had I a broken figure?'

'Well,' I said, 'you need not trouble yourself; you tried to do the people good, and that is better

than merely pleasing critical students. I have no doubt the poorest preachers among them were the loudest laughers.'

'Yes,' he said, 'but had I any wrong figures?'

'Oh, yes; you launched the Life-Boat of Mercy from the top of Mount Calvary!'

'Ah,' he said, 'I consider that was a peautiful figure!'

'Certainly,' I replied; 'but you would not dream of launching a boat from the top of one of your delightful Welsh mountains.'

Happily, the remarks of hearers as to our sermons often bear a construction more kindly than the words convey. I used to preach every year the Sunday-school anniversary sermons in a North-country town. My host was a rare, good, hospitable friend. One Sunday night he said, 'There, Mr. Kelly, we've had the chapel full again three times to-day. It was full in the morning, but there were two thousand folks there in the afternoon, if there was a soul; and two thousand folks to-night. That's with coming every year—the people get to know you. A man said to me on Wednesday, "It's Mester Kelly's day again next Sunday. Eh, how th' years roll round! Ah'st be theer. I allus come when I see him billed"; and,' said my host, 'he *was* there. Now, Mr. Kelly, we might ask a *clever* man to preach our sermons, and the folks

wouldn't come to hear him; but, somehow, they come to hear you!'

One Sunday I had preached in a Lancashire town. After service a gentleman thanked me for my sermon, and said it was the best he had heard for many months. The feeling of gratification was, perhaps, natural; but, as I turned away and joined my hostess, she said:

'I dare say Mr. —— has told you he could hear you this morning?'

'Yes,' I said, 'something of that kind.'

'Ah, poor man!' she replied. 'He's as deaf as a post; and both of our ministers have such poor voices, and speak so low, I should think he has not heard a sermon before for months.'

We had a student who was a great wag. In the library stood a thing like a weighing-machine. No one knew its history or its use. Many were inquisitive about it. A big, burly, fleshy young fellow, an under-gardener, was doing some work in the library one day, when he asked our friend, the wag, who called him 'Sarkos,' what it was for.

'Oh,' said he, 'it is a wonderful instrument that we call pseuchometer. It is to measure a man's soul with, tell whether he is pure and good, or secretly bad, and whether he has sense or is a fool. It is seldom used, because it tells such dreadful things about men; and I am the only one in the

college who understands it. But I will favour you, if you will stand there. I will weigh and measure you by it, and let you know things about yourself that you never knew before, or that you have kept as great secrets. Just stand there and shut your eyes.'

But 'Sarkos' bolted, and did not return.

What student of those and earlier days does not remember 'old James'? He was a sort of handy man for the place. He was a strange old fellow, not considered qualified to 'meet in class.' He had been in the Army: he said he had been in action. He loved to fight his battles over again, but unfortunately he had lost two fingers off his right hand. As he gravely marched down a corridor, carrying coals to the studies, a study door would be opened after he had passed and a tormenting voice would cry, 'How were those fingers lost, James?' or, 'Who couldn't go into action, James, because he had cut his own fingers off?' The old man would turn in fury, and foam and rage; but he never caught his man.

When that story is told, how the brilliant Theophilus Pearson springs up in memory!

The parents and friends of students rarely interfered with the Governor about them. Now and then an anxious mother would drop a line with reference to care as to the health of a dear boy who had hitherto always had the great advantage

of her maternal oversight. And on rare occasions an admiring father would give a hint as to the suitability of his son for the best pulpits and most intelligent congregations. One wrote to say: 'If a really able preacher is ever specially needed, I can confidently recommend my son. Keep your eye upon him'!

There was a case—not at Didsbury—in which the father was in fear lest his son should fall a prey to female influences. He begged the Governor that care should be taken. There was a class led always by a student. All its members were grown girls or young women. This particular youth was directed to lead it for a time. It was a large class. The father protested in terror. The Governor replied that it was all right; there was safety for the son in numbers. The father repeated his objection, and said the only safety was not in Numbers, but in Exodus.

Nearly all—perhaps quite all—my old hosts of Didsbury days have passed on. It seems like a dream now when I see elderly men and women in their sixties, seventies, and even eighties who were in their 'teens or early twenties when their fathers and mothers so kindly entertained me. But it is pleasant to recall to memory the hospitable, intelligent, and cultured Mrs. Wass, of the beautiful home The Green, Lea, near Matlock; the Stott family, at Haslingden;

the Hoyles, of Bacup ; the Sutcliffs—never forgetting the daughter of the house, the lamented Mrs. Dugdale, a rare friend of Methodist ministers ; Mr. Martin Swindells, of Bollington ; Mr. and Mrs. Wheelhouse, of Boston Spa ; Mr. Lightfoot, of Accrington ; and that prince of hosts and kindest of men, Mr. J. Fishwick Stead, of Southport ; and many others.

Nor were my hosts of those days the only friends 'to memory dear.' I became acquainted, as a visiting student, with some who have been friends all along the line. Most of these have entered the house of many mansions ; a very few still linger here.

I have just visited one old friend of Didsbury days. Miss Janion, who is now living at Ealing, having passed the limit of four-score years, was a niece of the college Governor. She has been a wonderfully successful teacher. She was one of the pioneer women-teachers of the high class. At Southport and London her school held front rank, and scores of the daughters from wealthy homes of Methodism passed through her classes. It is a pleasure to know that, after a long life of service in training many for the work of life she has a peaceful eventide.

But educational methods and requirements change. When such a personality as that of Miss Janion is removed there is no guarantee for the continuance of the school with any advantage to Methodism, and I rejoice in the establishment of Penrhos College, and

of another just projected at Chislehurst, where Methodist girls will be well taught, and where they will not be tempted or encouraged to leave the Church of their fathers.

A Sunday's experience as guest of Mr. Thomas Percival Bunting was memorable. I had preached on Sunday morning, October 25, 1857, at Oxford Road, Manchester.

After the service Mr. Bunting came to me in the vestry and said, 'Any of these stewards would be delighted to take you to dinner, but I particularly want you to go with me, for I can give you a pleasure that no one else can give. My father, Dr. Bunting, is at my house in "age and feebleness extreme"; I should like you to see him, and so be able in years to come to say you had spent part of a day with Dr. Bunting very late in his life.' It was very kind. The great old patriarch died on June 16, 1858—eight months afterwards. It was a great privilege. The courteous thoughtfulness of Mr. T. P. Bunting was very characteristic of the man. He was an acute lawyer, often a severe critic of prominent men and Connexional movements, but most kind to the less known and humble members of the brotherhood, and generous and helpful to Didsbury students of many generations. On that Sunday morning one of Mr. Bunting's daughters had received a friendly letter from Dr. Guthrie in which he asked her to remember him

to her '*great* grandfather.' She told her grandfather, and he was manifestly gratified as well as amused. Feeble as he was, he was quite alert. Mr. T. P. Bunting, in speaking of one of the circuit ministers whom he did not rank among the great preachers of the day, said, 'Still, the common people hear him gladly.' To which Dr. Bunting replied, 'Yes, and the uncommon people should.'

Undoubtedly Mr. Bunting was one of the uncommon ones. I do not remember much that Dr. Bunting said ; I do not think he did say much. But there was a dignity of manner that impressed me ; an almost aloofness, yet kindly. Every one seemed to regard him with an awe and respect one seldom sees shown in these days to their superiors and to the aged. I was struck by the deferential style in which his son always addressed him as 'Sir.' I had never heard sons so speak to their fathers before, and have only seldom heard it since. But there was something old-world and beautiful about it, and I liked it.

I remember the same thing at Banbury. The sons of my old friend, Mr. William Edmunds—Charles F., and Sutcliffe—all three now gone—spoke to him as 'Sir.'

Mr. Thomas Percival Bunting was not a fluent public speaker, but he was quick with repartee, pungent in criticism, notable for his remarks and replies in committee and in Conference, always ready to deal sarcastically with some of the eminent

men of the day, and most particularly with two. In our Didsbury time a new superintendent went to the Oxford Road Circuit, Mr. Bunting being circuit steward. The excellent minister took with him a favourite jackdaw. His predecessor left a prowling cat in the house. During the night the cat caught and ate the bird. The poor parson was grief-stricken at his loss, and bewailed it to his steward, who gravely and promptly said :

If the circuit cat eats the Super's daw,
What, in that case, is Methodist law?
I should say, in a case like that,
The Super should eat the circuit cat !

Years afterwards, during the debates in our Education Committee on the 1870 Education Bill, I got very tired of the long, prosy speech of a Methodist M.P., and left the large room of the old Mission House, where he was meandering wearily, and took refuge in the saloon. Mr. Bunting came in and said, 'Here alone, Mr. Kelly? how is that?' 'Because,' I replied, 'I have got tired and jaded by Mr. ——'s prosiness. He reminds me of eternity : there is no end of it.'

'Aye,' said Mr. Bunting, 'but you don't say which eternity. He always reminds me of the hymn I learnt when a little boy, one line of which is—

There is a dreadful hell.'

The two belonged to different political camps.

I did not know Dr. Bunting's eldest son intimately, but he was a famous minister in my youth. The Rev. William Maclardie Bunting was considered by his admirers, who were many, to be a great and rare preacher. My remembrance of him is that his prayers and sermons were prodigiously long. Once, at a minister's breakfast-meeting at Dr. Jobson's house, he was startled, after having prayed too long, by an exclamation, 'Cut it short!' He was annoyed, thinking it came from an irreverent parson. But the speaker was Dr. Jobson's favourite parrot. Mr. W. M. Bunting was a devout man, but something of a wag. When there were comparatively few Wesleyan ministers stationed in Manchester they met periodically at each other's houses for breakfast and brotherly intercourse. One day they were guests of the Rev. Peter M'Owan, who was a man of small stature. He lived at the Preacher's House, Every Place, Ancoats. Mr. Bunting having been asked to conduct family worship, gravely gave out, for the brethren to sing:

All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad
Throughout every place

By the least of His servants His savour of grace.

I only met Mr. W. M. Bunting once in private social intercourse. It was at lunch at Mr. Vanner's warehouse, Coleman Street. It would be in 1861 or 1862. Mr. Vanner was a godly Methodist of the

old school. His sons, Mr. James E. Vanner, Mr. William, and Mr. John, became well-known Methodists, but they and their brother, Mr. Henry T. Vanner, have all passed on.

Mr. Vanner, sen., always welcomed ministers at his daily lunch in the City. During my Aldershot and Chatham days, when up for the Home Mission Committee, which had Army affairs in hand, I was there frequently, having been introduced by the Rev. Charles Prest, one of Mr. Vanner's very intimate friends. One day the Rev. W. M. Bunting was the life of the party. He was in delicate health, but it was one of his 'good days.' Speaking of a minister in the circuit where he lived as a supernumerary, who had come from Wales to the English work, he said he was 'very fluent, much liked by the people, and he gives us some very good Calvinism every now and then.' The *London Quarterly Review* must have been in its youth. He spoke kindly of it, but said he did not like to be reminded by a contributor who reviewed greater men than himself of a little dog who could not see a big dog without running up to him and smelling him all round. What a picture for some modern reviewers and interviewers!

Mr. W. M. Bunting took a lively interest in Methodist life and movements : he frequently spoke in Conference, and was there often opposed to his father.

With Dr. Waddy, in their earlier ministry, he made repeated efforts to introduce the wearing of gown and bands in the pulpit by Wesleyan ministers.

He was a man of fine spirit, very devout and reverential. He will long be thought of because of his choice hymns, such as the notable one used in the Covenant Service, beginning—

O God, how often hath Thine ear
To me in willing mercy bowed !
While, worshipping Thine altar near,
Lowly I wept, and strongly vowed :
But, ah ! the feebleness of man !
Have I not vowed and wept in vain ?

And again :

Blessèd are the pure in heart,
They have learned the angel art,
While on earth in heaven to be,
God, by sense unseen, to see.

And again :

Holy Spirit ! pity me,
Pierced with grief for grieving Thee ;
Present, though I mourn apart,
Listen to a willing heart.

And further, and especially :

Thou doest all things well.
God only wise and true ;
My days and nights alternate tell
Of mercies always new.

COLLEGE COMMITTEE ORATORS

I REMEMBER with pleasure some of the good and great men who visited the college on committee days. Old John Hickling was one. He had been 'called out' by John Wesley. He was between ninety and a hundred years old, but spoke delightfully, as if he had already been in Beulah land. He had a very strong voice, and at times bellowed like a healthy bull. He entered the ministry in 1788, and died in 1858. He was the last link that united the then race of Methodist preachers with those who laboured under the immediate direction of Mr. Wesley.

Another fine old man was the Rev. William Tranter, who died February 9, 1879, in his hundred-and-first year. I remember him chiefly because he said that, when he first went to London in his eleventh year, he crossed a stile at the end of what is now Lombard Street and went into a green field. Some years ago I travelled from Brighton to London with a very old Quaker gentleman who told me he had lived in London all his

life. Remembering what Father Tranter had said, I asked him if his memory could confirm the statement. He said, 'Certainly ; I remember corn-fields on what is now King William Street, near the Mansion House.'

I think Dr. Bunting only visited Didsbury once in my time. He was old, feeble, quite affectionate, but spoke very briefly. Dr. Dixon came several times. His hair was long and silver-white ; he was feeble and blind. He looked as Apollo might have looked had he grown old—very beautiful in extreme age. How wisely he talked, and how sympathetically and well ! Some others who spoke did not speak so. Why on earth Governors ever ask some men, simply because they are members of committee, to address the students is a mystery. It is folly on the part of the Governors to ask them ; it is presumption and greater folly on their part to consent. It is sad that some of them are allowed to air their platitudes so often. With far abler men listening silently, they should be silent.

Now and then one or two aired their importance elsewhere than in the dining-room. I remember Mr. Geden—Scotland had not made him 'Doctor' then—bringing a pudgy specimen of official pomposity into my study, who, seeing a framed portrait of John Bright on the wall, ordered me, with great flourish of trumpets and some defiance of aspirate, to 'take it

down at once.' It may, perhaps, be superfluous to say that I did not obey the great little man; but it is not too much to say that the probability is he went out of No. 27 both wiser and sadder. Indeed, he was never known to visit another study. The incident was a means of good to Mr. Geden and myself. Dear, vulgar man! let us hope he was the last of his breed. He is dead; he left no child; his name was writ in water. He was born to be forgot. Maybe John Bright's presence in heaven does not trouble him. I hope they are both there; John Bright certainly is.

Sometimes committee-day orators had a hole sent into their balloons. Who that was present will ever forget the prayer of an old preacher who was said to be 'steeped in the writings of the Puritan fathers'? It was Samuel Walker. He had heard the bombastic, goody-goody speech of a capacious, worthy, weak man; and then, when he offered the closing prayer, electrified both committee and students by saying: 'Lord, bless the words just spoken to these young men. There was not a single sentiment that every one was not familiar with; but if Thou *canst* bless the address, bless it.'

The Conference has put honour on the *alumni* of Didsbury. It has appointed many as Chairmen of Districts, two Missionary Secretaries, two College

Governors, some Tutors, two Book Stewards, six Presidents of the Conference, and one of them twice. Of the Governors and Tutors, six have been called to the Chair, and both of staff and students there are 'yet more to follow.'

ORDINATION

I WAS ordained on Wednesday, July 31, 1861, at the Newcastle-on-Tyne Conference, over which the Rev. John Rattenbury was President and the Rev. John Farrar Secretary. The number ordained was forty. The usual order amongst the Wesleyans was observed, and batches of about half a dozen went up to the rails at a time. Those who ordained the set I was in were the Rev. John Rattenbury, the President, and the Rev. John Farrar, Secretary of the Conference, the Rev. W. W. Stamp, D.D., Ex-President, the Rev. Thomas H. Squance, the veteran missionary, the Rev. John Bowers, to whom I had been President's Assistant, and the Rev. George T. Perks, who was President of the next Newcastle Conference in 1873, and my old class-leader. An old fellow Didsbury student, who held high ecclesiastical views about the 'validity of orders,' told me that he had specially asked that Mr. Squance should 'lay hands' upon him and me, because he had no doubt as to his right to ordain, seeing that he had himself been ordained by the Rev. Dr. Coke, who was an Episcopalian clergyman, and whom subsequently John Wesley

ordained as General Superintendent, or Bishop. I remember how scornfully my youthful friend said, 'Who ordained John Rattenbury or John Farrar? When they were received into Full Connexion with the Conference, there was no imposition of hands, and therefore no valid ordination.' I did not then believe his doctrine or accept his position. I do not now. Still, he was profoundly anxious on the subject, and secured his desire; and old Father Squance ordained us both, in two different sets. The career of that fellow student was that of a man of brilliant ability, a good scholar, a promising preacher, but of lack of stability. He took two or three circuits, fell into drunkenness, had to leave our ministry; was reordained by Archbishop Thomson, fell again, had his licence revoked, fell deeper; and long, long years ago, was found one morning dead on his knees in a London police-cell.

When the Archbishop revoked his licence to officiate he also required that, before he should resume clerical work, he should produce a certificate from a beneficed clergyman of good character for a year. One day the poor fellow came to me in the streets of London, out at elbows, forlorn-looking, and hungry. He said, 'I hope to get back again to duty soon.'

I said, 'What about the certificate of twelve months' good character?'

'Aye,' he replied, 'that is a difficulty. I have

put myself under observation two or three times, but a year is a long time ; I have not been able to hold out ; but I have found a parson now that I think will do. I have heard him preach first-rate sermons on Sennacherib, and Nebuchadnezzar, and such like, but never once heard him mention the Lord Jesus Christ.'

'An admirable selection for your purpose,' I said. But even the friend of Nebuchadnezzar could not pull him through.

The Methodists have always held that 'where Christ is, there is the Church,' and that a body of believers constituting a Church has a right to appoint its ministers, and that the arrogant claims arising from the doctrine of exclusive ordination in the line of an historic episcopate are not in accordance with New Testament teaching, and cannot be established either by history or common sense ; yet, at the same time, it is true that all along the line there have been Wesleyan ministers who, like my old Didsbury friend, have held opinions in favour of 'direct succession,' without holding the prelatie idea of an episcopate. It is, therefore, interesting to such who hold John Wesley's views as to presbyterian orders, to remember that he not only did ordain men but gave them parchment Letters of Ordination. I have before me, as I write, a facsimile copy of the certificate he gave when he ordained the Rev. Dr. Coke to be

Superintendent, or Bishop ; and another which Dr. Coke gave to Mr. Squance when he ordained him for the work of the ministry.

The following is Wesley's certificate :

To all to whom these Presents shall come, John Wesley, late Fellow of Lincoln College in Oxford, Presbyter of the Church of England, sendeth greeting.

Whereas many of the People in the Southern Provinces of North America who desire to continue under my care and still adhere to the doctrines and discipline of the Church of England, are greatly distressed for want of Ministers to administer the Sacraments of Baptism and the Lord's Supper according to the usage of the said Church : And whereas there does not appear to be any other way of supplying them with Ministers : Know all men that I John Wesley think myself to be providentially called at this time to set apart some persons for the work of the ministry in America. And therefore under the Protection of Almighty God, and with a single eye to His glory, I have this day set apart as a Superintendent by the imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted by other ordained Ministers) Thomas Coke, Doctor of Civil Law, a Presbyter of the Church of England, and a man whom I judge to be well qualified for that great work : And I do hereby recommend him to all whom it may concern as a fit person to preside over the Flock of Christ.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this second day of September in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty four.

JOHN WESLEY.



The following is a copy of Letter of Ordination of

the Rev. T. H. Squance. For this I am indebted to his grandson, Mr. Herbert S. Squance, of Sunderland, who also had the courtesy to bring the original to the York Conference for my inspection.

These are to certify to All whom they may concern, that I, Thomas Coke, L.L.D., a Bishop in the Church of God, did on the nineteenth day of November, in the year 1813, in the fear of God, and with a single eye to His glory, by the imposition of my hands and prayer (being assisted by other Ministers) set apart Thomas Hall Squance for the office of an Elder in the Church of God, believing him to be duly qualified for that sacred office. And I do accordingly recommend him as a fit Person to administer the Holy Sacraments, and to feed the Church of God. Given under my hand and seal the 25th day of December in the year above written.

THOMAS



COKE.

To all to whom these Presents shall come John Wesley, Late Fellow of
Trinity College in Oxford, Protector of the Church of England sendeth
greeting.

Whereas many of the People in the Southern Provinces of North
America who desire to continue under my care, and still adhere to the Doct-
rines and Discipline of the Church of England, are greatly distressed for want
of Minister, to administer the Sacraments of Penance and the Lords Supper,
according to the usage of the said Church. And whereas there does not
appear to be any other way of supplying them with Ministers

I and all men, that I John Wesley thank myself to be providential-
ly called at this time to set apart some persons for the work of the minis-
try in America. And therefore under the Protection of Almighty God,
and with a single eye to his glory, I have this day set apart as a la-
porintendent, by the imposition of my hands and prayer. (being assisted
by other ordained Ministers) Thomas Coke, Doctor of Divinity a Priest,
of the Church of England, * a man whom I judge to be well qualified for
that great work. And I do hereby recommend him to all whom it may
concern as a fit person to provide over the Flock of Christ. In testimony
whereof I have hereunto set my hand and seal this second day of September
in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty four.

John Wesley

JUDGE WADDY, K.C.

THE facsimile of Wesley's Certificate, or Letter of Orders, as to Coke's ordination, given on the previous page, was secured by the late Judge Waddy, K.C. He presented copies to the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church and others who attended the First Methodist Oecumenical Conference held in London in the year 1881. Judge Waddy, some time before his death, gave me the remaining copies.

He was an interesting man. In 1853, or thereabouts, he was a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry, and recommended by the July Committee, but withdrew when the Conference met. He continued a local preacher all through life. He had a successful career at the Bar, and rendered good service as a Member of Parliament. He was County Court Judge and Recorder of Sheffield. He inherited much wit and power of clever repartee from his father, the Rev. Dr. S. D. Waddy. In the early days of the 1849 agitation, perhaps during the Sheffield Conference, when quite a youth, he accompanied a party of prominent Wesleyans on a picnic to one of the pretty spots in the Peak. At the same place there were

a number of the 'Reformers.' As young Waddy looked solemnly, perhaps rather insolently, at them, one of them said, 'What is young Sam Waddy thinking about?' To which the youth replied, with wave of hand towards the beautiful view and then to the 'Reformers,' 'Of the lines of the poet :

Where every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.'

'Exquisite, Mr. Samuel, exquisite!' said the Rev. William L. Thornton, with one of his historic bows and grimaces.

His Honour Judge Waddy compiled a valuable *Harmony of the Gospels*, which has secured a good circulation. He also wrote a hymn which has properly found a place in the Methodist Hymn-Book, and stands there, No. 395 ; it is based on Psalm xxiii., and begins—

Jesus my Shepherd my want shall supply :
Down in green pastures He makes me to lie ;
He leads me beside the still waters of rest ;
My soul He restores to the fold of the blest.

THE REV. CHARLES WESLEY AND ORDINATION

JOHN WESLEY'S act of Ordination, or Consecration, of Dr. Coke as bishop, roused the anger of his High Church brother Charles, who wrote a somewhat furious doggerel on the subject :

So easily are bishops made
By man's or woman's whim !
W—— his hands on C—— hath laid,
But who laid hands on him ?
Hands on himself he laid, and took
An apostolic chair ;
And then ordained his creature C——
His heir and successor.

Considering his high ecclesiastical views, the wonder is that Charles Wesley went as far as he did with his brother John in his evangelistic work and in the foundation of Methodism. He would probably have accepted Canon Liddon's putting of the Anglican position :

Where there is no bishop there is no priest ;
Where there is no priest there is no sacrament ;
Where there is no sacrament there is no church ;
Where there is no church there is no salvation.

Charles Wesley's sacerdotal views were so strong

that he refused to consent to be buried in the ground of City Road Chapel, where the dust of his great brother finds rest, or opposite in Bunhill Fields, where his mother was interred. He insisted that he must lie in 'consecrated ground.' Consequently, his grave was secured in the burial-place of Marylebone, a chapel-of-ease used before the present Marylebone parish church was erected. There he reposed in peace. But, oddly enough, it turns out that the ground never has been 'consecrated' by any bishop. It is merely a cemetery belonging to a chapel-of-ease. I was told that by Canon Barker, then Rector of Marylebone, now Dean of Carlisle. But what does it matter? Once, when Dean Stanley paid one of his occasional visits to see Wesley's Chapel and Wesley's grave, he asked the then vergers, a quaint, queer old man, 'Who consecrated this ground?' and received as reply, 'Consecrated it, sir? John Wesley's bones, sir!' 'And,' said the broad-minded dean, 'a better consecration it could not have!'

Charles Wesley's churchiness is very wonderful. He knew how bitterly Methodists were persecuted by the clergy, how churches were closed against both his brother and himself; and yet he both held and expressed his views in favour of sticking to 'the Church,' and against Dissenters. This is strikingly illustrated in the case of John Nelson, the devoted Methodist preacher. In or about 1744, when the

Stuart rebellion was feared, commissioners were appointed to impress men to be soldiers. They were to be the men of bad or disorderly lives, or without visible means of earning a livelihood. The 'Reverend' Mr. Coleby, Vicar of Birstall, was one of these commissioners, and the bitterest enemy John Nelson had. The dastardly wretch threw Nelson into prison, hoping to stop his preaching and to drive him from his parish. It is a sorry story. The prison was literally filthy, and Nelson's sufferings were dreadful. Charles Wesley knew of it all ; knew of the cruelty and irreligion of the parsons, of the misery of the poor Methodist preacher, told him he was praying for him ; and yet, in a letter dated March 27, 1760, and addressed to John Nelson, who was then 'travelling in the Haworth Round,' he wrote : ' John, I love thee from my heart ; yet, rather than see thee a dissenting minister, I wish to see thee smiling in thy coffin.'

How profoundly thankful we should be that John Wesley was so much greater a man than his brother Charles ! If he had not been, there would have been no Methodism worth having.

THE REV. THOMAS H. SQUANCE

I HEARD Mr. Squance preach on the Conference Sunday of my ordination. I was to have been the guest of the Town Clerk of one of the boroughs on the Tyneside, a Quaker ; but, on arrival, was told on the railway-station that, as fever had broken out in his house, arrangements had been made for me to be entertained by a retired sea-captain. This old gentleman, a bluff, jolly old sea-salt, gave me a hearty reception.

‘ We are glad to see you. We are not Wesleyans ; we are United Frees ; at least my wife is a United Free—whatever that is—and I go with her.’

On the first Sunday morning the captain said, ‘ I’m not going to be a United Free to-day, wife ; I’m going wherever Mr. Kelly goes ! ’

I looked on the Conference Plan to select the most suitable preacher for the old captain, and was delighted to find that the Rev. T. H. Squance was appointed to preach at a chapel not far off. He had the reputation of delivering only one missionary speech. What did that matter ? Every one liked to hear it, however many times he had heard it before.

So, it was said, he always preached the same sermon at Conference. He could not have acted more wisely. It was about 'shaking the nations.'

So I took my good host, the captain. I felt sure he would be greatly gratified, and I knew I should be. When the patriarchal preacher took his text, it was all right—just as expected: 'You will find the words of my text in Haggai, second chapter, seventh verse: "I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of hosts."'

The preacher had a rare good time; he had what used to be called 'liberty.' He had a loud voice, and used it; he 'made the deaf to hear'; he stamped the pulpit floor; he thumped the pulpit sides. There was no namby-pambyism. He was far from being like one of Madame Tussaud's wax figures. He had something to say, and he said it. There was a decided difference between the utterance of old Father Squance that morning and the exquisite, well-groomed, well-hair-oiled lads who mumbled, 'Let him that hath yaws to yaw, yaw'!

When we left the chapel the captain said, 'There, that's what I call preaching. Can't he shout? Lor'! what a noise he could make on a quarter-deck!'

When we reached his house he told his wife he did not know why they were United Frees; he had never heard such a sermon before, and

did not believe he ever should among the United Frees.

He would like to have known all the ins and outs of our ecclesiastical disputes, about which he absolutely knew nothing. I did not care to talk about them. His wife was a godly woman, whose simple faith and pious life was vastly better for him to know than anything I could have told him about the Warrenite split or the agitation of Everett, Dunn, and Griffith.

Hospitable, bluff, kind-hearted old captain ! he long ago entered port and went to the land where they are all united and are all free.

ALDERSHOT CAMP

PERHAPS a first circuit or appointment, a first parish, or a first church, is of greatest interest to a minister. One's first superintendent, or vicar, gets a position for memory from which he cannot easily be expelled. It is said that a talented young minister was somewhat plagued by his early superintendent, in whose house he had to live, and who at the Synod expressed some doubt about the young man's orthodoxy, and as to his belief in the doctrine of eternal punishment. When questioned on the subject the young divine said, 'Having lived eight months with Mr. — [his superintendent] I am fully convinced as to the doctrine of purgatory ; and, if I stay with him a little longer, I shall have no doubt as to the doctrine of eternal punishment.'

I had no such idea about my first superintendent, Dr. Rule. Taking all things into consideration, I regard him as the most remarkable man with whom I ever came in contact. I lived in his house two years, an iron house at Aldershot, in the early times of the camp and in the primitive days of Methodism in the Army. We were in the thick of battles for

our church rights, and in earnest spiritual work for the salvation of men. Bright days and dark days we had incessantly ; elation, anxiety, checks, gladness, and almost despair, were our constantly recurring experience. Of the presence and fury of the devil we were never in doubt ; but of the presence and power of God and of the marvellous work of His Holy Spirit we had the most joyous and consolatory experience. Seed was sown the rich, ripe harvests from which sprang up in thousands of hearts, in many lands, and among a great variety of people. The result of that work and time still lasts.

Sometimes men have thought of Dr. Rule as a martinet ; a remarkable linguist—he could read eleven languages ; a striking preacher and orator ; a voluminous writer ; an unwearying fighter ; pertinacious, domineering, and difficult to work with. He was all that, but he was vastly more. Men who only saw that side of his character did not know him. If he had not been that, he would never have accomplished his work. When the Almighty intended religious liberty to be secured in the British Army he made William Harris Rule precisely the man he was. Practically Dr. Rule was not appointed to the Army work ; he initiated it. Some of the gods on the top of the Methodist Olympus approved in a mild way ; at first none heartily supported it ; but some were strong opponents of it, and privately gave

us bitter annoyance and difficult opposition. From the first, however, the Rev. Charles Prest, Secretary of the Home Mission Fund, which Fund became chargeable for the support of the work, stood by the movement most cordially. Mr. Prest has never had so much commendation as he deserves for his splendid services to Methodism in his official life. He allowed as free a hand as he dared to Dr. Rule and me, in our dashing exploits, and had a sympathetic attitude even when he could not fully approve. Without any parade of piety, Dr. Rule was a man of holy life, who lived near to God in prayer and communion. Reverent and devout in spirit, both in private life and public worship, he was an example to his brethren in the ministry and to the flock of Christ.

There is no doubt that Dr. Rule was a very striking personality both physical and mental. His perseverance and power of will were marvellous; his courage was tremendous; his doings were sometimes startling and amusing. I was reading prayers one Sunday morning at Aldershot. The church was crowded. Almost the whole of the 5th Dragoon Guards were present. There was a small crowd of officers of various ranks and regiments. Directly in front of the reading-desk sat Dr. Rule in gown and bands. Close to him, one form behind, during the psalms, stood a great, tall, rather

lumbering, very young cavalry officer, over six feet high. He was offensively inattentive, and stood with an inane stare, looking round, misbehaving, notwithstanding the presence of several colonels. Dr. Rule, who was little more than five feet in height, glanced at him without effect; and then, seizing a Prayer-Book, offered it to him, and said, so that all around could hear, 'Pray, sir: say your prayers!' The lad, in his gay regimentals, could not have been more startled and subdued if, in days after, a shell had burst at his feet in battle. It was a pretty bit of comedy that furnished mess-room fun for many nights after, and that lost nothing by descriptive repetition. The handsome young subaltern wished, for a long time, he had not been at church that morning.

But the rank of the officer would not dismay the brave little man. He went to call on the commanding officer of an infantry regiment that had arrived in camp during the week, and to arrange for the Wesleyan service to be put into regimental orders. The colonel was a marquis. He was surrounded by officers at the moment, and seemed to be amused when he saw this parson of long beard and very short stature. He had never been on a station before where Wesleyans were paraded for their own worship. When Dr. Rule, with his punctilious politeness, had paid his respects and made his request, his lordship said rudely that there would be no such

entry in orders, 'for I know nothing about either Westlians or Eastlians.' Making one of his never-to-be-forgotten polite bows, Dr. Rule replied, 'My lord, a little literature from head quarters will be instructive to your lordship, and I will at once apply for it to be sent to you.' It was so sent, in the shape of emphatic orders, and the Wesleyans of the regiment were duly marched to our service on the next morning. We had no further trouble from that gallant, noble lord. Dr. Rule was very determined in all such cases. What the cabman said of John Forster, in explanation for having summoned him about a fare, may be said of Dr. Rule: he was 'a troublesome customer, a harbitrary cove,' when in opposition.

Sometimes he startled and perplexed his co-workers by his criticisms. When the camp was crowded and we had to hold several parade services in different places, occasionally we got the help of Richmond students or departmental ministers. One Sunday Mr. W. C. Lawry was down from the college. In giving his report at night he said of a hut in the North Camp in which he had held service, 'It is in a very dilapidated condition.' 'Impossible, sir,' replied the doctor; 'it is a wooden structure, not of stone, so cannot be dilapidated.'

We had many interesting visitors at Aldershot. One was a minister who preached one Sunday at one of the several parade services. He was what was

called 'weak in the preaching,' and that morning lived up to his reputation. He, like Dr. Rule, was short of stature. He came into the drawing-room in high glee after the service, rubbed his hands with pleasure, and said, 'I *did* enjoy that service. I had a rare good time.' Then spoke his very clever wife : 'Well, my dear, I am glad of it, for I am sure you were the only person in the church that had !' But, although he was so unceremoniously dealt with, he greatly appreciated his wife's cleverness.

Several times our pulpit was supplied by clergymen of the Church of England. One, a well-known vicar from a fashionable sea-side parish, preached for me more than once. His idea was that there was no law to prevent him, and that if he did not use the liturgy he had the right to deliver an address or preach a sermon in any building other than one belonging to the Episcopalian Church. In this he was fortified by an opinion of Earl Cairns, Lord Chancellor, for another beneficed clergyman had said that the distinguished lawyer had told him that he met the then Bishop of London—Bishop Jackson, I think—in the lobby of the House of Lords, who had said to him, 'Do you know what that protégé of yours — has been doing ?' 'No, what has he done ?' The bishop replied, 'He has preached in a dissenting chapel !' 'Oh, is that all ?' said the Lord Chancellor. 'I was with him, and let me tell you that you cannot

touch him for it. Now that is an opinion without your coming into Court for a judgement.'

Outsiders were not always good 'suppliers.' Dr. Cumming came once. He preached on Christian consistency, and urged the men always to let their fellows know they were the servants of God. He illustrated by saying how proud, as soldiers, they were of their regimentals, and they would never think of putting them aside. It was on a weekday, and, seated in front of him, sat row after row of officers in plain clothes. To put off their uniform would be the joy of the men. A soldier said to me, 'If Dr. Cumming knows no more about theology than he does about soldiers, it is a bad look-out for his congregation.'

I once heard another eloquent preacher on the same subject wind up by exclaiming, 'Now, men, go back to your barrack-rooms, and nail your colours to the mast.' The men were amused at the idea of a mast in a barrack-room.

When Dr. Waddy was President of the Conference, he took a parade service at Aldershot. He preached on the 'Captain of our Salvation,' a sermon he intended to deliver at the ensuing Irish Conference. He had a 'bad time,' and in a quarter of an hour practically broke down. He closed the service. In walking with me afterwards he said he could not account for it, and that he had never had such an

incident before. I told him it was the effect of colour on the eye, and the brain had been affected. He said at once, 'That is so; I see it now!' The church was full of men in regimentals, and the congregation had been made up largely of Dragoon Guards, in their brilliant clothing and with glittering accoutrements. Dr. Waddy had the good sense to stop when he realized his dilemma, and few of the uninitiated discovered it. A year before, the then Ex-President had a similar trouble, but, instead of stopping, went floundering on, to his own discomfort and the regret of his hearers.

From the first Dr. Rule was very fastidious as to the way in which public worship should be conducted in the church at Aldershot. He insisted on the use of the liturgy at parade services. This greatly annoyed many of our non-commissioned officers and men who had been accustomed to a different service at home. On the other hand, it attracted considerable numbers of officers and their families. He wore his gown and bands not only when himself in reading-desk and pulpit, but as he sat in front of me when I officiated, as he could once or twice at least on Sunday mornings, when we had several services one after another. At certain services, such as weddings, churchings, &c., he wore a surplice. There we parted company. He wished me to do the same, and also to put on the white for

baptisms and the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. I declined. I was willing to wear gown and bands because, as officers and men alike were required to come to service in full regimentals, it seemed to me to be anomalous that the chaplain conducting the worship should be the only one in plain clothes. It was also a concession to the feelings and custom of hundreds of officers of other churches who regularly worshipped with us.

When he found my opposition to wear the surplice so strong the doctor yielded. I knew that the wearing of any vestments was contrary to the declared rules of the Conference, but when on another matter I told him he was acting against Connexional rule, he smilingly said: 'I know it, my dear sir. For many years I have often acted against many rules in Methodism but one. That one am I—W. H. Rule!'

He had fought and lost one or two battles in different circuits where he had tried to wear his gown. Once he had been tried for it in a Minor District Synod in the First London District. The report of that meeting was solemnly given and adopted to the effect that 'Brother Rule's wisdom is pure but not peaceable.' The Conference was left to make the best of that; but 'Brother Rule,' for the time, had to cease to wear his robe.

No, he was not 'peaceable.' When leaving

Aldershot, after having lived two years in his house, and greatly enjoyed it, Mrs. Rule, his first wife, a clever, kind, charming woman, who knew her husband thoroughly, and how to manage him as well as he could be managed, said to me: 'I am very sorry you are going, Mr. Kelly ; sorry for all our sakes, but most sorry for Dr. Rule. We have been married more than thirty years, and you are the first colleague he has agreed with all through the time, and you will be the last.' I suppose I was.

There have been in the Methodist ministry many men of very remarkable lives, but it may be doubted if any have surpassed Dr. Rule in the variety of experience. The story of his life, if fully told, would be stranger than fiction and fascinating as romance. He had a hard childhood. He was the son of a naval doctor. His youth was adventurous, his conversion to God most eventful. His ministerial record is interesting and striking. He was sent, when a very young man, to the West Indies, where on Sundays he preached to black slaves before the days of emancipation. The weekdays he had for study, his people being prevented from attending public worship, and he being forbidden access to them. By his protests he aroused the fierce opposition of slave-holders. Afterwards, for years, he preached to Spaniards in the Spanish language. He preached occasionally to Jews in Barbary in Hebrew. At least

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once, probably twice, he preached in a Roman Catholic cathedral on the Continent. He held, in later life, the office of Connexional Editor. In addition to pulpit work, he was an earnest and diligent pastor. He had a busy pen, and was a voluminous writer. His books number more than thirty volumes.

I consider that he did more than any other man to secure religious liberty in the British Army. The fight which he waged in order to establish the rights of Methodist soldiers to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience and the custom of their own Church was hard, long, and keen. He stormed a strong citadel of exclusiveness and prejudice. He made many a proud foe bend, and more than one great man apologize who had been rude. Even official opponents were often compelled to admire his pluck, his politeness, his tact, his skilful precision. If he expected to have a contest he carefully prepared for it. With knowledge of men he attended to minute details. He acted on one of Dr. Johnson's maxims that 'All visits should be paid on clean-shirt days.' He knew that you can speak to people best when you are well dressed; and in all official interviews he took care to be as presentable as possible. No one could ever doubt, on account of his attire, that he was a minister and a gentleman. He lived long enough to see the principles for which he fought fully established. He

was nearly eighty-eight when he died, September 25, 1890. He had left our Army work before all was gained ; some of us had more and much to do ; but he had sown seed that took root and has grown abundantly. He greatly rejoiced in the success with which others carried on the war after his arm was stricken and unable to give more blows. He was sometimes beaten, but he was a brave man, who never considered himself vanquished. He was wise enough to know that a battle is not a campaign, and that, although one or many battles may be lost, the result of the whole may be victory.

To me personally my work at Aldershot was made more easy because of the confidence and support of Dr. Rule from the first. Oddly enough, he never spoke of me as a colleague, always as his ' Assistant.' Equality in ministerial status he did not acknowledge. Still, he wrote of me : ' The young man had given ample proof of fitness, had already shown unwearied diligence in the performance of every duty. The manner in which he won the respect and confidence of all with whom he had any communication, the adaptation of his preaching to military congregations, and the consequent advancement of our influence in the camp, aroused to a higher pitch the jealousy which had already been manifested in some quarters.'

So far as preaching was concerned we had almost no competition. That of the recognized chaplains

was notoriously feeble. Consequently we had large congregations, both at the parade and voluntary services, of officers, non-commissioned officers, and soldiers, and of civilians too. There was plenty of pulpit work.

The services were greatly owned of God. Many men were soundly converted, and both in the Army and later in civilian life witnessed a good confession.

For the first two years Dr. Rule had written and reported through the Chaplain-General. That official was the Rev. G. R. Gleig, who in early life had served as an officer under the Duke of Wellington. He was of the old school of parsons—high, dry, and bitterly opposed to Nonconformists. He took a special dislike against me, and declared he would prevent me ever having access to soldiers.

But ah ! the feebleness of man !
Did he not vow and strive in vain ?

FRIENDS AND FOES

MY Aldershot appointment secured me several life-long friends beyond our own communion. They have been scattered over many lands and were of varied ranks. The chief of them all, so far as friendship is concerned, was the Rev. Francis Cannon, Presbyterian Chaplain to the Forces of the First Class. He was of the Established Church of Scotland, but a very broad churchman. He had been parish minister in Scotland until the Crimean War broke out. Then he accompanied the troops, but without definite appointment in the first instance. He was of a family of soldiers. Two of his brothers were Generals. He acted during the war as a correspondent for the *Standard*. He was a tall, handsome, stately, typical Scotsman. His father, the Rev. Dr. Cannon, was a well-known minister. We struck up an acquaintance that soon ripened into close friendship. On leaving the Aldershot camp and receiving my appointment to Chatham, he was also appointed to that garrison. We took and furnished a house there, and lived together for a good while, indeed until my marriage. Later, when I was sent to act as chaplain to the Guards, he was sent too as Presbyterian

chaplain. He also married, and when I was appointed to Wandsworth he retired and came to live very near to us; and he died there, leaving me his executor and guardian of his children. His only son, Major Francis Cannon, still survives him. It was a puzzling incident to some, even of the 'unco guid,' that two parsons of different churches could keep house together and live in perfect unity. But it was a delightful arrangement. We entertained a varied set of guests, from Jesuit Father, who came from Brompton Oratory, to all sorts of other clerical visitors to the garrison, and especially young officers of several faiths, and perhaps of no faith.

I revere Mr. Cannon's memory, and make an occasional pilgrimage to his grave in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh. I carefully fulfilled his ardent wish, and buried him in Scottish soil. His desire was to be laid in the 'God's acre' of his old parish, but I found it impossible to secure that, as it was closed to all but those who actually die in the parish. It was somewhere near Kirriemuir; so, taking care that he was not interred in English ground, about which he held very strong prejudices, we laid him to rest in the tomb with his father. He had a great dislike for burial services, holding the old-fashioned Scotch objection against liturgy or prayers at the grave. After we became friends he seldom, if ever, officiated at any military Presbyterian funeral. I

acted for him. He was a sincere Christian; but, in case of the dangerous illness of any of his flock, he was like a nervous doctor, and would say to me, 'I do my duty by the man as far as I can; but if you would go to him in the hospital ward and talk to him as if he was a Wesleyan [pronounced Wesley-an] I should be more satisfied if he dies.'

It greatly astonished me that I, so young a man, was honoured by so much personal opposition. One of the first difficulties arose because of my frequent hospital visitations. They were keenly resented by Anglican chaplains; but General Knollys firmly supported me. The senior Church of England chaplain failing to secure an order from the General Commanding excluding me from hospitals, reported me direct to the Secretary for War as an unauthorized person visiting camp. Happily, in doing this he made the huge mistake and official blunder of passing over the General, his superior officer, through whom he should have sent his complaint.

In a few days, however, an order was sent directing the General to exclude me from camp and hospitals altogether, as I was 'without authority.' The General expressed his regret, but said he must obey the direction of the War Office. He was naturally annoyed at the slight that had been shown to him, and was not slow to use it in his communication to the Duke of Cambridge, who was Field-Marshal

Commanding-in-Chief, as this was really a case of discipline for the Horse Guards so far as the senior chaplain was concerned, he being a commissioned officer. It was arranged that we should strongly protest by letter. This letter General Knollys took up personally to the Duke, and so saved official postal delay, and gave the opportunity for viva voce explanations. One reason given for my exclusion was that I had too much influence over young soldiers, and so was an unsafe visitor in the Army. The General told us, on his return, that the old Duke said it was the first time that he had ever heard of a clergyman having too much influence with soldiers, and so I must go back. This welcome decision that fine old man and true gentleman announced to us with evident satisfaction. 'But,' he said, 'the Duke has promised to write me a letter on the subject; do not resume work until that comes. The letter of His Royal Highness should be of such a character that this question will be settled once and for all.' Three days later the letter came. An aide-de-camp rode over to tell me, and let me have a copy. In half an hour I was in camp and hospital, and once more resumed my labours. That was one of the last official acts of General Knollys; his term of command came to its close, and he became comptroller of the household of the then Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII. We were very sorry to

lose him from Aldershot. He rendered great help to us in the initial stage of Wesleyan work in the Army. No more sincere prayer in his behalf in his last days could be offered than when we interceded for him with God.

The opposition greatly helped us, and the Duke's letter secured me personally a very much improved position. I was very anxious to get the right to visit our men in prison. Dr. Rule had gone a very few times, but only when men had formally asked for him. Of course, scarcely any would ask. It was a sort of work that the doctor did not like. I was wishful to be authorized both to visit cells and hold service. In answer to an application, Lord Hartington (who recently died Duke of Devonshire), who was then at the War Office, gave me the authority ; and I was the first Wesleyan minister who ever had it. Three years later military prisons everywhere were opened to Wesleyan chaplains.

It seems almost unbelievable that my application for authority to work in the military prison should have been disliked by some of our own prominent men. I remember one of the best-known Ex-Presidents, who never did care for our military work, saying to me in committee one day, 'Do you mean to say that you have Wesleyans in prison?' 'Often,' I said. 'Then you should be ashamed of yourself, and of them, too!' I told him I did not see it,

because men were frequently sent to prison in the Army for next to nothing; for instance, I once said to a young fellow in his cell, 'What are you here for?' 'Nothing!' he answered. 'Oh, come, come, that won't do!' 'Well,' he said, 'I was saucy to a corporal.' That was insubordination, and he was sentenced; but I submitted to the complaining Ex-President: 'Suppose every saucy Methodist preacher was sent to prison; what a supply of chaplains there would be!' No one who knew the Methodist history of that date would have doubted that the Ex-Presidency would have been represented.

General Knollys was succeeded by Sir John Pennefather; and we soon had occasion to try his mettle.

It arose about burials. With the departure of a friendly General, and the advent of a Gallio who cared for none of these things, and who, having known nothing of Methodism, 'did not know Joseph,' our dear friends, the clerical enemy, revived opposition tactics. The Government had given us ground adjoining that of the Church of England and Roman Catholics for the burial of the Wesleyan dead. But in nearly every case difficulties were thrown in the way. Generally, 'by mistake,' the grave was dug in the 'consecrated' part of the ground, and Anglican chaplains claimed the exclusive right to conduct service there,

I was called, one night, to visit a lad of eighteen who was dying in the North Camp. It was a case of virulent fever. He was alone in a hut, with only a soldier nurse. He was shouting, raving in delirium. I said to him, 'Now you must hush and be quiet; I am going to pray!' He was instantly still when he heard the voice of prayer, and at its end said 'Amen' devoutly, and then he was wild again. He died that night. On receiving Regimental Orders as to the funeral I called on the Senior Chaplain, who officially had charge of the cemetery, and told him of the time fixed for the funeral, and expressed the hope that he would give such directions as would secure that the grave should be dug in the right place, and we should have no more difficulty. He was a tall, handsome man, and drew himself to his full height, and said, 'I know nothing of Wesleyans.'

'Perhaps not,' I said; 'but, unfortunately for you, the Government does, and, as you do know, has given ground in camp for burial. Personally, I do not care on which side the ditch the boy is buried—he would rise as safely on your side as ours—but, although I have no scruples against reading service on "consecrated" ground, it is against your views that I should. Now, I have no wish to offend you on the subject; but I shall not allow you to offend my Church. So that, wherever the grave is dug, *I* shall bury that young Wesleyan, and you will not.'

He refused to look at Orders ; and, as the General had left head quarters for the day, and I could get no special communication from any executive officer of higher rank than his own, the matter had to be left.

On the morning of the funeral I visited the cemetery and found, as I expected, that the grave was dug in the Church of England part of the ground. I went to the North Camp and asked the adjutant of the lad's regiment to change orders and march the funeral party to the iron church near their own lines, instead of to the South Camp church, where I knew the Anglican surpliced clergy would wait to receive it. I arranged with my great friend, the Rev. Francis Cannon, who directed his orderly to have his church ready ; and so we had the first part of the service there, and went with the music of the 'Dead March' to the cemetery, and there, in the so-called 'consecrated' ground, I buried the dead. The funeral party marched back to barracks, and the baffled chaplains to their quarters. I reported my action to Sir John Pennefather, who was a stickler for discipline. He was almost furious that a commissioned officer, chaplain though he was, should be defiant of military orders, and threatened to try him by court-martial ; but yielded to entreaty, and let him off with a strong personal reprimand. We had no more trouble.

HOSPITAL AND OTHER CASES

I COULD easily fill a volume with the records of cases of conversion and spiritual life in my Army work. If we had not been assured of the religious reality of such work we should never have taken the toil and fought the fights merely for the sake of official recognition ; but, from the first, there was the manifest help and approval of God.

An intelligent young man enlisted in the name of Thomas Perks. That was not his real name. In consequence of a violent quarrel with his family he left home, went from place to place, fell into sin, and ultimately enlisted. Having declared himself a Wesleyan, he was marched to our parade service, and in a short time began to attend our week-evening meetings.

The Spirit of God strove powerfully with him. He confessed his sins, but declared his case to be that of an apostate. His sincerity seemed to be thorough for some time, and he was scarcely ever absent from voluntary services ; but, after awhile, he was assailed by terrible temptation, and committed a sin. Being an acute, clever man, he had gained

considerable influence over other soldiers. I therefore deemed it proper to exercise discipline on him, and so withheld his ticket of church membership from him. This was very salutary; it made him smart, but it did him good. He threatened to commit suicide, but I knew he would not. He had deep conviction of sin, and was driven thereby to the throne of grace. He obtained mercy and forgiveness. He was restored to church membership, was zealous of good works, and continued to do well in barracks and classes for some months, when he was severely afflicted. Consumption set in; he was invalided and discharged from the service. But during the time he was a patient in hospital I had very many interviews with him, and had no doubt of his conversion. He afterwards became an inmate of Guy's Hospital, where he died. He kept up a correspondence with me and some of the members of the military class to the last. On the day after his death the following letter, written with a shaky hand, and very different from his usual good writing, was sent to two of his old comrades:

'14 GUY'S HOSPITAL, LONDON.

'DEAR BROS.,

'Can you read this? I am going home. Jesus is coming to meet me. All must pray for me. I may wear for a few weeks. I will get a young man to write to Mr. Kelly, and then you shall

have all particulars. Will you try to send me a few stamps, about 1s.? if you cannot, ask some in the class. Let me have them soon.

‘Yours,

‘T. PERKS.’

Then, as a postscript, these good words were written :

‘The above were the last few lines poor Mr. Perks has left. He died soon after in great faith and comfort, resting on the Lord. I need not say the stamps are not needed.

‘PHILIP SWATMAN,

‘*Chaplain of Guy’s Hospital.*’

His papers, including several manuscript sermons, were sent to me. I went through them, hoping to find some trace of his relatives to whom I might send particulars of his illness and death. But I failed in this; and so he died away from kindred in a London hospital ward, surrounded only by strangers, and the friends of his later life were those whom he found amongst devout soldiers and his minister. He lies in an unknown grave, in one of the huge, overgrown cities of the dead near the metropolis. But God has him in His keeping.

On the top floor of a hospital were some rooms reserved for virulent infectious cases. I had frequently

visited a lad there who had what was called 'black fever.'

On leaving him one day I saw a small ward-door open and a young fellow in bed with a bad attack of smallpox. I thought he was a young bluejacket, or private of Marines. He seemed pleased to talk and to be talked to, and was evidently an educated lad. One day I saw he had some lovely flowers and grapes. He said, 'My people have only just found out that I am in hospital, and have sent these.' I had not asked his name, rank, or religion up to then. Now he told me. He was a Lieutenant of Marines, and grandson of the Dean of ——. The flowers and fruit had been sent by his grandmother, the dean's wife, who was a good woman and pronounced Evangelical. 'I dare say,' he told me, 'it would rather shock the dear old lady that her grandson should be visited on what might have been his death-bed by a minister of your persuasion; but what you have said to me, and your prayers, are just the same sort of teaching I was accustomed to at home, except that you did not pray from a book. Your way of salvation is exactly like my grandmother's—by trust in the Divine Saviour.'

Then later, 'Good-bye: I leave to-morrow. You will think of me, now and then; and, whatever I forget, and whoever I forget, I shall never forget you, the only one I have ever seen for

all these lonely weeks except the doctor and attendant.'

I had been talking at the bedside of several sick men in Melville Hospital, and was about to leave the ward, when a youth sat up in bed and said, 'Mr. Kelly, I should like to speak with you!'

His card said, 'Thomas Jones.' He was a private, his disease was specified, and his religion was marked 'Wesleyan.' He told me he was troubled by a money-lender, who somehow got access to hospital and plagued him for repayment of a loan of £100, and wanted to know what he should do. I said, after he finished his tale, 'If this is as you say, your name is not Thomas Jones!' That was so. He was a runaway, the heir to a distinguished title and an hereditary national post. Young as he was, he had a history, and was in hiding. I had a good deal to do with him and his intricate case. He had never attended a Wesleyan service until his enlistment. His discharge from the service was quickly secured.

Some years after I was startled, on Ludgate Hill, by vigorous swearing of cabbies and busmen, who were cursing a well-groomed young fellow on horseback who was trying to cross the road. His language was equally robust. It was the first, and, with one exception, the only time I have ever seen a solitary man on horseback on Ludgate Hill. He called out

my name and reached the other footpath. 'Why, Mr. Kelly,' he said, with surprise, 'you don't know me? I am "Thomas Jones," of Royal Marines!' and he laughed the familiar laugh. I might well not know him. I had never seen him except in bed or regimentals; now he was a stylish society man. He told me of his father's death, of his succession, and much else. Some time after, his romantic history was closed, and I have stood by his grave in an out-of-the-way village churchyard and close to the fine house of his ancestors.

A young soldier of twenty-one lay near to death in one of the Chatham Hospital wards. He had been there some weeks. I had strong hope about him. He said to me one morning, 'You know, I am nearly blind, so I am keeping my eyes shut to-day; and have scarcely opened them at all, for my father is coming up from Lynn to see me; and I do want to see him once more. I have never seen him since I ran away from home more than three years ago. But I expect to see him soon before I die; and then I can die in peace.' Poor lad! 'Shew us the Father, and it sufficeth us' has been the cry of many anxious wanderers all over the world; and the sight has satisfied the soul. The lad died, but he saw his father first; and when he died his eyes beheld the King in His glory. He saw the Father,

A homely-looking woman called on me and said she had come from a distant county to fulfil a death-bed wish of her son, a youth of about twenty. He had been very ill in hospital. He was in great anxiety about his soul. He knew he must die, and that he was not prepared. We had much talk as he lay in his bed. I was so sure of his sincerity that I told him the Lord would not only save him, but would give him the blessing of assurance before he died. He was invalided from the service and sent to his village home. Shortly before he passed on he begged his mother not merely to write to me, but to take the journey to see me so that she might tell me that what I had said was right, and that God had spoken peace to him and witnessed to him that he was a child of God. 'Tell Mr. Kelly all that, so that he may be encouraged to talk to other sick and dying lads as he talked to me.'

A young soldier had come to me with shamed face, but looking very earnest, and asked if I would go to see a girl who was fast dying in a low brothel on the skirts of the camp. The sad collapse had come within a few hours, and in a few more hours all would be over. He said he had been with her in that wretched hovel on the previous Sunday afternoon, and they both heard me preach a sermon in the open air. The lad said, 'We heard every word

of it distinctly, though you stood seventy yards away. I think the text was "This Man receiveth sinners" (Luke xv. 2).' I went at once. The hag who kept the house asked no question, but evidently guessed my mission and said, 'She's in there. She's nearly gone!' Poor lassie! She was perhaps twenty. She lay with faded beauty, bonny brown hair, eyes closed, clean white hands on the bed-quilt. I spoke to her, but she made no response; again, but no response. I told her 'the old, old story of Jesus and His love,' but no response. She was evidently dying, and I was anxious. I said something about her father and mother, but she did not reply, and then I stroked her white fingers and hand, and they quivered. 'Jesus touched!' Does a touch ever fail? I asked her, 'What Sunday school did you go to?'

She gently opened her eyes for an instant and whispered, 'The Baptist!'

'Oh, then,' I said, 'if you went to a Baptist Sunday school you know this hymn'—and I either said or sang—

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

I prayed with her fervently. Then her soul opened. She heard. I believe she prayed. She soon passed on; but before she went, I doubt not Jesus repeated His own word, 'Woman, thy sins be forgiven thee,'

and the Saviour who heard the cry of the dying thief again proved Himself 'mighty to save.'

In an almost incredibly short time all was over of her history. I could not write to her friends, for she gave no clue to them. Very soon the workhouse hearse—with its pauper shell-coffin—was at the door to take away the corpse: two men carried her away.

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashioned so slenderly,
Young, and so fair.

There was a sadder case, if that were possible, during my work among the Guards and in the Chelsea Circuit. I was specially asked to visit a lady at Brompton. The house was a fine one, sumptuously furnished, beautifully decorated. The lady was really beautiful. All the surroundings of her room were exquisite. She lay in bed in costly attire. She told her life-story readily. It was painful. Her husband, an officer of high rank, old enough to have been her father—perhaps her grandfather—had obtained a divorce, some years before. Her co-respondent was her cousin, a young naval officer. She had gone far wrong, and when I first saw her was under the protection of a wealthy man well known in English society. She knew her days were numbered; but, although anxious as to eternal

safety—safety, that is, after death—she had no care for the present. She had no repentance for sin ; no desire for a better or different life. But she had an intense desire that I should promise that, when death was certainly close at hand, I would administer the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to her. That, she believed, would secure to her everlasting salvation. I need not say that I absolutely refused to make any such promise.

I set myself to show her the exceeding sinfulness of her sin ; it was without effect. I tried to show how vain it was to trust in ceremonies, even in the most solemn ordinance of the Christian religion ; it was without effect. I set Jesus Christ before her as the one full, perfect, sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for her sins ; the Saviour who could and would absolve and save her if she would fulfil the clear conditions, viz. 'truly and earnestly repent of her sins, live in love and charity with her neighbours, and lead a new life, follow the commandments of God, and walk from henceforth in His holy ways.' It was without effect. She was always attentive, but seemed immovable. Her idea of sin was destructive. She was a wanton ; that was clear from look and word. Of course, when she came to die I did not administer the Sacrament, as she wished. But another did. I wonder if she made anything like the confession to him that she did to me. If not, then

perhaps he sinned in ignorance ; but if she did, then his act proved how far a man's belief in the power of the church or the priesthood to save a soul will lead that man from that which is right.

Whilst I was chaplain to Wesleyans in the Brigade of Guards, a well-known West-end, Mayfair physician who frequently attended my Pimlico services called one day to ask me to visit one of his patients who could certainly not live six weeks. He wished to give me no information respecting the man or the case, beyond the fact that his name was known wherever the English language was spoken, that he refused to see any clergyman of the Church of England because of an affront a curate of the parish had given him, and he preferred to have no religious administration at all. I refused to visit him on such terms, and told the doctor I was surprised that any member of a profession of such strangling etiquette as his should ask me. He then told me that this gentleman had not professed to keep a town house for some years, but that if I went I should find a handsome house and a lady there. He had lived a good deal in clubland and on his yacht. He gave me many guiding particulars. Of course I called without delay. It was a good house in Belgravia. I asked for Mrs. ——. A lady well dressed, of good manners, dignified, and reposeful in style, but looking very sad, received me in the drawing-room. It was hand-

somely furnished, had many pictures and modern books. I told her my errand. She thanked me for calling, but said it was of no use. Mr. —— was never a religious man, but now was literally furious against the clergy. She told me how the young curate had offended her friend. He meant well, but lacked tact and touch. The keen, clever man of the world resented, and ordered him to leave the house at once, declaring that no ‘wild curate’ should interfere with him. She assured me that he would absolutely refuse to see me, and expressed regret that she dare not ask him.

I said I too was sorry, but that we must act in the case; that if he had received me I should have told him such and such truths and urged him to make a personal closure with the Lord Jesus Christ now—that very afternoon, so that he might be safe, whether he lived or died. But I said earnestly, ‘As he will not let *me* say all this, I want *you* to say it.’ She said, ‘You want me to tell him this! Do you know what I am?’ I replied, ‘I do. It seems strange, no doubt; but some one should speak to him of his Saviour before he dies; and, if he will not let a minister, you must. Now, do that, and I will call to see you to-morrow!’ She was very startled, and tears came to her eyes. After a slight pause she said, ‘Would you kindly wait a few minutes?’ She soon returned and said quite brightly, ‘Mr. —— wishes

to see you.' He was very receptive of truth, greatly touched by the recitation of one or two hymns, asked me to repeat my visit soon, and died in a few days, leaving at least one who had hope concerning him, through the eternal mercy of that Father and Saviour whose love has no frontier.

VARIETY IN CONVERSIONS

CONVERSIONS are not all alike, nor according to a regimental pattern. Nor are inquirers all of one type.

A wealthy and well-known man who attended my services had three sons markedly different. The second professed religion from his boyhood, and was a church member. The other two made no such profession. When the eldest was about six or seven and twenty he married. Shortly after I received a letter from him. He was a thorough business man, orderly, prompt, and decisive. So was his father. The letter ran:

‘DEAR MR. KELLY,

‘After a good deal of thought, I wish to be converted. Will you be so good as to fix the time. I shall then be glad to see you at our house.’

I ‘fixed a time,’ and found him with his young wife in a bright drawing-room. He said :

‘It is convenient to be able to ask you to come, because I need make no confession, as I should

have to do to any other minister ; but you know me out and out. I have been sinful enough, but I do not think I have done anything in my life worse than you know all about ; if I did, I would willingly tell you. Now what has to be done ?'

I said I could tell him nothing else than he had heard from my lips scores of times, for he had heard me preach very often and in various places ; but I would briefly explain again God's plan of salvation. He said :

'That seems very plain and simple, and I can accept it. What next ?'

'Next,' I said, 'we must pray.' I prayed, and then, rather to my surprise—for he was peculiarly reticent as to spiritual things—he prayed too, with earnest simplicity.

'What now ?' he asked.

'Now, you must plead alone with God, and put your whole trust for salvation on the Lord Jesus Christ, who is the Redeemer of your soul, and who has made a full, sufficient sacrifice and oblation in your behalf.'

He continued in prayer and supplication until three o'clock in the morning, when light broke in upon him, and he was able to believe unto salvation. Next morning he told his brothers of the incident, and publicly confessed Christ before their many employés. He lived and died in the faith.

CHATHAM

THE Conference of 1861 appointed me to Chatham for military work, with instructions to open up work also at Sheerness for Wesleyans in the Royal Navy. Dr. Rule was to have 'oversight' of the Chatham chaplaincy. This chiefly arose in order to evade the legal difficulty about him staying more than three years at Aldershot, from which camp he did not wish to remove, nor was it desirable that he should. The question of legal reappointment did not arise until 1861, although the doctor had been at Aldershot since 1857. It is a popular fallacy to suppose that the rules of Wesleyan Methodism require the removal of ministers in ordinary work at least every three years. That is not so. There is no Conference rule regulating the matter. The change is required by the eleventh clause in John Wesley's Deed Poll, and is compulsory only where there is actual property concerned. In the first part of Dr. Rule's residence there was no Methodist property: no church, chapel, or house. When the deed settling the church was drafted Dr. Rule thought it possible to avoid the requirement of that

eleventh clause by the insertion in the Aldershot deed of a clause authorizing the Conference to appoint ministers for a longer period than three years. At the Conference of 1861 three years had expired since the Aldershot deed had been settled, and it was supposed that, under it, Dr. Rule could be continued as the chaplain; and his name so appeared in the earlier drafts of the stations. But a bombshell dropped during the sessions of the Conference at Newcastle. An astute lawyer wrote a formal letter of objection against a further appointment, raising the point that no private deed, such as that at Aldershot, could override the Deed Poll. In the Conference some doubted the value of the opinion of the solicitor concerned; but the issues were considered to be so vital that a case was stated, and the opinion of eminent counsel was promptly obtained. That opinion strongly supported the view of the solicitor. This was laid before the Conference in time for a change to be made in the Final Draft, and before stations were confirmed; and Dr. Rule's name was removed from Aldershot and put down with mine for Chatham. It was distinctly understood, however, that he should continue to reside at Aldershot. Counsel intimated that technically the requirement would be met if that was done. But Dr. Rule was not the man to bate one jot of his rights, and so, in addition

to retaining his residence at Aldershot, he engaged lodgings at Chatham, and intimated that he should assume the superintendency, because, he said, if the Conference directed him to have the 'oversight' he must not be 'out of sight.' He was, however, soon repulsed. At his first call on the obstructive General in Command he was told distinctly, and without ceremony, that no minister acting under another command, as at Aldershot, would be recognized at Chatham; and, as the General had undoubtedly right on his side, the doctor had to make the best of it, give up his lodging, and confine himself to his own great sphere in the camp. That little victory gratified the General considerably, and it certainly made my work easier and left my hands more free.

At my first interview with the Major-General in Command I was made to feel that there would be difficulty. He was not a man of pleasant manners, nor of good health. Doubtless the latter fact explained both his ill-temper and bad manners. He had no excessive love for the clergy of any church. He had seen no active service, so could wear no decorations in a garrison where, so soon after the Crimean War, there were very many officers and men with medals and ribbands. That was noticeable on parade. It was not he, but another like him in that respect, who said one day, during inspection on

parade to a private of several years' service who had a bad record, 'How long have you been in the service?' 'So many years,' was the reply. 'Well,' said the officer, 'you are the first man I have seen who has had so many years' service without a stripe.' 'May I speak, sir?' 'Certainly!' 'Then, sir, you are the first General I have seen for years without a medal!'

I stated our case on my first call, and referred to the permission to work granted by the Secretary for War, and expressed the hope that facilities to do the work would be afforded, when he said severely, striking his table, 'I will show you no favour!' I said: 'I ask no favour, sir; we have no such word in our vocabulary. What you call favours we call rights.' I stated the numerical position of the Methodists in the empire, and the probable number in the Army, and that our claim on the Government was great and would be pressed. His reply was severe, and almost insulting.

On visiting the hospital of the Royal Engineers a non-commissioned officer told me that the General, whom I had just seen in the place, had given orders that I was not to be permitted to visit any men in the wards. I went to head quarters to interview him. He said it was true he had forbidden me to have access to hospital. I asked him, very respectfully, by what right he excluded me. 'Because,' he said,

‘I command in Chatham, and do not choose to allow you!’ My reply was prompt: ‘Certainly, General, you command in Chatham; but you do not command in chief. Do me the favour to read that letter from the Commander-in-Chief of the Army, and you will see by what right I visit military hospitals.’ Fortunately I had taken with me the Duke of Cambridge’s notable letter on my Aldershot case already alluded to. The Major-General said, ‘I did not know of the existence of such a letter, but of course you must go.’ He said other things about the visits of chaplains to hospitals which were not complimentary either to the clerics or sick soldiers. I replied that it would give me pleasure to continue to perform this part of duty, and I hoped to do it in such a way as would give him no ground for complaint. ‘But,’ I continued, ‘I have one thing further to say. Personally I am simply no one, and can claim no consideration; but officially I represent one of the greatest churches in the world, and must claim for it proper respect. You gave orders to-day to a non-commissioned officer to exclude me from hospital. I must be allowed to say, as representing the Methodist Church, I absolutely refuse to receive garrison orders from a non-commissioned officer. I am sure, General, I need not argue the point.’

The soldier and the gentleman instantly ruled him; he raised his cap, I raised mine. He said,

‘You are right, sir ; such a thing shall not occur again.’

There had been no separate Wesleyan parade service in Chatham. Our troops had attended morning service at the chapel in Manor Street, Old Brompton, but the number was not large. On going to Chatham I rented the Lecture Hall in the High Street, and had the men marched there. There had been no proper parade service for Wesleyans of the Royal Marines at Chatham. This I secured shortly after my appointment. To our surprise, more than a hundred marched to the first service. The number grew considerably. The Colonels-Commandant of my day, four in number, Colonel Rea, Colonel Lemon, Colonel Lambrick, and Colonel Travers, were as kind and helpful as they could be. Two of them were Cornishmen, and knew the Methodism of ‘the county.’

The work at Chatham was delightful, but heavy. I preached four times every Sunday : at 8.30 a.m. a parade service at Brompton, 11 a.m. at the Lecture Hall, 3 p.m. in the prison at Fort Clarence, and 6.30 p.m. in one of the chapels in the Rochester Circuit, according to appointment on the Plan.

CHATHAM AND ROCHESTER

PRACTICALLY Chatham and Rochester are like one town. The Rochester Circuit had passed through a dreadful experience in the Methodist agitation that began in 1849. It had been one of the choicest places in Methodism ; a fruitful field, a delightful hill of Zion, an appointment much coveted by preachers, some of the best of whom had been its ministers. It had had several who were Presidents, one even during his year of office. Walter Griffith, John Gaulter, Jonathan Edmondson, Richard Reece, Joseph Sutcliffe, Jacob Stanley, John Scott, Dr. Warren, had all been there. The circuit owed a great deal to Mr. Osborn, father of Dr. Osborn. He was a remarkable man, and able to attract ministers to the circuit. His son, the late Mr. John Osborn, father of Mr. T. G. Osborn, of Kingswood School and Rydal Mount fame, followed in his steps, and was a great power in Rochester Methodism for many years. The old men in the circuit used to tell me that he was far away a better preacher than either of his brothers, the well-known Dr. George Osborn, or the more brilliant preacher and speaker, the Rev.

James Osborn. Mr. John Osborn was undoubtedly one of the ablest local preachers in Methodism, and did much to keep up the pulpit power of the District during the time of the disruption. He rendered unspeakable service by his appeals, his influence, his loyalty during the terrible ecclesiastical storm. Our cause was nearly wrecked. Hundreds of members were ruthlessly cut off; scores of families left us; and when I went in 1861 the disaster was still manifest. We have never recovered the old position. Dr. Rule had been in the circuit one year in the agitation, and was bitterly blamed for the action he took.

I found several very old men at Brompton who had stuck to the ship all through the storm. One, about a hundred years old, told me he well remembered both John and Charles Wesley preaching there. He said, 'Mr. Charles was the most popular preacher.'

John Wesley spoke of the Manor Street Chapel as a 'beautiful house of God.' Pity he ever did. It never could have been beautiful, as he said it was. We tried for long, so did others before us, to get improvements; but no, John Wesley had called it beautiful, and so there must be no alteration for ventilation, for bringing the pulpit down, which was level with the gallery, or in getting removed two blazing gaslights in the lower pulpit which nearly murdered us as we stood in the upper. Now there

is a new church, and the Romanists have our old place.

I stayed at Chatham six years : three in one house in Prospect Row, and three next door. At the end of three years my name was put down in the *Minutes of Conference* for Sheerness, to avoid the appearance of an appointment for more than the orthodox three years, and because it was intended I should open up naval work ; so in Hill's *Arrangement*, that wonderful Methodist Racing Calendar, it stands ' Charles H. Kelly, 1861, Chatham Garrison, 3 ; 1864, Sheerness Garrison, 3.' This is because of the senseless plan of only entering in that wonderful book the appointments as they have appeared in the printed *Minutes of Conference*, and not stating the real facts. As a matter of fact, I never preached in Sheerness on a Sunday in my life except once at a Foreign Missionary anniversary ; but, from Hill's *Arrangement*, it would seem that I had ministered there for three years.

At the beginning of the work at Sheerness I had the good fortune to have the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock as my colleague. He performed all the pastoral duties of the garrison and port at Sheerness for our men admirably. He was popular as a preacher, welcome as a visitor, very diligent and successful. A better colleague no one ever had, for the simple reason that there could not be a better. He was

true as steel and good as gold. His subsequent career justified our early expectations. Afterwards, in circuit work, he was a model, and as editor for several years of the *Methodist Recorder* he gained for himself high reputation and for the paper great success. Perhaps no one else has been within measurable distance of equalling him in the editorial chair of a Methodist newspaper.

My work at Chatham was most interesting and fruitful. When I look at my pile of written sermons I sometimes wonder how, with the daily work in hospitals, visitation of barracks, prison, and my classes, both religious and secular, almost every night, they were ever so carefully written.

My sermon-book shows that I preached for military parade services 556 times, at voluntary services at Manor Street Chapel 96, and, in addition, voluntarily in the chapels of the Rochester Circuit 167. These are all entered with dates and texts, but do not include all ; still, without counting those sermonettes preached in hospital, they total up to 819.

I often felt great sympathy with Army men and their wives, as I do with missionaries, because of their relation to their children. Their duty as soldiers and ministers so often compels them to leave them at the most critical period of their lives. It has been cause of rejoicing to me when such children have done well in life.

I once met a distinguished man of the Army work in the Strand. He was a foremost Wesleyan. That morning he was beaming with delight. He told me how very pleased he was to see me after a long period of separation, because it was the happiest day of his life. He soon gave the reason for his joy. He said: 'You knew my boy, Jack. Do you know, he was with us all through his childhood and his early 'teens, and he never went to school one day in his life; my wife and I educated him entirely. He passed for the Indian Civil Service second in all England, and got a fine appointment. He has been out nearly six years, and has done a lot of extra work, and made a good deal of money. This morning I received a letter from him, and he says in it: "I enclose a draft for a thousand pounds, my first contribution towards making it possible for my father to retire from active service when he feels he would like to rest."' "

'That's noble,' I said; 'but he always was a fine lad. He's sure of heaven!'

'Well,' said the father, 'that is just my fear. There is always a fly in the ointment, and I am really very troubled about Jack.'

'What on earth for?' I asked. The good old father looked awkward and anxious, and replied: 'Jack does not meet in class; suppose he died in that hot climate, and he was not a church member?'

I said, if he did, Jack would be all right so far as a hot climate was concerned, and, when he got to heaven's gate, it would be opened at once for a youth that could show such a fine example of a son's religion, and of the religion of the fifth commandment. The good man assured me that I had greatly comforted him, and it would comfort his wife when he told her what I said ; but I startled him by assuring him it would give her no comfort, because she knew the truth instinctively as a woman and a mother. The Eternal Father would never exclude such a son from the eternal home.

GROWTH AND EXTENSION OF ARMY WORK

OUR work in the Army is not only church work, spiritual, and soul-saving : it is also for the national and imperial weal. It aims to secure true moral discipline, that which will make a soldier perform all his duty properly. Good men really make the bravest and best soldiers, notwithstanding the absurd statement of Lord Melville, of which he ought to have been ashamed, which he made in Parliament when he declared that the worst men make the best soldiers.

The growth and development of our work in the Army has been wonderful. One of its most striking manifestations is in the establishment and history of our sailors' and soldiers' homes. These necessary adjuncts have been of untellable value. For their success they owe much to many friends, but very much to Sir George Hayter Chubb, Bart., for a devotion that has been most praiseworthy, untiring, and unceasing.

Largely is Methodism and the Army indebted to the Rev. Richard W. Allen for his almost lifelong

devotion to our Army work. He took up his duties when a good start had been made ; but the start was not enough ; he has carried forward our position with constant watchfulness, unfailing courtesy, determined pluck, and marvellous success. He has never had nearly enough recognition for a splendid service.

I am pleased to find that Mr. Allen's work has received further official acknowledgement, for the announcement appears this week (December 1909) that His Majesty the King has conferred upon him the Victorian Order 'as a small recognition of the work he has done for the Army during the last thirty years.'

KINDLY HOSTS

AMONGST my many generous hosts have been several outside the pale of my own Church. Captain and Mrs. Cadwallader Elgee, of the Royal Artillery—he died Major-General April 2, 1893—were kind to me in my probation at Aldershot. For some months I dined regularly with them in their hut in the North Camp on Tuesday evenings; and we held a class after dinner. Dr. Fyffe, 5th Dragoon Guards, with whom I took tea every Sunday in barracks after our evening service, was a noble man, a sincere, manly Christian.

Nor must I omit to mention my good old friend the Rev. Michael Cuffe, a fine specimen of a godly, devoted, popular Roman Catholic chaplain, who used to invite me to breakfast, and who helped me many a time in the days of our conflict for our rights by telling me of the tactics of my foes, which he learnt at mess and elsewhere, and which, by being forewarned, I was able to frustrate. A rare good man was 'Father Cuffe'! Much pleasant Christian intercourse I had with him; and more I expect to have

in the heaven to which he has gone. Peace to his memory !

But perhaps my most notable host outside Methodism has been Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett, M.P., whom I have known for a long time. For several years he has entertained a dozen or more of his ministerial friends during the meetings of the National Council of Evangelical Free Churches. His plan has been to retain suites of rooms in a chief hotel in the various towns where the Council met. His kindness and hospitality have known no bounds. He himself is a delightful conversationalist ; but it can readily be supposed how great a treat one had when, from Mondays to Thursdays, we were in close companionship with such men as were his guests ; for example : Revs. Principal Rainy, Dr. Guinness Rogers, Ian Maclaren, Dr. Parker, Dr. Clifford, Dr. Monro Gibson, R. J. Campbell, Dr. Horton, J. H. Jowett, Silvester Horne, Dr. Mackennal, J. G. Greenhough, F. B. Meyer, Thomas Law, with Sir Oliver Lodge, Mr. Silas Hocking, and several able, good, but less known people ; and others, distinguished men, speakers, preachers, writers, who were occasional guests at various meals, and during the never-to-be-forgotten conversations after supper. Only a man of princely means and large heart could render the service that Sir Joseph Compton-Rickett has done to ministers of different Churches in so bringing them

together, year after year, for such close and pleasant intercourse.

In other ways, in his own house and elsewhere, has this genial host entertained me. By few men, if by any man, could Shelley's words be used more appropriately :

You must come home with me and be my guest ;
You will give joy to me, and I will do
All that is in my power to honour you.

PASTORAL INCIDENTS

AN old man wished to see me on his death-bed. He had been a somewhat cranky old gentleman, and his departure was not likely to cause inconsolable regret to the church. He said, 'I want you to promise to bury me when I die!' I told him I should be most happy to do it. 'Well,' said he, 'I think I should be buried by the chief minister in Methodism in any circuit where I die, for I made the nails of John Wesley's coffin!' I told him he must be a much older man than I had supposed, for Wesley died in 1791. 'Ah, but don't you know that he was buried twice?'

I had forgotten for the moment, but it was so. Many years after his death his original grave sank. The coffin was taken out, the grave put right, and he was reburied. The old coffin was encased in another, and it was for this second that the old man made the nails. Perhaps every one who saw the reinterment has now passed on; but the late Mrs. Nash, who died a very few years ago at the age of nearly a hundred, remembered the event. She was one of the well-known Methodist family of the Gabriels.

The old man then said: 'I have had a life of many mercies. God has been very good to me. I have had three wives; and two of them I hope to meet in heaven!' The other poor creature he left to the uncovenanted mercies.

It seems strange that death-bed experiences should ever have a humorous side; but they often have. In my early army life there was one a good deal talked of. A soldier named Hopkins lay ill for some weeks in hospital, attended by a soldier orderly. He died in the night. Next day the chaplain said to the orderly, 'You might have sent for me, when you found poor Hopkins was dying.'

'Oh,' said the orderly, 'it was not worth while disturbing you, sir, in the dead of the night, so I gave him consolation myself.'

The chaplain told him he was glad to hear it, and asked what he had said to him. The orderly told him: 'Well, 'Opkins, you are dying.' 'Yes,' said Hopkins. 'Well, 'Opkins, you've been a very bad man.' 'I have,' said the poor fellow. 'Oh, you have indeed; so you can't expect to go to 'eaven.' 'No.' 'Well, then, if you can't go to 'eaven, you'll have to go to 'ell.' 'I suppose so,' said the dying man. 'Yes, you will; because there's nowhere else to go, and jolly glad you ought to be, 'Opkins, that there's *any* place for you.' And, said the orderly, 'it seemed to comfort him, for he died.'

There was a well-known Methodist—a lifelong, staunch old Tory—who lay on the borderland at the time Lord Beaconsfield got his Bulgarian Atrocity majority. In the quiet of the night the old patriarch startled his watching daughter by saying, ‘What did you say the Government majority was, my dear?’

‘Seventy-eight, father.’

‘Seventy-eight—seventy-eight. Thank God the country’s safe!’

His daughter, thinking it well to turn his thoughts to higher things than politics, said, ‘Father, dear, you will soon be on the bright and shining shore.’

‘What did you say?’

‘I said, “Father, dear”’—sobbing—“you will soon be on the bright and shining shore.”’

‘Well, my dear, that is a beautiful sentiment—nothing to cry about—the bright and shining shore—yes, very nice way of putting it.’ And then, after a pause, he uttered his dying word: ‘I am happy to say, my dear, that when I reach the bright and shining shore, there won’t be a tribe of women waiting for me; for I’ve only been married once, my dear—only once.’

We do not expect humour on a death-bed; but it is often there. Not long before his lamented departure, when the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon knew he was on the borderland, there was a stormy night at Mentone. Next morning a lady whom I know said

to him, 'I am afraid the wild waves disturbed you, Mr. Spurgeon.'

'No,' said the great preacher; 'but do you know what the wild waves were saying? They were saying, "Let us spray."'

With the immense variety of human experience, and its remarkable expression, ministers should be keen students of it. They need to be more than humdrum Christians if they are to be successful visitors of the sick and dying. Think of the story told of the queer, untamable acquaintance of Rossetti about the clergyman who wanted to minister to a man near to death. He came and said, 'Dear friend, do you know who died to save you?'

'Oh, meenister, meenister,' said the dying man, 'is this a time for conundrums?'

In my Army-hospital days I used to be amused, and sometimes pained, at what men told me of the awkwardness of chaplains who did not understand the way of setting about their work with sick and dying men.

During my three long illnesses I have further studied the matter. Many of the letters I have received have been excellent in spiritual aim and intention from people who did not 'know how.' They were forgetful of the fact that an aged Christian does not need penitent-form exhortations, and that the merest commonplaces are quite out of place.

But there is a humorous side even to the awkward way of putting things. During my last illness a specialist said that, in his opinion, my heart would never recover its normal beat. Almost as soon as that was published I received a letter from a representative of some daily newspapers asking for my latest photograph for 'stock purposes,' so that a likeness could be ready when my death was announced. It reminded me of the Rev. Henry Moore, John Wesley's friend, to whom an undertaker presented his card when Mr. Moore was somewhere about ninety; but the old gentleman intimated he was not ready yet, and the offer of his business card was somewhat premature.

I had only just dealt with the application for the photograph when I was written to by the agent of a crematorium stating the advantages of cremation over burial, and urging me to give directions to my representatives that my body should be burnt, not buried; and that these directions should be given in such a way that they would be known in good time, and not merely stated in my will, which might not be opened until too late. He also sent me a legal form to sign, authorizing the cremation. Such a communication might trouble some nervous people who lay face to face with death; I, happily, saw the humorous side of an improper piece of business fussiness,

MILITARY PRISONS

THE beginning of Wesleyan services in Fort Clarence Prison was a great trouble to a pious evangelical curate who acted as Episcopalian chaplain. He asked me what John Wesley would think of me drawing away men from Church of England services. I told him John Wesley would not be likely to say anything on the subject, if for no other reason than that he himself had drawn away so many. It does seem strange that modern Anglicans should lay such stress on what they regard as his posture towards their Church. Dr. Cooke, in his sermon at the Jubilee of the Methodist New Connexion, referring to Wesley's attachment to the Church of England, said : ' He was like a rower on the Thames, who kept his eye on St. Paul's, but every stroke of his oar took him farther away from it ' It has been properly asked : ' If a Church of England minister were to do what Wesley did : invade dioceses without the consent of the bishops, and parishes without the consent of their clergymen ; publish an abridged edition of the Book of Common Prayer, with alterations and omissions in the Articles of Religion ; make legal

provision for the separate existence of a religious organization for all time ; ordain ministers, set apart a clergyman for the office of bishop,—would he be regarded as a loyal member or minister of the Church of England ?' When men quote some of Wesley's words that seem to favour their view, they should not ignore his acts.

My experience of military prisons was at the Aldershot Camp, Fort Clarence, Chatham, and the Southwark Prison, which has since been taken down.

CHANGES IN METHODISM

REVIEWING the many changes in the Methodism of the last half-century, I am inspired with certainty as to its future.

Of the ultimate absolute triumph of Christianity I have not the slightest doubt. Thunder and tumult, peace and calm, will alike leave it unhurt.

But I have similar confidence as to the continuance, progress, and prosperity of Methodism. One secret of this is in the fact that it is not insular, not national, not parochial; but cosmopolitan, world-wide. Was it Mrs. Browning who said that the heart of a poet was large enough to hold two nations? True; but the heart of Methodism is larger than that; she can truthfully say 'The world is my parish.' Her mission is to preach the gospel to every nation, in every language, every tongue.

On a review of the past half-century, I have no doubt that the changes in Methodism have for the most part been improvements.

The liberty and freedom of speech in Conference and Synods is very different to-day from what it was when I first attended: that was at the Liverpool

Conference of 1857. It was like the explosion of a bomb when the Rev. Alexander M'Aulay, who had only 'travelled' seventeen years, dared to reply to the speech of a prominent man, and to castigate him severely. Going out after the session, I heard the Rev. J. P. Haswell say to the solemn Rev. Peter M'Owan—they were both 'rulers in Israel'—'A bold young man, that brother M'Aulay!' Mr. M'Owan gravely shook his head, and replied, 'A most indiscreet young man!' At that time ministers were considered young men until they had been at least forty years in the ranks.

At that same Conference the Rev. J. Gilchrist Wilson, M.A., Assistant Editor, made a strong attack on the Book-Room and its officials, and protested against the idea that he should abstain from doing so in full Conference, and against the notion that a man must keep silence until he had been in the ministry for forty years. He had then been a minister in Methodism fifteen years; before that he was a Presbyterian, and he had been trained as a Scotch lawyer. He later submitted to reordination, and went, when an elderly man, into the Church of England. He was a pawky, amiable, and able man, who had given counsel to his superintendent at St. George's, East End, a few years before, to cut off the reformers in the circuit. But he forced a hearing at the Liverpool Conference.

From that time things changed. During that Conference several younger men spoke. Veterans like Osborn, Rattenbury, Scott, Prest, and other gods of the mountain, realized that they would no longer be able to hush voices, and that their word would not be taken for law.

Now we are in danger rather from the other extreme: two men, at least, have been counted to have spoken eighty times during a Synod; and a few comparatively young men rush forward each half a dozen times in a Conference who really have nothing to say, but persist in saying it; and sometimes faddists are also talkers, and talk tiresomely, to the exclusion of wiser and better men. Although we would not like to revert to former usages, we do feel that there was some advantage in the ancient plan. If men would only speak who had good reason to do so, no one would complain; but that is not so. Good Thomas Akroyd seldom attended Conference until the latter years of his life. He was wearied by the useless talk of about half a dozen men who would push themselves to the front. On going home from one Conference he passed a field in which a number of rooks were making a great noise with their 'caws.' He said, 'Would that some of our Conference speakers were like these birds, that never open their mouths without *caws*.'

The greatest change in modern Methodism was

that which authorized Lay Representation in the Conference. It was a revolution, but a revolution accomplished without hard strife or loss. The debates on the subject were long, keen, able, thorough, and conducted almost entirely in good temper. The majorities in favour of the change were large ; but when final votes had been taken the considerable minorities in Committees, Synods, and Conference were freed from bitterness, and set themselves to work the new constitution loyally and vigorously. Very few, if any, members were lost through the change. Men of both sides knew that Methodism had nothing to fear when trusting her laymen.

I was elected a member of the Legal Hundred at that memorable Conference of 1878, when laymen attended for the first time. A few minutes after the announcement of my election, in passing the pew at the door of which sat that gentleman of unfailing good manners, the Rev. Peter C. Horton, he touched my arm and said : ' Let me congratulate you, Mr. Kelly ; it has been a joy to me to vote for you this morning.' He looked most solemn, and then said : ' Another vote to a higher position in the Conference will one day be given for you ; but I shall not be here to record mine in your favour !' Some little time after, in that same Conference, I heard a shriek, and my good, kind friend had suddenly died. Where better, and how better could a good man die

than in God's house, when about his Master's business?

At the same Conference, when the laymen were present, one of the representatives, Mr. Allen, of Sleaford, died equally suddenly in the chapel.

The scheme for Lay Representation was brought into operation at the Bradford Conference of 1878, and has worked admirably ever since. Laymen have been made to feel intense interest in the work of their Church. Conference experience has broadened their views, made them understand better the principles and polity of their Church, and enabled them to take a more intelligent interest in all that concerns it. The families of Methodists have felt its blessedness; the representatives themselves, their wives, their sons, and daughters have rejoiced in the glow of the Christian social intercourse of the Conference towns, and gone home far more intense in their attachment to their Church. And, better than all this, there have been some wonderful seasons of grace during the sessions, when great baptisms of the Holy Spirit have been bestowed,—memorable times, never to be forgotten.

Now that more than thirty years have passed since the change in constitution was made, it gives joy when we mark its good results; when we see how conservative of what was of first importance in

Methodism the great liberal and democratic action has been.

But it makes me sad to think that it came so late ; for if it, and kindred changes, could have been effected years before, probably tens of thousands of members might have been retained, and a power might have been exercised in the Conference that would have curbed the action of extremists of different sets of opinions—for there were faults on both sides.

I am thankful that many men of both sets are dead ; that their warfare is over ; and I would gladly let Death have his victory in the hushing of angry voices and in the cessation of strife. May the grass grow green over all their graves : and of some of the hardest fighters let us be thankful that they can do no more mischief in God's Israel.

There have been other important changes and incidents in the last half-century.

If fuller recognition has been given to the claims and rights of the laity in church government, the laity have not only respected the rights and claims of the pastorate, but have responded magnificently to the needs of Methodism by large money gifts and much personal service.

London had become a Methodist grave. The small number of chapels ; their distance from each other ; the fact that they nearly all had a liturgical

service, unwelcome to people coming up to London, as well as to many residents, made hundreds leave us, and prevented aggression on the crowds. This was greatly changed by Sir Francis Lycett's munificent gift of a quarter of a million towards the erection of new chapels and for the establishment of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Fund. I read recently that it was said, at an annual meeting in town, that the 'London Mission had saved Methodism in London.' I do not believe it. To a great extent it was saved by the generosity, wise statesmanship, and great earnestness of Sir Francis Lycett and his compeers, with the blessing of God, in the extension of our borders. The Thanksgiving Fund, and the Twentieth Century Million Guinea Fund, which came later, were wonderful in their contribution towards the great work.

The increase of the number of places of worship in my day has been as remarkable in the country generally as in the metropolis in particular. I suppose that at least twelve or thirteen millions of pounds have been spent in new sanctuaries. The Chapel Committee has been wonderfully rich in its members—men of sagacity meeting in Manchester, and in its succession of eminent secretaries—the Rev. John Bedford, the Rev. Dr. Henry J. Pope, and the Rev. John Hornabrook, officials who have had no superiors in Departmental Methodism.

During the past fifty eventful years Methodism has not moved in blinkers. Not only have her eyes been open, but she has profited by observation. However much her sons have used their opportunities to secure extended scholarship since the removal of tests and obstruction that robbed Non-conformists of their rights in universities, modern Methodism has not looked on the people of the nation through study windows merely, nor only by the aid of telescopes or field-glasses. The fear that increased culture, scholarship, and education would injure piety and make preaching less practical has been proved to be groundless. The Methodism that was born in a great University can still grow in its own original soil, and it rejoices us to see that so many of the race of younger men have recognized, in their fine opportunities and increased facilities, a great trust bestowed on them by God for the good of the people, the enrichment of His Church, and the world-extension of the Redeemer's kingdom.

The result of this is very manifest. With the large populations in towns greatly characterized by a non-worshipping spirit and estrangement from church attendance, our great Central Missions have been established, and in most cases have proved successful. Large halls have been built, social work has been vigorously carried on, immense meetings of men have been gathered, and there is no doubt that, if

methods have been new, spiritual, moral, and social results have been of the best type. In Manchester, Bradford, Nottingham, several parts of London, Sheffield, Birmingham, Liverpool, Wigan, Leeds, Bolton, and other towns, all this has been seen. The Brotherhood meetings have been both a new and successful feature.

Considering the great expenditure of money on these missions, and the consequent appeals for funds, both for their establishment and continued support, I am not surprised that there have been objections against both their cost and some of their new methods of work ; my surprise is rather that, with the unlimited capacity of some people for grumbling and fault-finding, the complaints have been comparatively so few. They have neither been so many nor so bitter as those against Wesley and early Methodism.

There is no doubt that the new departure has done much to reach the outlying population and to bring myriads under the preaching of the gospel who were not reached by ordinary services. That alone is success. We may not like some of the plans, some of the vulgar titles of subjects, some of the advertising, some of the styles of a few of the men and women agents, but we may excuse much that we do not approve of, if crowds can be gathered ; for where crowds are, crowds will come, and to attract them means much.

When Orpheus played he charmed the beasts by his music ; but they were there, or he could not have charmed them. Many beasts went from many motives, not because they all had refined ears or loved music ; far from it. The wolf went to look for a lamb, the fox went to observe, and the ass went for company ; but they all went, and they were all charmed. It is so with many of these strangely assorted congregations. The people do not all go to worship or to hear the gospel—wolves go to look for lambs ; lambs—silly little simpletons—go to be looked for ; foxes, the clever observers, go to criticize ; and others, that need not be specified, go for company ; but they go, and multitudes get saved.

It is a great thing to have discovered in these missions one secret for getting the people together for Christian services—the secret of the power of attracting people by people. Some one said there is either a good deal of sheep nature about men or a good deal of human nature about sheep. They follow the bell-wether. It is an important fact that Christian workers have found out that ‘outsiders,’ not church attendants, dwellers in cities, can be reached by other agencies than knives and forks and through their stomachs, and can be drawn by hundreds to halls when they will not go to churches and chapels, and we must rejoice that new methods have been adopted. Of course, myriads will need the old places

and plans. To them the mission halls will not be attractive. The Church must cater for them. Those who condemn the new developments can still find scope for the exercise of their ability on the old lines ; but let none find fault with the working of others, and especially when others are blessed of God and find acceptance with the people. And let us not suppose that every objector is an authority. It is not so long ago that a solemn, prosy brother who did complain, thought preachers should be able to secure congregations by the mere preaching of the word ; he always did ;—but it turned out that he was a prison chaplain.

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION

PERHAPS there has been no greater rebound in opinion and practice in Methodism than on the subject of total abstinence from intoxicating liquor. The Wesleyan Conference at Manchester in 1841, with Dr. Dixon as President, resolved that unfermented wine should not be used for the Sacrament; that no chapels should be used for total abstinence meetings; and that no preacher should go into another circuit than his own to advocate total abstinence without first obtaining the consent of the superintendent. This action raised much opposition, much controversy and bitter feeling. Such policy has been reversed. There is little danger of its advocates persecuting men for opposition to it. I imagine the danger is rather that of many of the advocates of the other side becoming intemperate in their temperance. So the wind changes.

Fifty and sixty years ago the temperance cause had many keen opponents, both among preachers and people. It was considered quite inhospitable if wine or beer was not offered to callers; and it was the custom of stewards to give a glass or two of port

wine to the minister in the vestry after preaching. I know of no chapel where that is done now. The custom in society has entirely changed. I saw, in a London daily paper in Christmas week last, that a lady, noted for her philanthropy, had hired a four-wheeler on her expedition for Christmas shopping. She had a two hours' tour in the West End, and, on paying her fare, noticed that the driver was wet through and shivering with cold. She asked him, in sympathetic tones :

‘Do you ever take anything when you are soaked through?’

‘Yes, mum,’ said the cabman with a brightened face.

‘Then wait,’ said the lady, who, disappearing through the door, soon returned with a pill-box. ‘Take two of these now, and two more in an hour.’ They were quinine. Perhaps, when he was a little boy, his Sunday-school teacher had taught him ‘Thou shalt not swear,’ in addition to the Ten Commandments. If so, he probably set the injunction aside.

I bought a large number of letters written to different people by ministers fifty and more years ago. There is frequent reference in them to the subject of teetotalism. The feeling was evidently very bitter on both sides, but undoubtedly the preponderance was strongly against it, and in favour

of moderate drinking. The change is wonderful. The social and religious aspect on the whole subject has entirely changed, and the position of the Conference is that of hearty support of the temperance movement.

Notwithstanding the terrible curse of drunkenness, the man in his cups has furnished some colour to life of an amusing sort. I was preaching in one of the London chapels at a Watch-night service on New Year's Eve. At about twenty minutes to twelve a few drunken men came in. One of them staggered along the aisle, and took his seat in one of the pews near the pulpit. He looked at me, and said, 'Very good, sir! I agree with that.' This sort of remark he repeated two or three times. In the congregation sat a well-known minister, an Ex-President of the Conference. He walked up to the pew in front of the intruder. He was evidently expostulating seriously. The drunken man looked at him quizzically, and spoke out loudly, 'Well, I'm glad to see *you* in a place of worship, at any rate!'

My predecessor as Book Steward, the Rev. Theophilus Woolmer, was a gentleman of ample proportions and impressive presence. He told me that, whilst waiting for a train one evening on London Bridge Station a drunken man said to him, 'Scuse me, sir, but is that the train for Deptford?'

'No, it is not.'

‘Oh, thank’ee, sir!’

In a while he repeated his question, ‘Is that the train for Deptford?’ And then a third time, when Mr. Woolmer said:

‘Now, for the third time, I tell you it is not the train for Deptford. Do you think I am a porter?’

The drunken fellow looked him all over and said, ‘Nay, I didn’t take you for Porter, I took you for Stout!’

There was a good story told some years ago, which has recently been recalled through a suggestion by the late Dean of Norwich that on one day in every year reporters should record speeches exactly as they are delivered. Many years ago, the late Premier of one of the colonies, Sir John —, was present at a public dinner at which he was expected to deliver an important speech.

In the conviviality of the occasion he forgot the more serious duty of the evening, and when, at a late hour, he rose, his speech was by no means so luminous as it might have been. The reporter, knowing it would not do to print his notes as they stood, called on Sir John next day and told him he was not quite sure of having secured an accurate report. He was invited to read over his notes, but he had not got far when Sir John interrupted him with, ‘That is not what I said.’ There was a pause, and Sir John continued, ‘Let me repeat my remarks.’

He then walked up and down the room, and delivered a most impressive speech in the hearing of the amused reporter, who took down every word as it fell from his lips.

Having thanked Sir John for his courtesy, he was taking his leave, when he was recalled to receive this admonition: 'Young man, allow me to give you this word of advice: never again attempt to report a public speaker when you are drunk.'

SOME HAPPY DEVELOPMENTS

I HAVE seen the start and growth of several institutions in Methodism that mean continued life and power. Among these are especially the Wesley Guild, which deals so vigorously with young life. It secures comradeship, culture, close church attachment, devotion to God, and church membership. The policy of the Roman Catholic Church has been to mould its youth. It has had great success. The Protestant Churches have been too indifferent, too negligent on that matter, and the loss has been infinite. In Wesleyan Methodism the Wesley Guild movement has been a great success already, but will be a greater.

If what Lord Beaconsfield said is true, that 'the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity,' we are wise to train our youth for our church continuance.

It is wonderful that, with such an immense number of boys and girls, youths and maidens, in our Sunday schools, congregations, and families, we should have delayed so long in establishing a definite institution to secure their retention to the Church. We might appropriately have preached from the text, 'He shall

cast forth his flower as the olive.' It has been said that the olive is the most prodigal of all fruit-bearing trees in flowers. It literally bends under the load of them. But not one in a hundred comes to maturity. The tree casts them off by millions, as if they were of no more value than flakes of snow, which they closely resemble (*The Land and the Book*). So it has been with the Church and its youth. Happily, in the Wesley Guild we have a saving, conserving force.

I prize my own small share in its establishment. I was asked to read a paper on the relation of our church to young people before the London Wesleyan Methodist Council in 1894. Interest was aroused, and it was resolved to bring the subject before the next Conference. This I did. A committee was appointed to devise a scheme, and the Wesley Guild was instituted. Its history has been very satisfactory. It has had the great advantage of the services of an eminently gifted Secretary in the Rev. W. B. FitzGerald.

During the fifty years of my ministry I have seen a great improvement in the position and work of Sunday schools, and the establishment of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, of which for its first eleven years I was Connexional Secretary. Sunday schools had existed in Methodism for nearly a dozen years before Robert Raikes opened his first school, but they had never been gripped by the

Conference in a vigorous manner, never undertaken as a Connexional institution. The Conference wisely recognized them, but not fully. It did not legislate for them, but merely 'affectionately recommended' rules for their guidance. In Manchester especially, and in other places, great difficulty had arisen as to management. Ultimately most of these difficulties were overcome. But many years passed before a Connexional Sunday School Union could be safely started; and even yet very much of our Sunday school work is done quite apart from our own Union, and done very efficiently. But there is now much Connexional loyalty, and full recognition given to Sunday schools both in Synods and Conference.

In the last half-century the Children's Home has been founded. I attended the earliest meetings of the committee, and knew its few first inmates, and its poor, inadequate premises near Waterloo Station. All that is in great contrast to its present position in buildings, numbers, and work. The name of Dr. Stephenson can never be separated from that institution of Christian philanthropy, that blessed asylum where boys and girls have been trained to become useful and worthy citizens and Christians.

The Children's Home has done magnificent work for Christ, for the Church, and for the commonwealth.

In the last fifty years Methodism has developed a rich mine of wealth. She discovered the unused

talent and power of women. Tens of thousands of her matrons and daughters had lived lives without full consecration to good work or to any church work. There has been a great change. The Women's Auxiliary for Foreign Missions, the Sisterhoods of various sorts, the personal dedication to definite work in caring for children in the Children's Home and Orphanage, in hospitals, in circuit visitation, among the fallen in the very mire, and in missions—all show the change, and testify to the inestimable value of their service. These sisters of charity and mercy have in many instances trained themselves by patient, long work for medical service on the foreign field. Very few of the devoted women who, like ministering angels, move about without noise, are known by name among us. They do not disclose their identity or obtrude their names; they do not advertise their doings; they do not stump the country; they do their work without publicly or oratorically talking about it. They are like the angel Raphael, who concealed his name from Tobias—they hide their names. But God's angel keeps a record of them.

It has been a pleasure to have had to do with the establishment of the Methodist Bureau for the transfer of Church members. For a long time we have mourned over the great loss of members through the removals in England and emigration. The Conference of 1905 gave authority for the starting of

this Bureau, and appointed me secretary. The work has been eminently satisfactory, and is extending. Most valuable help in working it has been given by Mr. T. C. Eamer and his staff at the Book-Room. I do not doubt that tens of thousands will be saved to the Church by the prayerful, well-organized system we have adopted.

One practical proof of change in Methodism is in the difference of tone among the people of the various Methodist Churches. At one time there was a good deal of bitterness, and for some decades there was great aloofness. This was characteristic of nearly all the offshoots from the mother Church; most of them seemed to be against her, great virulence being displayed on the part of some. But the mother had not always set a good example to her daughters. Shortly after the Rev. Richard Watson, a great theologian and a mighty preacher, left the New Connexion and became a Wesleyan Methodist minister, he had to preach on a special occasion at Irwell Street Chapel, Salford. On the Sunday preceding, this was announced by Samuel Bradburn, an Ex-President, and one of the greatest pulpit orators of his day. Having announced the fact, he paused, and said sarcastically and slowly, 'They say this dog barks well—but—he comes from a dirty kennel!' Such a thing has long been impossible. It was as vulgar as it was brutal.

In Mr. J. W. Laycock's very interesting book

recently published, *Methodist Heroes in the Great Haworth Round*, A.D. 1734-84, it says: 'The Rev. Richard Watson, when a young man, walked twenty miles to hear Mr. Bradburn preach,' and said of the sermon: 'I am not a very excitable subject, but Mr. Bradburn's preaching affected my whole frame. I felt the thrill to the very extremity of my fingers, and my hair actually seemed to stand on end.'

Happily, there is now no hostility between the branches of Methodism. The tendency of recent years has been towards unity. Already three of the separate Churches have actually become united; and although the mother Church of Wesleyan Methodism, and her vigorous daughter, the Primitive Methodist Church, that never sided against or became bitter against the mother, have both kept their separate organizations and not adopted organic union, still there is kindly feeling and unity in doctrine.

It was my privilege, a few years ago, to attend, by appointment of our Conference, a fine meeting in Sheffield to celebrate the Jubilee of the youngest of the so-called 'Minor Bodies,' the Wesleyan Reform Union. It was a delight to find all trace of bad feeling gone, and to breathe a very wholesome Methodist atmosphere.

It was a great pleasure to me to attend, by appointment, the first meeting of the Conference of

the 'United Methodist Church,' which was held in Wesley's Chapel, City Road, London, in September 1907. Three of these Churches, by their own Conferences, and empowered by Act of Parliament, had become united. These were the Methodist New Connexion, the United Methodist Free Church, and the Bible Christians. They had wonderful sessions. There was fine feeling, great joy at the union, tempered with almost tearful regret on the part of some who had loved their old associations, and were stirred by memories of their parents. Deputations to congratulate them were received from the Free Church Council and various Churches. It was a joy to me to assure them of the love and good wishes of the 'mother of them all.' They had given all other representatives a hearty reception, but they gave the outpouring of full hearts when Wesleyan Methodism spoke. They had a feeling about the 'mother' that they could have neither for Baptist, Congregationalist, Quaker, Presbyterian, nor Anglican. It was very touching.

A Presbyterian lady, speaking of another such moving scene, said that she sat next an elderly, well-dressed, happy-looking Yorkshire woman, who was full of delight. She cheered Baptist, Congregationalist, Quaker, and all the rest, but became very excited when an Ex-President of the Wesleyan Conference represented his people. She had been

born and bred among us; but, through marriage, had had to join one of the other denominations, but had never felt quite at home. During the address she was in great delight; she clapped hands, tears were plentiful, and, at the close of it, she said, with great emotion, loud enough to attract attention, 'Praise the Lord! t'owd body has beaten 'em all.'

That incident occurred at Whitefield's Tabernacle, when the Rev. J. Jackson Wray was pastor, and the function was to celebrate a centenary. The Rev. Charles Garrett was the Ex-President. He was a very effective platform speaker, and had a particularly 'good time' that night. Mr. Jackson Wray had previously been a Wesleyan minister, and was an eloquent and powerful speaker and preacher.

AMERICA

I VISITED the United States of America in 1888 as Fraternal Delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in New York in May. It was one of the great events in my life.

On board ship we had the usual variety of people and incidents. The doctor told me he had only had one of his many voyages without having had to deal with cases of delirium tremens. There was a lady who told me where to get 'heavenly French pastry' at a confectioner's in New York. A very interesting Yankee, strong against the increase and audacity of Romanism in America, said that, of course, it was not so bad in England, but that 'Britain was a small place, and counts for nothing.' He told me, too, that 'the English were the most boastful people in the world.' And all the time he believed it, when he was in that temper; but he was a good fellow. He pressed me to visit him at his own home; he told me that, if I wanted to live in a land of liberty, I was not to trouble myself about the Statue of Liberty, which we should see, but to go back to old England—and a few more things of the

same sort. There was a Jesuit Professor from a Paris college. He did not anticipate any large flight of ritualistic parsons to the Church of Rome, and certainly not through their college, because, he said, 'We require four S's which the bulk of them cannot produce—Submission, Substance, Social Position, and Saintliness.' His idea was that the majority would be blocked by the first S. He knew America, but, in speaking about the High Churchism of the Protestant Episcopal Church, he was scornful, and summed that Church up severely, saying it was in 'three parties—High and crazy; Low and lazy; Broad and hazy.' We had on board two 'Fathers' belonging to an Anglican brotherhood; they were dressed more like Papists than the Jesuit. One of them has since entered the Romish priesthood. Altogether we had fourteen parsons with us. The captains, both going out and on the passage home, asked me to conduct divine service on the Sunday mornings in the saloon; and I did. To my surprise, one of these 'Fathers' came to the service, and was very devout; the other was in his berth, very ill. The former thanked me for my sermon, and said he was surprised that a Wesleyan could read the liturgy without a mistake on a Festival Sunday—it was either Easter Day or Whit Sunday. I told him that I was surprised to see him at the service at all, seeing he taught that it was sinful

to attend a service conducted by a Nonconformist. He replied that the sin was in going to a 'conventicle,' but that the saloon of an Atlantic liner was not a dissenting place of worship. If that satisfied him, it satisfied me. He told me he had been 'brought up among the Methodists in early days.'

Very late one bright night I was alone on deck. A youth came out of the smoking-saloon. He told me that Mr. — had just said: 'Now I will tell you men a story. It is not a very clean one, and I should have told it in the saloon the other night; but I dare not, as Mr. Kelly was there!' 'So,' said the lad, 'I thought, if he dare not tell it in your presence, it was something my mother would not like me to hear; and I came out.'

There was an interesting Scotsman among the passengers, who talked a good deal to me. He had great respect for 'meenisters.' One day he told me that he was not too good or pious a man, but that his wife was a 'godly woman.' They had two sons 'nicely growing up, and,' he said, 'I know you will be pleased to hear that they take after their mother rather than their father, so far as religion is concerned. It will please my wife when she knows I have had so much conversation with you.'

When we arrived at New York I saw him talking to the 'boss' of the dépôt where luggage was examined.

This important official said to me : 'Good morning, doctor ; I hear you are the British delegate to the General Conference. Is that your baggage ? Well, you will have no difficulty here !'

He sent a customs officer, who looked pleased to see me, and said he was. 'I am glad to welcome you as delegate from the mother country to the General Conference. That is your baggage ; there is nothing dutiable in it ?'

'No,' I replied. He chalked it.

'All right. Methodist ministers never tell lies. I know all about them—my brother is one !'

The General Conference was a noble one. The speaking was on a high level ; the utterances were often those of ecclesiastical statesmen. The delegates were nearly all men of age or middle life, so that very few young men were heard. Order was well maintained. Rules of debate were generally understood and observed. Some men spoke too often. Within a few minutes of the opening a friend said, when a minister rose, that I should note how frequently he addressed the Conference. In that respect, 'He is to us what Dr. — is in your Conference. He has the idea that he should make an utterance on every question. He is mistaken' ; still, he spoke well.

For nearly a whole week the Conference debated whether women should be recognized as delegates.

Some strange proposals were made. Quick dispatch was given to some of them. There was a motion that no one should be appointed a bishop who would not pledge himself to abstain for ever from the use of tobacco, both for smoking and chewing.

The bishops seemed to be men far above the average. They do not, however, address the Conference. With the exception of two of them, they were all more than kind: they were most attentive, most genial, and high-toned in their manners. Two of them were grumpy, and did not speak to me until the day before I left, and then not for more than a moment. But they were not persons whose names are known on this side of the Atlantic, so they need not be mentioned. I fear their lack of the grace of their brethren has been matched too often by some of our insular British Conference officials towards American visitors. I am deeply sorry for it. There were several complaints on the subject about some of our men.

As a rule, the politeness shown to the British delegate is perfect; it never seems to fail. Four years before my visit our fraternal delegate did not 'catch on.' He was not an admirer of republican institutions or ideas. His address was tedious, inappropriate, and prodigiously long; but the newspapers simply said, next day, that 'Dr. So-and-So

addressed the Conference at great length, but the patience of the audience was sublime.'

I was delighted with America, and charmed with the Americans. Whether they say it or not, America is a 'great country,' and the Americans are a great people. I was proud to think that so many of them and their forefathers, and foremothers too, had gone from the old country, and were of our old stock ; and that they were proud of it, and not afraid to tell one so. How often, when they spoke of England, has a lump come into my throat and have my eyes filled with tears !

I had preached one Sunday evening at a large church in New York, when, after service, perhaps a hundred persons or more stayed to shake hands with me. Among the number was Fanny Crosby, the hymn-writer, whose 'Safe in the Arms of Jesus' is so well known. She is blind. A good man, who was small of stature, also stayed, accompanied by a tall, handsomely dressed American lady. He was very cordial. 'Thank you, doctor, for your sermon, with its British ring. It did my heart good, for I am a British subject. I've never taken the oath of allegiance, and I never will. When you prayed for Queen Victoria I could have shouted.' Then the lady spoke and said: 'Yes, he is a subject of Queen Victoria, as he tells you ; but I can assure you there's another woman who has more power over him than

Victoria has.' 'Ah! ah!' I said, 'he is a married man, is he?' 'He is,' she said, 'and I'm his wife.'

At the time of my visit to the United States I was Secretary of our Connexional Sunday School Union, and naturally was much interested in the working of American Sunday schools, of which we have heard so much. I have also been for several years a member of the European section of the International Lesson Committee.

I visited several Sunday schools in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., and also went to some of the Teachers' Preparation Classes on week-days. In Philadelphia the two schools that impressed me most were :

(a) Bethany, over which the well-known Mr. Wanamaker was the dominant power. He had immense stores, was a millionaire, and Postmaster-General of the United States. He was particularly cordial, and reminded me that in 1880 he had called on me in London, most anxious to attend a garden party given by the Archbishop of Canterbury at Lambeth Palace, in connexion with the great celebrations of the Centenary of Sunday Schools. He had failed to secure an invitation, but I had given him my own card of admission. It had evidently been one of his life's red-letter days.

The Bethany School was all that wealth need make it. There was a noble building, with admirable

arrangements for classes ; orchestra, musical instruments—harmonium, cornets, violins ; visitors' gallery ; rooms for the ' College of Bethany,' where week-night teaching was carried on ; social parlour ; behind the orchestra was a heavy curtain, and then space for 280 chairs for the accommodation of one large class. There were flowers in abundance, a fountain, carpets and numbers of fans for use on that hot Sunday, and on the back of the fans the programme of the school's exercises was printed.

(*b*) Another school in Philadelphia that interested me was that of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Arch Street, and another that of First Baptist Church in Arch Street.

(*c*) But I thought the Baptist School in Ruggles Street, Boston, the most remarkable one that I visited. There were 799 scholars present. It had three paid officers : a Superintendent, Assistant Pastor, and a Visitor. The departments were Infants, Primary, Intermediate, and Adults. It had a Clothes Department, so that poor scholars were looked after and decently clad ; an Employment Bureau, which secured work ; and rooms for all sorts of philanthropic action. It was open all day and every day from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. It had a good Reading-room, with magazines, books, papers, and pictures. In the Social Room conversation and games were allowed ; its walls were decorated with

pictures. It had a fine orchestra, a handsome grand piano, &c., &c. 'The Church Audience Room' was really the church. But the centre of all was the Sunday school. Indeed, it struck me that one of the dangers of the American system is that it lets the Sunday school do too little for the church, and practically itself become the children's church. That is a great mistake, for the Sunday school is not the all in all for children and young people.

I was told that the large cost of this wonderful Ruggles Street Sunday school was paid by Mr. Ford, a wealthy Baptist, and the proprietor of the *Youths' Companion*, a great young people's weekly paper, that had a circulation of 400,000. Mr. W. N. Hartshorn, one of the superintendents, showed me great attention.

There was diversity of opinion about the International Lessons. They were used in Boston, but, I was told, not enthusiastically; but in Philadelphia strong disapproval was expressed.

I was much interested by the Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church at Baltimore. The bishop was a fine black, of splendid physique; a model President, as far as attention to business and conduct of debate were concerned. He was very humorous. Discipline cases were heard in the presence of visiting public and reporters.

'Is there anything against Brother Jones?'

‘Yes, bishop,’ replied the presiding elder.

‘Ah ; what is it?’

‘Wal, bishop, he is up to forty years old, and he won’t get married.’

Brother Jones, a big, full-blooded negro, sat as grave as a judge. It was no laughing matter with him. If preachers did not marry within reasonable time after their probation they were treated as single ministers, and not allowed houses or full stipends.

The collections in Brother Cole’s circuit were all good, and he was praised ; but his presiding elder said the credit was due to Sister Cole. The bishop said that Brother Cole had been most successful in several of his wives. He had had many—not less than five—and each was better than her predecessor. ‘May your last be best of all!’

Of another it was complained that Dr. Seaton had no wife. The bishop said, ‘He’s tried it twice, and that’s enough.’

The order was admirable ; but once there was a little talking that disturbed the bishop, who said, ‘Why cannot a coloured person be a Quaker?—Because he cannot keep still. Order ! Order !’

I was asked to address the Conference, and had a great reception, being the first British delegate that had ever visited them. They passed a highly rhetorical resolution of appreciation. An evening paper said of the speech : ‘At times the enthusiasm of the

ministers and many of the congregation was so great that it reminded one of a camp-meeting and great revival service.'

At night I heard one of the coloured ministers preach a capital sermon from 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?'

After service two poorly-dressed negro boys, intelligent-looking lads, were waiting for me. One of them, a really handsome boy, put out his black hand and said, 'How do you do, Brother Kelly?'

A peculiar memorial was presented to this General Conference. It was sent from California. It asked that the question should be considered, 'How to locate or dispose of unacceptable preachers'! It was laughed out through a Californian exclaiming, 'There are twenty of us; shoot us!'

A brother thanked the Conference for its attentive hearing of his rather lengthy address, delivered on a previous evening, and he told the story of a Baptist preacher in Virginia who went on a visit to Baltimore. His deacons were anxious to hear his report on his return to his country home from the great city. 'The Baltimore Baptists,' said he, 'know how to treat one handsome, most certainly; but they won't stand hard doctrine, for I had not been preaching more than an hour and a half before they began to show signs of restlessness.'

There were some interesting notices at a church

door in Baltimore—coloured congregation. One was, 'Gentlemen is not allowed to chew tobacco in this church.' Another, 'Young men must not loaf about the porch of this church after service waiting for the girls.' After the service I saw many young men standing in a line on the edge of the footpath with their faces to the side of the church and their backs to the roadway 'waiting for the girls'; and as their own girls appeared they paired off.

I heard of a gentleman who had removed from Baltimore to New York. He stammered painfully. After he had been away some time, a friend said to him, 'Why, Mr. —, you stammer worse than you did when you lived in Baltimore.' To which he replied, 'Y-y-yes; New York is a bigger place.'

One morning, as I left my hotel in Baltimore, a young man of twenty-four stood on the steps. He was dressed in the height of fashion. There they called him a 'dude'; in England it would be said he was a dandy, or a swell, or a masher. He accosted me politely. 'Are you the Rev. Mr. Kelly?'

'Yes.'

'Ah, I saw, by the paper this morning, that you had arrived in the city last night; and, looking at you, I thought you are an Englishman, and so might be Mr. Kelly.'

Then he told me that he was of British birth, but had been twenty years in America, ever since he was four

years old. He said he was not particularly pious, but still, he might be morally worse ; but that, whatever he was himself, his father and mother in the old country were rare, godly, saintly people, and he knew it would please them if they were told he had spoken to a British Methodist minister whom he saw in Baltimore. I felt sure that a young fellow who did that in love for his parents was not far from the kingdom, notwithstanding the cut of his trousers, vest, and coat.

On my journey to Baltimore I had the company of one of the greatest human oddities I ever met. He eyed me some time before changing his seat and taking one opposite to me. He opened conversation by saying, 'Are you a stranger?'

'I am an Englishman.'

'You are a clergyman, too. I don't like the English, nor parsons. I am a New Englander, a politician, a free-thinker ; I might say a Universalist. Wal, and what judgement have you formed on the present political outlook of this great country?'

I told him I had only arrived on the previous Sunday—that was Wednesday—so that it would be presumptuous if I ventured to express an opinion. He at once began to fire an oration at me. He addressed me as if I was the largest auditorium crowded with people. He said after a while, 'That is the utterance of one of our greatest living statesmen!'

I said, 'Dead !'

'Dead ?' he exclaimed ; ' who's dead ?'

I said, ' Whom do you mean ?'

'I mean the great Conklin !'

I replied, ' The great Mr. Conklin died, sir, yesterday ; and his death was doubtless announced in England twenty-four hours ago.'

He told me that, so far as he could remember, that was the first day since he was a boy on which he had missed reading a newspaper.

I had scored. Great Britain rose in his estimation.

He asked, ' Are you going to locate here ?'

'No.'

'Are you married ?'

'Yes.'

'Have you a family ? Where are they ? Boys or girls ; or both ? Are they with you or abroad ?'

'They are at home.'

'Where ?'

'In England.'

'England ; oh, that's abroad.'

He told me that he did not believe in Christianity. He discussed heaven, hell, eternity, prayer, future judgement, and annihilation ; and did not believe in any of them. I told him he was a queer compound, and asked him what he professed to be.

He said, with emphasis, 'I am an *agnostic*.'

He talked very freely about 'Prince Albert,' and

very often. At last I asked, 'Whom do you mean by Prince Albert?'

'I mean Prince Albert.'

'Yes, but,' I said, 'Prince Albert could not have been or done as you say; he has been in heaven several years.'

'He has not.'

'Well,' I replied, 'he is not in the other place; and there are but the two for men after death, as you will find out, notwithstanding your agnosticism.'

'I tell you he is not dead. He is Victoria's son.'

'But we never call him Prince Albert; he is the Prince of Wales.'

'Nothing of the sort; you don't understand the constitution of your own country. When you go home again, just inquire, and you will find the right way to describe him is Prince Albert, and not Prince of Wales.'

One of the most interesting invitations was sent to me through Dr. Newman, who was elected bishop at that Conference. It was to spend an evening quietly at the house of Mrs. Grant, widow of General Grant, President of the United States. She was a fine old lady; she told me that her grandfather was one of the early Methodist preachers in England.

I visited some of the great educational institutions of the country, and was much impressed by their magnitude and evident splendid equipment. I

preached the Commencement Sermon at one great college ; and went, supposing I had to address students at the beginning of their college life, but found I was mistaken. It was the end of term, and the students were at the 'Commencement' of their active professional life.

It was a service of much interest, and I had reason to hope that God had blessed it to some young men. At its close I found, perhaps, every member of the tutorial staff awaiting me in the lovely grounds. Thanking me for the discourse, they used much kinder words than I merited, and the Professor of Divinity wound up by informing me that, from that moment, I had the right to be styled Doctor of Divinity. I appreciated their good words and the honour they did me, as I did in other instances also ; but, knowing that, whatever else I am, my most intimate friends, and observers, friendly or hostile, will hardly consider me a 'Doctor of Divinity,' I have thought it best to stick to my best-known designation, and not to assume a title that might give occasion to small men to poke their poor fun at me, as they have done, and do, at better men.

Since my visit to America death has made a great sweep of my friends. Several of the bishops have passed on ; so has my courteous, hospitable host, Mr. Anderson Fowler. I saw him repeatedly in England after my visit. His charming wife was

a daughter of the Rev. William Arthur. Their kindness and hospitality were boundless.

Then there were others, such as General Fisk, and the one who showed me most personal attention of any—the Rev. Dr. Albert S. Hunt, one of our ministers, and Secretary of the American Bible Society. He was a bachelor, with old-world manners and much dignity.

PRISON WORK

MY first experience of work in prisons was at Aldershot, when the Marquis of Hartington gave me authority from the War Office to minister to Wesleyan prisoners. That was the first time one of our ministers was so recognized. I continued prison work as long as I stayed in the camp; then resumed it at Chatham, and went regularly to Fort Clarence on Sunday and Wednesday afternoons; and, on my appointment to the Brigade of Guards, had services and visitation regularly twice a week in the military prison at Southwark, which has since been razed to the ground.

Afterwards a great change was effected, for which we are indebted more to the Rev. R. W. Allen, the late Senior Wesleyan Army Chaplain, than to any other person. He has acted with great skill, great wisdom, and great success.

It was reported to the Conference of 1902 that the Commissioners of Prisons had consented to allow Wesleyan ministers to have access to all prisons for the purpose of holding service and visiting any prisoners who declared themselves to be Wesleyans.

Hitherto ministers had the right of access only when sent for personally by prisoners. The Committee of Privileges has had the subject in hand for several years; but it became acute when, instead of having separate military prisons, as formerly, soldiers were confined in ordinary civil prisons. They were then deprived of the services of their own chaplains. This was felt to be a great injustice, and contrary to the King's Regulations for the Army. In remedying the wrong to Wesleyan soldiers, the Commissioners of Prisons went much further, and gave orders that duly appointed Wesleyan ministers shall have the right to visit prisons for the religious benefit of the people of their community. This is a great boon to Methodists. Fathers and mothers will have comfort in the thought that their wayward sons, in their imprisonment, will be under the care of their own ministers. Prisoners, too, innocent and guilty, will be glad to have the counsel and sympathy of the ministers who will go to them. We shall no longer have to wait until sent for, nor be subject to the whim or caprice of prison officers.

One meets with unconscious humour in prisoners, and some acute sayings.

A friend in Rotherham told me he had just seen a former resident who had been away some time. The man said, 'Yes, I have been out of Rotherham because I had got a job elsewhere; in fact, I have

been working in a stone quarry in the West of England for the last three years.' He had been a convict at Portland.

There was a young fellow often in and out of prison for refusing to work in the casual wards. I said, 'But why don't you work, instead of wasting your life here?'

He replied promptly, 'Why should I work? I never intend to work; let society keep me.'

'Well,' I said, 'if I had my will, society should not find you another meal in this place; I would turn you out at once.'

'Oh! thank you, sir; you would set me free, would you?'

'I would. But stop a minute; before you were set free you should have such a birch-rod tickling as you have never had.'

The lazy scoundrel of a lad did not like that, but preferred to 'let society keep him.'

On leaving the cell I said to a young warder who attended me to open and lock cell-doors, and who, of course, could not hear the conversation, 'It is sad to see a young fellow so bad and lazy, and here so often.'

'Yes,' said he, 'it is abominable that such fellows should be allowed to come here to live on the fat of the land.'

It was very amusing to think of prison diet and

the plank bed as the fat of the land. But he meant the right thing. Prison is too good for men who will not work.

So far as memory serves me, I have only met with one professed infidel among prisoners and soldiers. This one has been in my charge several times. Once I urged him to begin to pray. His answer was, 'No, sir. I don't believe there is a God ; but, if there is, He couldn't hear me if I did pray. Prison walls are too thick for Him to hear through.' It is sad to hear an old man, nearly seventy, speak so, especially when he candidly confesses that he does not think there is a man living who is as bad as he.

It would not be prudent to go at length into separate cases of known reformation. If not large in number, they are large enough to give much encouragement. There I leave the matter. John Wesley and some of his early preachers had the best results from their prison visitation, and their successors, who sow in similar fields, have like results.

In writing my weekly list for cellular visitation I do not head it 'Wesleyan Prisoners,' but 'Prisoners on Wesleyan List.' The reasons for men calling themselves Wesleyans are varied. Many certainly are the sons of our people ; many others have only attended our Sunday schools and places of worship—

never any other. The connexion of some with us has been very slight. I said to a thoroughly bad-looking fellow once, 'How do you come to call yourself a Wesleyan?' 'Well, sir,' he replied, 'when I came in, they said to me, "What's your religion?" "I ain't got none," said I. "Oh, but," the officer said, "if you come to prison, you'll have to have a religion." And then I bethought myself that my grandmother, she was a Wesleyan; so, says I, "I'm a Wesleyan."' "

Another told me that his brother was in the prison. He had recognized him among the prisoners. 'But,' I said, 'his name is not on my list.' 'No,' he answered, 'certainly not, sir; my brother would not call himself a Wesleyan. He's a bad man, my brother is; he's got six children, and, do you know, sir, I don't believe he's taken one of them to chapel or church, to be christened or vaccinated. Poor little things! what would become of them if they were to die? Oh, he's a bad man!'

UNCANNY CALLERS

A WELL-DRESSED, well-spoken young man of about five-and-twenty called in the dusk of the evening.

When I entered the room he received me with an air of patronage; he said:

‘The Reverend Kelly, I think? I hope you are well. The Holy Spirit has sent me to you and told me you will entertain me as your guest for a month.’

‘Really! did He tell you why?’

‘Yes, that I may conduct a mission, and convert the sinners on Wandsworth Common.’

‘Aye, they are a bad lot,’ I said. ‘There are more than a thousand of them shut up yonder in the prison. I suppose there was no suggestion that you should be sent there to begin your Wandsworth Common experience?’

‘Oh, no, no; it is to the regular inhabitants that I am sent.’

‘And where do you come from?’ I asked. But he declined to tell. Ultimately, under pressure, he said he came from Pimlico. I assured him there must be some mistake, for the Spirit would not

take him from wicked Pimlico in order to convert the mild-typed sinners of Wandsworth Common.

I told him I should like to be quite sure, as it was a sin to resist a divine command and to refuse to entertain him for a month if the Lord had really sent him. He fully agreed with that, and brightened up.

‘Now, tell me exactly the very words you heard. Just think; the very words.’

‘Go to the Reverend Kelly; he is the minister of the Wesleyan Church, St. John’s Hill, Wandsworth, and tell him——’

‘Stop, stop!’ I said, ‘that is enough. It was not the Holy Spirit who spoke to you. He would not call me “the Reverend Kelly.” It is the way shopkeepers’ assistants and uneducated people speak of ministers; but it is bad form. Then He would not say I am minister of the Wesleyan Church, St. John’s Hill, because He knows I am not the minister there, and have not been for several years. No, the Holy Spirit has not sent you, and you know He has not. You had better make a short visit of it, and clear out of Wandsworth Common as quickly as possible. One of my sons is in the next room: he got a member of your fraternity, whose mission was to victimize the clergy, twelve months’ imprisonment not long ago; handed him over to two young policemen who were at our

front gate, as they often are ; it is quite a danger-trap for you fellows.'

He started at once ; on the doorstep he gave an unctuous leer, and said, 'Can you give me the name of any other Christian brother that I might call on ?'

'Well,' I said, 'the only one I can think of at the moment is our neighbour, Major Knox. He is a great total abstainer, makes capital temperance speeches, and is what you call a "Christian brother."'

'Oh, thank you, sir.' Out came the little note-book and pencil. 'Will you please to give me his precise address ?'

'Certainly. Major Knox—K-n-o-x, the Governor, His Majesty's Prison, Wandsworth Common. Have you got it ?'

Note-book and pencil were instantly in his pocket, and with an ejaculation which I will not quote, he disappeared.

Was he fanatic, thief, lunatic, impostor, or something of at least three of them ?

There was a small gang who, year after year, called on ministers newly appointed to London circuits. One of them came to me at Pimlico and told me he was well acquainted with several Wesleyan ministers. 'Whom do you know ?' I inquired.

'Oh several, intimately.'

'For instance !'

'Well, the Rev. George Marsden, Dr. Townley ;

but I knew especially that blessed man of God, the Rev. Miles Martindale. I had rare times with him in Yorkshire; he lived near Bradford, sir. Aye, things have changed with me!

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.'

'Why, you consummate rascal! You never knew one of those ministers; they died before you were born. "That blessed man of God, the Rev. Miles Martindale," died in 1824.'

His daughter, Mrs. John Farrar, was more than eighty when she died some years ago. I made for the front door, saying that, if there was a policeman at the 'point' outside, I would send the liar to the station; but he rushed through the hall, into the street, and was lost to view.

I sat alone in my room at the Sunday School Union, Ludgate Circus Buildings, when a man called to beg. He stank of whisky, said he was a minister's son, a Kingswood boy, to whom fortune had been unkind. He was an under-sized, ill-kempt, bad-looking fellow. He impressed me very unfavourably. I repeatedly refused to give him money. He persisted in staying, and made himself a nuisance. When he saw that I was resolved, he said threateningly, 'I think I ought to tell you I have been confined in a

lunatic asylum more than twelve months, and have only just come out. They tell me that I am very violent when the attacks come on—very violent indeed. And I don't feel well just now; I feel as if I might have another.' I took up a ruler and knocked it on my desk so vigorously that he almost jumped, and, starting up towards him, I said, 'If you do not leave this room instantly I will help you out.' He certainly was astonished, and gave me no chance to let him feel the ruler. I pitied his poor father and mother.

I have been cheated and overreached many a time. The tale of a Scotsman was clever, plausible, and touching. He caught me when off guard and I gave him more than was prudent, even if his tale had been true. Instantly I saw my mistake by his look of surprise. He thanked me profusely, said he would return it soon, could only regard it as a loan, could not take money from a 'meenister; for if Cameron's poor, Cameron's proud.' But proud Cameron has never paid.

But Cameron does not stand alone. I have 'lent' and given a large amount of money to many 'in distress' who have been profuse in promises to repay, and I have never once been repaid the loans, either by professional beggars, working people, church adherents, or others of that ilk. Gratitude and honesty, as so tested, are not a characteristic of recipients of that class.

‘DO YOU KNOW ME?’

HUNDREDS of people have asked ‘Do you know me?’ and hundreds more have said, ‘You don’t know me!’ and then launched off as though one ought to have known who they were. I preached at a sea-side place, and, after morning service, a well-dressed man came into the vestry and said, quite cordially, ‘How do you do?’ I told him I was well. ‘But,’ said he, ‘I don’t believe you know me!’ I assured him I did not, but asked, ‘Ought I to know you?’ ‘Well,’ said he, ‘if it had not been for me there would have been no Methodism in Slocum-cum-Pokem.’ That was not the name. I told him I did not remember to have been there. ‘Certainly not; you never were there; but if it hadn’t been for me, I tell you, your Church would not be there. I never saw you before, and you never saw me!’ Still, because he was the great man of the village congregation, he thought that two hundred miles away from home he should be as well known as he would be at the village pump.

It frequently has been annoying to be seized upon in railway carriages by people who persist in forcing

themselves upon one. They often address their victim by name and talk when they are quite unknown.

Happily, now and then, they are silenced, and sometimes even cruelly.

‘I know you! Mr. — Don’t you remember me?’

‘No, I do not, indeed.’

‘Well, but I’ve heard you often, and sat before you many a time. You really ought to know me.’

‘Very likely; I’ve been prison chaplain many years, but I do not recognize you.’ Silence ensued.

Travelling on a steamer in America there was a man on board who thought himself very humorous and who was particularly intrusive. He went up to a passenger and said, ‘You don’t remember me, but I come from your neighbourhood.’

The other replied, ‘I remember you very well. I remember when you were born. Your mother had twins—a boy and a monkey. The boy died.’

Talking to you on a railway journey is often very troublesome. It irritates the nerves. It affects the brain. The Rev. William Arthur once told me that, as often as he could, he avoided travelling in company of persons who were wishful to enter into conversation with him. The physical and mental strain was too great to sustain or endure talk.

I once had secret satisfaction. A good man whom I did not know was talkative at a carriage door at a

Yorkshire station. He would not be shaken off. When the cry became earnest, 'Take your seats!' he said that he would come in the carriage and travel with me, although he had left his luggage on a seat lower down. I was very tired after a day's services—sermon and evening meeting. He talked as fast as the train travelled. It dashed through a station at express speed. 'Stop, stop,' he cried; 'that's my station!' 'Train does not stop there,' said a gentleman who seemed pleased to give the intimation; 'it runs through to London. You should have stayed in the slip-carriage with your luggage.'

Sometimes one does get useful information and amusement from talkative and inquisitive fellow travellers. Archbishop Magee told a story that, once finding many society people travelling first and second class, and wishing to avoid them, he went into a third-class carriage. The only occupant was a farmer, big and burly, who said to the Archbishop, 'I suppose you be something in the clergy line?' to which he assented. Then the farmer said, 'Is your curacy in this neighbourhood?' The Archbishop replied, 'No, no, I am sorry to say I have no curacy. I was a curate once, but am one no longer.' The farmer sighed and said, 'Oh, very sad; I suppose it was the drink!'

MISTAKEN IDENTITY

IN many cases people have supposed me to be some one else. There have been three or four men about whom I have often been spoken to because of supposed resemblance. The Rev. John Farrar was one, the Rev. Newman Hall another, but the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse most of all.

It is well known that Mr. Newman Hall obtained a divorce from his wife. Soon after an effusive man rushed up to me at Blackfriars, 'Oh, I do congratulate you most heartily on your success in the court!' said he. I suppose he saw I was puzzled. 'I mean about your divorce!' Then he realized his mistake, apologized, and rushed off like a cannon-ball. Certainly many scores of times people have spoken to me thinking they were speaking to Mr. Pearse. I have often left them in ignorance of the fact that they were wrong. His own mother once mistook me for him. The mistake is very flattering to me. So far back as 1862 an Ex-President said to me, 'Do you know Mr. Pearse—Mark Guy Pearse?' 'No!' 'But have you heard of him, and that he could be mistaken for you? When he first came to us at —— I said "This, this, is Kelly *redivivus*!"'

Not very long ago I was travelling to the North. Two or three seats had parcels on them, reserved, in the compartment I entered. A ticket examiner came to the door and said, 'I think you had better go to another compartment, sir, for these seats have been taken by a woman with three or four children.'

'Oh, all right,' I said, 'the bairns won't trouble me!'

'Very well, sir, but there is a sick child, and she looks as if she won't live long, poor little thing!'

'Then,' I said, 'I hope they will come soon, and we shall have the carriage to ourselves; for folks will often leave you alone if they see a parson and a child.'

Soon came a mother and her four children; three were bright, bonny, talkative little girls, who soon told me they went to chapel and Sunday school, and had heard me preach. The little ailing one was very white. Her mother wrapped her up tenderly, and the child nestled against her, did not talk, and took no interest in what the others did or said. She looked at me wistfully, and, after we had travelled perhaps twenty miles, I beckoned to her and pointed to my knee. The wearied little thing threw the rug off and came, and I nursed her for the rest of the journey. She got bright and interested. When they left the train at Doncaster, or Leeds, one of them said, 'Good-bye, Mr. Pearse. You see, we know who you are.'

But I once mistook Mr. Pearse for myself. It was in the old Mission House, Bishopsgate Street Within. In the Committee-room there was a long mirror that reached from ceiling to floor. At that time we wore white cravats with small bows under the chin. As we sat there I noticed the bow was not in the centre, but near the shoulder. I lifted my hand to put it right and found I could not touch it. It was Mr. Pearse's bow that was wrong, not mine; he was close behind me.

In America I heard of three men who were conversing about mistaken identity. One said he had been mistaken in Berlin for Bismarck. A man addressed him, 'Prince! how do you do?' The second declared that he had been mistaken for Mr. Gladstone; the third, a humorous Irishman, said, 'I can beat you both. I was sitting in the Central Park one day when a man clapped me on the shoulder and shouted, "Why, holy Moses, is that you?"'

HYMN AND TUNE BOOKS

IT is gratifying to me to remember that I have had a share, as a member of committees, in the preparation of three great Hymn-Books, viz. the one for congregational use published in 1877, its successor now in use published in 1904, and the Sunday-school book of 1879.

It is impossible to please everybody in the compilation of such works, and their accompanying tune-books. Some of the objections were absurd, some hypercritical, some from a few men who thought that they should have been selected to be musical editor-in-chief, some well-founded, and some amusing. One Irish critic said the last new Tune-Book gave ample proof that we might have too much 'Bridge' in psalmody as well as in society drawing-rooms. Sir Frederick Bridge, M.V.O., organist of Westminster Abbey, was our consulting editor, and a ruling spirit among the compilers.

It is an old story; when people have long been accustomed to certain tunes and certain schools of choral service, it is not easy for them to take kindly to changes and innovations. They do not all state

their feelings so interestingly as an old gentleman whose time-honoured Sunday worship had been disturbed by the introduction of Gregorians by a new rector. He ventured to expostulate. But his reverend spiritual guide assured him that Gregorian music was of consecrated antiquity, and that, in fact, these very tunes were in all probability the very ones to which David set his psalms. He deferred to the rector's learning, and to his superior knowledge of the ancient history of psalm-singing; and he thanked him for explaining a passage in the Old Testament which he had never understood before—why it was, namely, that when David played the harp before King Saul, Saul threw a javelin at him.

There was difficulty in the preparation of all these books owing to the great variety of taste, and to the opinions and prejudices both of members of the committees and outsiders. In the committee of the 1877 book one prominent minister not only opposed the exclusion of any of Charles Wesley's hymns that had found place in the previous edition, but also almost every verbal alteration that was suggested. There was a peculiar incident. The word 'bowels' often appeared. When one verse was read, perhaps the youngest member said, 'Bowels again! We can at least change here for "mercies."' Said the old warrior somewhat scornfully: 'We are so fine now, I suppose we are not to be allowed to have bowels!'

The reply was sharp. 'I have no objection against Dr. — having bowels, but a very strong one against them protruding.' The word was altered.

There were many interesting incidents in connexion with the preparation of those new books. Miss Havergal, then in her last illness, sent a new hymn from her death-bed. In asking Dr. Horatius Bonar's permission to print some of his delightful hymns, I sent him some large hymn-sheets intended for use in class-rooms especially for children. After his death—for he was on the borderland when my letter reached him—his daughter wrote to say that these sheets were hung opposite to him so that he could see the blessed words in that last, long, weary illness. They comforted him, as did his favourite text, the text that is graven on his tomb: 'Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.'

When the Sunday-school Hymn-Book was published I sent a copy to Cardinal Newman, who had readily given us permission to insert his 'Lead, kindly light.' He wrote me a characteristic acknowledgement in which he thanked me for the gift, and said how pleased he was to have a book so beautiful and devotional; but also how sad it was that any who could compile such a book should not seek that external unity to exhibit which in the sight of the world was the object of the divine mission of our Lord.

I think we had only one rebuff as to use of

copyright. We asked permission to use the music of a well-known and excellent clergyman who had gone to join the heavenly choir. His son, an ultra-ritualist, replied that his 'father had composed tunes for use in the Church of God,' and not for 'sectarians and heretics,' and that he therefore refused to give permission. An expert discovered that the chant was really composed long before his father had been born, and that he had only given it another setting. We therefore used the original, to which we had as much right as the father, who, by the way, had politely given us permission, before his death, for the use of some of his music for another of our books.

When preparing 'Hymns for the Opening Services of New Chapels and Schools,' I asked permission to insert Bishop Wordsworth's 'O day of rest and gladness,' and received a prompt and polite reply from the Rev. Derwent Wordsworth, one of his sons. In his letter he said that, in looking over his father's papers, they found that he had had some correspondence with me a few years before with reference to the alteration of the hymn in the Wesleyan Methodist Hymn-Book of 1876; but, as the bishop had not kept copies of his own side of the correspondence, both he and his brother, the Bishop of Salisbury, would be glad to know the history of the case. I remembered it distinctly. In the old Hymn-Book of 1876, after quite a struggle on the subject, one leading

member on the committee carried by a majority, first an alteration in the last line of the first verse from—

To the great God Triune

to—

To the great Three in One.

Then in the third verse it was rendered :

Thou art a cooling fountain
In life's dry, dreary sand ;
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,
We view our promised land ;
A day of sweet refection,
A day of holy love,
A day of resurrection
From earth to things above.

This was quite unwarrantable, because not only had the bishop not consented to the change, but it omitted the beautiful lines—

Thou art a port protected
From storms that round us rise ;
A garden intersected
With streams of Paradise.

This had been set right in our excellent Sunday-school Hymn-Book.

It is not surprising that the author was very much annoyed at what had been done.

Of course, in the great Methodist Hymn-Book of 1904 the hymn appears as its able and accomplished author wrote it, and as it appears in his *Miscellanies*, vol. ii. p. 258.

WESTMINSTER CIRCUIT

IN 1873 Westminster was separated from the Chelsea Circuit, and I was appointed superintendent. During the Conference of that year, the Rev. William Arthur, author of *The Tongue of Fire*, was fellow guest with us at the hospitable home of Mr. John George Fenwick, J.P., Moorlands, Newcastle-on-Tyne. During the previous three years Mr. Arthur had been our neighbour. He was living at one of the fine old houses at the extreme end of Clapham Common, and we near the end of Wandsworth Common, about a mile distant, so that we and our families had seen a good deal of each other. One day, during the Newcastle Conference, when it was certain I should be sent to Westminster, Mr. Arthur asked me if I should like a curate, in addition to the young colleague who was to go. I replied promptly that I should not. He said 'I am sorry and disappointed, because I thought of offering myself.' Of course that altered the case. He told me that he had often wished to be able to preach at some one chapel, say once a fortnight, when his feeble health permitted, but until now had never seen an opportunity, nor felt himself free to volunteer

to ministers who were comparative strangers. We arranged that he should take Sunday mornings once a fortnight that otherwise would have fallen to the 'young colleague.' He continued to do this for most of the two years I remained. It was quite a joy to him. I think he never failed to be present when his turn came; but sometimes his memory failed him, and he appeared when he was not expected, and preached. He was never told of his mistake. He lunched with us each time. He was a remarkable man as a saint, a writer, a platform orator. His sermons were sometimes very fine, but he was quite uncertain as a preacher. One of his great points was that men should not be anxious in preparation of sermons, but trust to the help of the Holy Spirit in the pulpit. He told me, however, that in travelling one day, a clergyman of the Church of England had said to him that, on reading *The Tongue of Fire*, he had resolved to adopt the suggestion, but he said, 'It won't do, Mr. Arthur; I know that only too well, for I have tried it.'

Mr. Arthur held a unique position in Methodism. He was possessed of ample means; was facile with his pen; skilful in debate; a keen critic of the events of his time; a man much travelled in three continents; he took a wide survey of movements in the ecclesiastical, political, and social life of his times; and was a trusted leader and counsellor in

his own Church. He rendered good service as a host. His house was one of the fine old mansions that had been tenanted by one of the founders of the 'Clapham Sect,' the Wilberforces, Thorntons, and others ; it lent itself to hospitality, so that it was easy to entertain distinguished men of other Churches and nationalities. That sort of service can only be rendered by the few ministers to whom Providence has granted the wealth of this world. It was done splendidly by Mr. Arthur, Dr. Jobson, and Mr. Tyerman.

Our congregation at Westminster in my time was interesting, because we had both the men and women students of the Wesleyan Training College. Since then only the former have attended, as the latter have been removed to the Southlands College at Battersea. Those colleges have rendered fine service to hundreds of students, to the Methodist Church, and to the elementary education of the nation.

All the working staff whom I knew have, one by one, passed on. There were some rare, noble men among them : Mr. William Sugden, Mr. J. L. Kinton, Mr. James Bailey, Mr. Langler, Mr. Holloway, Mr. Bell, Mr. Mansford, and Mr. West.

The Rev. John Scott was Principal when I went, but died in my first year, and was succeeded by Dr. Rigg, who died in 1909, aged eighty-eight. The Education Department was served by a succession of

able men as principals of colleges and secretaries, such as the Rev. John Scott, Dr. Rigg, the Rev. M. C. Taylor, the Rev. G. W. Olver, the Rev. Dr. Waller, the Rev. Dr. Grecves, and the Rev. James Chapman. It is no wonder that, with such leaders, the college records have been so honourable and the work of the Department so successful.

We had several opportunities of meeting prominent people during the Westminster and Pimlico appointment.

Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, M.P. for Derby, attended our Westminster Chapel during the sessions of Parliament. He was at the time almost consumed by anxiety to secure an Act for the benefit of sailors, and to prevent shipowners sending unseaworthy ships afloat. One night I dined with him, and so did Mr. T. P. Bunting. We were standing on the hearthrug in the drawing-room, and Mr. Plimsoll got very excited about the wickedness and murderousness of certain shipowners who sacrificed the lives of sailors. In his excitement of denunciation he rolled out a strong curse with a very big D in it. Mr. Bunting said to me, 'I don't think that will be put in the black book against him, do you?' In July 1875 Mr. Plimsoll got very excited in the House of Commons because of the dropping of his Shipping Bill. He shook his fist in the Speaker's face, and denounced his fellow members as a set of

‘villains.’ But he lived to rejoice, and he served God and his generation.

He was again returned for Derby at a general election, but did not remain long in the new Parliament, as he resigned his seat to make way for Sir W. V. Harcourt, who had been turned out of Oxford.

Shortly after his election as Mr. Plimsoll’s successor, Sir William was announced to speak at an immense Sunday-school meeting in the Drill Hall, Derby. Sir Henry H. Bemrose, the Mayor, had invited the teachers of Sunday schools of various churches to an entertainment. The place was packed with people. Word came down that Sir William Harcourt was detained in the House for a division, and there was keen disappointment. Then, later, came a telegram to say that he was on the way, but would be late. I was in the middle of my speech when he entered at the back of the platform; he was greeted by tremendous cheering, which effectually stopped my oratory: round after round of cheers, hand-clapping, and shouting. As soon as there was silence I said: ‘At the moment you entered the hall, Sir William, I was comparing the present with the past, and saying that, precisely a hundred years ago the Vice-Chancellor expelled several undergraduates from the University of Oxford for expounding the Scriptures in private houses and praying extempore; they might have sworn extempore until they were

black in the face, but they might not pray, and so they were turned out. . . . May I not say, with such an historic fact, that it implies no disgrace to be rejected by Oxford?' The cheers were loud indeed, and I was allowed to proceed.

One of our class-leaders in the Westminster Circuit, a prominent scientist and a capital conversationalist, was a friend of Huxley, and worked with him for many years. Another of our people entertained Matthew Arnold frequently. One day, at lunch, when I was present, a talkative human cockatoo persisted in addressing him as 'Dr. Arnold.' After a while Matthew Arnold fixed his eye on him and said, 'Don't call me "Dr. Arnold"; there has only been one Dr. Arnold, and there will never be another.'

At that time Dr. Arthur P. Stanley was the Dean of Westminster. He was always courteous to the Wesleyan ministers of the city. He sent, without application, tickets for great functions in the Abbey. He invited me to attend Dr. Livingstone's funeral, and I saw his graceful refusal to proceed with the burial service until the Rev. Robert Moffat, the great Congregational missionary and Livingstone's father-in-law, was rescued from the crowd and brought to the grave-side. I have several of the Dean's letters, but they are hard to decipher. Most of them are interesting, relating, as they do, to the Wesley Memorial in the Abbey.

WANDSWORTH—REFORMATORY WORK

ON my appointment to the Wandsworth Circuit I found an institution that interested me greatly. It was a Boys' Reformatory, which had been founded by Mr. John Leyland, and had grown from a small school for ragged boys to a place registered by the Home Office for 180 lads. These lads had been convicted in police-courts, and sentenced to periods of from two to five years. They were marched to the Wesleyan service at St. John's Hill on Sunday mornings, and, in addition, I had a week-night service for them in their schoolroom, besides visiting them a great deal. After my appointment as Secretary of the Wesleyan Sunday School Union, and later still as Book Steward, I became Chairman of the Committee of Management for several years, and took a lively interest in the work. It was quite unsectarian, so far as the management and instruction were concerned. On the committee were three Wesleyans, two Presbyterians, two Congregationalists, a Quaker, and at least two Anglicans.

In many respects reformatory boys are no worse

than boys generally. Boys who will rob orchards, pilfer sweetmeats, take jam when they should not, chase cats, rush rabbits, and plague their neighbours, are to be found in every rank of life; but in dealing with them environment has to be considered. Reformatory lads come from a class where home training has been bad, street companionship degrading, improper housing ruinous to morality, and often where there has been an entire lack of religious influence. All these things have to be considered, and so has the fact that they have lived among people who look on vice with a lenient eye, and who indulge in Bohemian licence and freedom.

As a rule, few boys are convicted for the graver offences against morality and purity. The vast majority are for theft or mischief.

Prisons, reformatories, and industrial schools have been greatly improved during the last half-century. Instead of being mere penal punishment places, they have become institutions for reformation to a much greater extent.

I have been greatly impressed by the spirit and action of the officials both at the Home Office and Reformatory Department on this matter. In every case, without exception, when it was possible to assure them that a remission of sentence, or an actual discharge, was desirable and likely to be followed by amendment of life, such remission has

been readily granted. The stale objections about official red tape, delay, and obstructiveness cannot be urged against the wise and humane men of these great and important departments of the State. They use elastic bands quite as much—and more—than red tape.

The result of discriminating clemency has been, for the most part, satisfactory in the cases of lads with whom I have come in contact. Some one said, 'The only good criminal is the dead criminal.' That is not true. What is needed in the case of young offenders is that the penal machinery of the State shall not crush by harsh treatment nor spoil by coddling and sentimentality. The proper system aims at eliminating the vices of the criminals, building up good character, forming true manhood, and preparing the lads for good citizenship.

I think that, so far as Reformatories are concerned, the less there is of the prison and the more of the school, the home, and the place for work-training, the better.

Many lads are committed for very trifling offences that would not justify a long sentence of three or five years if they alone had to be considered. But such a sentence is justified because it is desirable to remove them from their surroundings and vicious associations, and save them from drifting into worse crime.

I remember the case of a lad who was sent from the provinces. He was charged with being found 'in an inhabited dwelling with a felonious purpose.' The mere charge itself was ridiculous. He had neither father, mother, sister, brother, uncle, aunt, nor cousin. He did not know of a single relative; he was alone in the world. He was literally homeless—a tall, good-looking boy of fourteen. He went on tramp from his native place. In one of the Notts towns through which he was walking he saw an open window, and, looking in, found it was a bedroom. He was tired, went in, got into bed, and fell asleep. In due time the proper occupant for the bed arrived, found the lad in his slumbers, sent for the police, charged him, and he was committed to the Reformatory for three years. But I told him it was well for him, for he found friends, food, clothing, and training. He was a very well-behaved lad. Ultimately he enlisted, went out to South Africa, and was wounded in the war.

The after-history of many of the lads is very satisfactory. They are scattered over the land. I have often seen them in provincial towns. When they see my name announced to preach they come to the service, and stay to speak to me in the vestry or outside.

They never speak of our old quarters as the 'Reformatory,' but always as the 'School,' or the

'Home,' and are as proud of it as an Etonian of Eton, or a Leysian of The Leys.

A large number have enlisted, many have emigrated, and a considerable number are in trades.

One old boy said, one day, that we should now see him oftener than in the past, because that week he had paid a deposit of £600 towards purchase-money for a house he had bought within a few miles of Wandsworth.

I wish there was no darker history ; but there is. It is sad, and very disappointing, that some get wrong and in trouble, time after time, for years. Their heredity, natural tendencies, companions, devilment, and liking for a bad life, are terribly against them. With some their criminality is a sort of insanity. They are cursed in their homes. In several cases, known to me, even their mothers led them to do evil. I dare not write some of the tales they have told me. It makes the heart ache when one knows the secret history of certain lads. Nothing but the grace of God—so sinned against—can possibly curb, deliver, keep, or save them. Sometimes it seems as if they are no more responsible for what they do than is a certified lunatic. It occurs to me that, for the sake of such people, and for the protection of society, the State should deal with their cases permanently, as in the case of the insane, and save the country from the curse that arises from their freedom, and save these

criminals from the power to prey on the honest, and save posterity by preventing them from becoming the fathers of a breed such as they are themselves. No doubt it is a very difficult subject, but mere sentimental namby-pambyism cannot settle it; and, as criminal lunatics are confined at Broadmoor during His Majesty's pleasure, and are regarded rather as patients than as prisoners, so it would be a blessing if some great national institution could be established in which the born and the confirmed criminal could be confined for life. He is really insane, although his insanity is not so pronounced as to secure, as at present is required, a certificate from doctors and magistrates as to lunacy. We want an institution neither specially a prison nor lunatic asylum, yet as tightly held and firmly governed as either.

The odd way lads have of putting things, and their strange use of words, is very interesting.

One, of whom I have seen a good deal since he left the Reformatory, and has had three terms in jail, called on me to see if I could help him to a situation. He used another name to the one under which I had known him. This he explained by saying that the one we knew him by was his step-father's, and he had dropped it and assumed his own father's, and his proper name. He said that his father had died when he was a baby, and he had only recently discovered that he was not the son of his

step-father. He further said that his real father had held 'a better position in the world, indeed, a very good one, for he had had two shops, one of which had been burnt to the ground and the other had gone bankrupt.'

Bidding good-bye to two lads on their discharge, who were going to their home in a Midland colliery district, I told them that, as I visited down there sometimes, if ever they saw me they were to pull me up and speak to me. I should very probably be driving.

One of them brightened up and replied: 'Eh! but I should like to see you there, sir. But if you do come I am certain to see you, because I'm always on the outlook for characters.'

One of the old boys for whom I had obtained a situation in London called on me at the Book-Room to report himself. I told him his clothes looked shabby, and that if he would come again in two days he should have a better suit. Some little time afterwards he called again, and said: 'This jacket is not the one you gave me last; that was too good for working in, so I keep it for Sunday, and wear this that I used to wear on Sunday. It is two years since you gave it me.'

'Very good,' I said, 'but you might keep it clean. It is spotty, and wants sponging. Don't you be such a dirty boy; wipe your nose, now, to begin with.'

He wiped it vigorously.

‘ Yes, the jacket is dirty, I know, but I am going to get some pneumonia to rub it with ; for pneumonia, they say, is good for cleaning clothes with, but very bad for boys ; there is a boy that lodges where I do that is dying of it.’

He got some ammonia and cleaned his clothes, and has escaped pneumonia, which ‘ is very bad for boys.’

Some lads are proud of their skill as thieves. That they are clever as pickpockets and snatchers is undoubted.

I had taken all the lads one day to the seaside. They had enjoyed themselves vastly, and were in high spirits on our return journey. I travelled in a compartment full of them. Two or three had collected shells and pebbles, and had wrapped them in handkerchiefs. One lad, who sat on my right hand, had a parcel of such treasures. Another, sitting opposite to me, smiled in a knowing way, and gave a look that said, ‘ See what I can do.’ He stole the parcel without the other noticing, and how I could not tell, although he was seated in front of me. Soon the boy missed his possession, and instantly pounced on the real thief, and made him restore. It was all done in fun, and to show ability.

But the boy on my left gave me a gentle touch,

and whispered, 'Watch me !' and, quick as thought, he had picked the pocket of the first young thief who had just stolen the parcel. Of course, he restored the stolen thing very quickly. But they wished to display their talent. Their fingers tickle to steal.

On the first occasion of taking the lads to the seaside, some one said to me that he supposed I would not take my watch and chain on the occasion, to which I replied, 'Nonsense ! No boy would rob me !' An officer, standing near, remarked, 'Mr. Kelly's watch and chain will never be safer : there is not a boy who would touch them, and, if anybody else tried, he would have the worst five minutes he ever had in his life.'

No, the lads would not rob a friend ; but they would welcome a fight on his behalf, and, indeed, for almost any good excuse.

There is much unsuspected good in some of the roughest lads. They are wonderfully responsive to kindness, and very proud of friendship and the good opinion of those they care for.

There was a lad with a nickname—most of them had one—let us call him 'Blacky.' He was a low-bred London thief, one of a large and dangerous gang. He gave a great deal of trouble, especially to some of the officers whom he disliked. He had absconded from the Reformatory several times, and been apprehended and sent back again.

On the last occasion, after he had been birched, I said to him, 'What a foolish lad you are, So-and-so!' (I used his own name, and, indeed, never called boys by their nicknames). 'Why will you keep getting into trouble like this? Why do you run away?'

'Because they don't trust me here. They expect me to go, and so I go.'

'Oh, if that is it, you must not go again, because I will trust you,' I said.

'Then don't you believe I shall ever foot it again, Mr. Kelly?'

'No, you will never abscond again.'

'No,' he replied; 'never, as long as you trust me.'

Some time after, one of the officers told me they had to watch him specially, because they were convinced he intended to go again. I told them to send him to me.

I said, 'They tell me you intend to run away again.'

He smiled and said, 'Yes, they think so. Do they think I don't know they are always watching me? But you don't think I am going, do you, Mr. Kelly?'

'No,' I said, 'I am sure you are not.'

He replied, 'I know you trust me, and I won't break your trust. They might leave every door open, but I shouldn't go as long as I know you trust me. But, oh, Mr. Kelly, whatever you do, don't tell

them that. I *have* enjoyed myself this last fortnight, and I want to keep them looking out. It's really fine. Don't let them know. Let them keep on the watch.'

He stayed his full time. When he left, I set him up in business, having given him the munificent sum of eight shillings, with which he bought plants and flowers at Covent Garden, and which he sold; in his first week he made a guinea.

In a few months he called on me to say he wanted to get married to a girl who earned thirteen shillings a week, and they thought they could manage very well. 'But,' said he, 'I want your advice, and so have brought the young woman for you to see, and tell me if you think she'll do. She is waiting outside now.' It was too late for advice to be of use, so the best thing was to give the lad some money to pay the marriage fee; which I did.

But that rough, unhandsome, low-bred young thief, who had been overweighted in life's race from the start, had good in him. He had quite a sense of honour. He would have fought and shed his blood for a friend. He was quickly responsive to kindness. He was one of many whom I have known, whose lives have confirmed the answer of a boy who said, when asked, 'How many boys does it take to make one good boy?'

'One, sir, if you treat him well.'

Two lads, one of whom was a thorough-paced young scoundrel, and the other not nearly so wicked, absconded and enlisted. Like many others, they had the notion that, if they were once in the Army, they could not be brought back. They were immensely surprised to be marched out of Hounslow Barracks and made to return to the Reformatory, and I told them it was too much to expect that two Secretaries of State—one for War and one for the Home Department—should fight as to which should have the honour of the care of them.

The worse of the two lads had not been with us long, but had come with such a bad record, and been so troublesome, and had such a vile influence on others, that, instead of punishing him in the school, he was sent before a Metropolitan magistrate, who committed him to prison for three months—a sentence which he richly deserved. The other was a bright, clever, handsome lad who afterwards made a fine-looking young cavalry soldier. He was a bit of a dandy, put on airs, and was the only lad I ever knew about whom another in the place ever spoke to me as ‘Mr. ——.’ I told him he should have the choice of three punishments : he might either go before the magistrate at the police-court with his companion ; or be sent to another reformatory, which had the name of the ‘Bad Boys’ Reformatory,’ and had the reputation of severer discipline ; or take his punishment with us.

‘Oh, I’ll take it here,’ he replied.

‘Well,’ I said, ‘you know what that means. You will be birched, and you are nearly eighteen.’

‘Yes,’ he said, ‘and I deserve it ; but if I have to be birched, I should like you to birch me, Mr. Kelly.’

‘Nay, my boy, I cannot do that ; I have never birched a lad in my life, and I won’t begin with you. All I can do is to say you shall have six strokes instead of twelve.’ But that boy knew what he was talking about.

It was remarkable how keen a sense of justice or injustice lads had in the case of punishments. They nurtured no bad feeling when they knew they had done wrong and had been properly punished ; but they greatly resented any act of a master who punished without authority, or any punishment they considered unjust. Happily, punishments were rare ; we did not encourage them. Other methods were preferable. Corporal punishment, especially, degrades as well as hurts.

It makes one sad when letters come from prisons—sometimes convict prisons—from ‘old boys’ to say they are in trouble again, and want to be visited or written to ; or from poor fathers and mothers to tell the sorrowful tale of their sons’ fresh failures and imprisonment, with the oft-repeated words, or something like them, ‘Poor boy ! he always talked of you as his friend ; so if you would kindly go to him, or

send him a letter, there would be some hope.' And often there was good ground for hope.

In some cases, when convinced that discharge from prison would mean a change of life for the better, I have asked for a remission of sentence, and it has always been granted by the Home Secretary. I think, in every case, the result justified the clemency. But I have known several of our old boys for the shortening of whose term of imprisonment I should never dream of asking. It would be of no good to them, but a positive mischief to the community.

There were very few deaths in our Reformatory. Some of the cases were pathetic.

I went to see a lad in the sick-ward just after an operation had been performed. Chloroform had been administered. He bore his trouble bravely. He was sixteen years old. I said, after a while, 'I must leave you now, but will come again.'

'Oh, no,' he said, 'don't go yet.'

'But I have been with you a long time; longer than you think.' The chloroform had left him a little dazed.

'Yes,' he replied, 'but you must not go yet, Mr. Kelly, because I am going to die, and I want to die; but I want you to be with me when I do die.' I told him he would not die that night, nor did he; but very shortly before he died he asked me to give him

a book that should be his 'very own.' I promised to do so, and fetched one at once. 'Now,' he said, 'I want you to write something in it that I will tell you. Write "Charles C——, given to him on his sick-bed by Mr. Kelly."' When I had written it, I wanted to know why he wished just those words written; and he told me. His mother and sister had been sent for, and were coming up from the country to see him before he died; they might arrive any minute, and 'I want to have a book to give them that would show them that I have a friend of my own that they had nothing to do with, and that I had made for myself.' They took the book with them, and we buried the lad in 'sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection.'

No boy of gentle birth, no man of good breeding, could have done or said a thing more beautifully human.

Another boy who died was a gentlemanly lad of very good manners. He should not have been sent to an ordinary reformatory, where classification was an impossibility. His father was dead. He had been a clerk in the Bank of England. The boy had been at good schools on the Continent. He committed a very trifling act of theft, and was sent for three years' detention. It was a blunder. His relatives should have taken him in hand, but they

would not. He felt acutely the coldness and scorn with which his elder brother treated him. At the time of his death he was seventeen years of age. He was a delicate lad. He died of disease in the middle ear ; but he had not very long before had scarlet fever, and then diphtheria.

When he was very ill, I went to see him one morning quite early, and found his brother there, who had been informed of his dangerous illness. The lad knew him, but did not speak to him, and let him go without a remark. Late that night I visited him again, and again his brother was there ; but the sick lad lay there as if asleep or unconscious. After a while, when the brother, who was really affected, wanted him to say something and he would not, the nurse said, 'Charlie, do you know who is in the room?' when, for the first time for hours, he spoke, and, without opening his eyes, said, 'Yes, Mr. Kelly!' He quite ignored his brother's presence. So, finding he was conscious, I stooped down and kissed him ; and then a great tear started from his closed eye. Having spoken a few words to him about his Saviour, I commended him in prayer to God, his Father, in sure trust that the Friend of sinners and Lover of youth would 'bless the lad.'

When we rose from our knees the brother said : ' I blame myself bitterly about that boy ; I have been very cruel to him, but then I thought the disgrace

to the family was so great when he was sentenced as a thief.'

I said, 'That is nonsense. If every boy was sentenced as a thief who took an apple or ran off with a pot of jam when he had the chance, we should have as many in prison as at home. So do not trouble yourself about the disgrace to your family any more, and never think of this dear lad as having been in a reformatory but as your brother in heaven, for this night he will be with Jesus, as sure as the dying thief was on the day of his death with his Lord in paradise.' He died that night.

The objection against reformatories, on the ground of cost, cannot be sustained. The result of their work, the return to the nation for the expenditure, is a great and distinct imperial asset.

At the opening of a splendid institution of the sort in America, Mr. Horace Mann said: 'If only one boy is saved by the work of this place, it will not have cost a dollar too much.' At the end of the function one of those cranks, who think they can preach better sermons than preachers, and make better speeches than speakers, said to him: 'Don't you think you overstated the case, Mr. Mann, when you said this place would not have cost a dollar too much if only one boy was saved by it? One boy! Why, boys are more plentiful than blackberries, and not half so sweet.'

‘No,’ said Mr. Mann, ‘I should not think it had cost a dollar too much if only one boy was saved, *if it was my boy who was saved.*’

The community may say the same.

The subject of the cost of reformatories brings up that of productive labour. Much of the cost is borne by the State, and paid as capitation grants; part from local rates by the borough or county from which the lads are sent; and part—no small proportion—by the profit of the boys’ labour in engineering, wood-chopping, broom-handle making, farming, tailoring, shoe-making, or other handicrafts.

Formerly the Government allowed private individuals to hold licences to conduct reformatories, subject to inspection. The result was varied. But one mischief was that sharp men who ran these institutions, instead of spending the profits for the benefit of their charges, made large incomes and large fortunes out of the sweat of the poor lads’ backs. Now that is changed, and the reformatories are conducted by committees of gentlemen who have no personal pecuniary interest to serve; so that buildings, appliances, and methods are greatly improved.

CANDIDATES FOR THE WESLEYAN MINISTRY

FOR fourteen years I held the office of Secretary to the Committee for the Examination of Candidates for the Wesleyan Ministry; indeed, until my first election as President of the Conference. I was brought necessarily into close connexion with many of our ministers at the start of their career. They had all been recommended by their District Synods before coming into our hands at the July Examinations. The Wesleyan plan for dealing with candidates may not be perfect in every detail, but it is as good as it can well be, and greatly superior to that of any other Church of which I am aware.

I have in my possession a curious pile of papers and note-books. They contain the names of candidates for the Wesleyan Methodist ministry. The earlier lists are in manuscript; for more than forty years they have been printed. For several years no 'marks' were given, but the observations of the members of the committee who kept the records were direct, and easily to be understood. Sometimes they were graphic.

In a manuscript book now before me is the list for 1838. It was the work of the Rev. Robert Alder, D.D., one-while Missionary Secretary, a man with a history, who in later life entered the ministry of the Church of England, and became a Canon of Gibraltar. He died several years ago. The book also contains notes by the Revs. A. E. Farrar, Dr. Beaumont, Edmund Grindrod, William Kelk, Henry Davies, F. J. Jobson, Dr. Hannah, and others.

These lists have been collected from the hands and libraries of perhaps half a dozen preachers who were on committees, heard trial sermons, took notes, recorded 'marks,' and wrote their observations. They little knew what histories they were helping to write.

These tell-tale papers are always interesting, sometimes amusing, often pathetic or even tragic. The boy was father to the man. The shrewd notes of the writers were often justified in after-life. The expectation freely expressed of future weakness and failure was not by any means always fulfilled; instead, there was strength and success. The prophecy of future excellence and power, on the other hand, has been amply fulfilled, as notably in the case of Alexander M'Aulay—spelt more than once 'M'Cauley,' and in many other instances.

In quite a large number of cases the opinion is expressed that, 'with training in the Institution,' the

candidates 'will make useful Methodist preachers.' After thirty, forty, fifty, and sixty years, the history of many brethren has fully justified the opinion. Some have rendered brilliant, some exceptionally excellent, and very many faithful, good, valuable, soul-saving service. Their lives and ministry have entirely justified the establishment of our Theological Training Colleges, and furnish a strong ground for appeal on behalf of their extension and increased support. It is impossible to overstate the value of college training to the Methodist Church, or to the students personally. A comparative study of these lists, reports, and notes, and of the ministerial history of the same men, reveals the wealth of improvable material with which God has blessed Methodism.

Many of the remarks on candidates by senior ministers of more than half a century ago make good reading. The first candidate on the list of 183-, said he was 'obliged to read Mr. Watson twice or three times to understand him.' Another had 'no advantages of education, but has endeavoured to improve by sitting up instead of sleeping.' One man was 'sent back for a year on account of his health and baptism.' In after-days he did well in our ministry.

All the criticisms of the Rev. A. E. Farrar are kindly. Of one who has since done good service, he writes, 'I heard him with unqualified approbation.'

One youth is considered 'precocious.' 'He was engaged when he was sixteen years old ; the *female* the same ; and he was at school after the engagement.' He became a well-known missionary in the colonies.

Another, of whom the note of the then Ex-President says, 'very superficial,' informed the committee that he 'believed he would derive great personal benefit from the Institution, but the recollection that thousands are perishing compels him to go at once.'

A candidate who became a well-known missionary, having read Butler's *Analogy*, was asked, 'Did you master it ?' He replied, 'I got through it.'

One poor fellow got a bad report. 'Low in numbers ; an indifferent sermon.' What wonder ? 'He went five days to school, for which his father paid a penny.' Very sad ; but how could his superintendent have recommended him ?

Familiar names appear on these early lists, such as William Arthur, William Impey, George Dickinson, James Findlay, Alexander M'Aulay, and many others. One is struck by the large number of names never met with again. It is remarkable that so many, recommended by the committee to be declined but accepted by the vote of the Conference, have not only rendered valuable service, but have taken high positions. In at least two cases candidates were carried by the casting votes of Presidents ; but they

have secured Connexional fame. It may be hoped that all such will be charitable in their judgements when nervous youths are before them.

In the thirties, forties, and fifties, before printed lists were issued, the remarks of members of committee were more lengthy than they have been since 1860. On the whole they were more interesting. But from 1869, when greater space for Notes was allowed than in previous years, many of the remarks are clever and illuminating. These documents show that the greatest care is taken in the selection of men for our ministry, and that the result of close examination is of importance, not only to our Church, but to the men themselves. A few extracts will illustrate this, and will help outsiders to realize at once the interest and difficulty.

Here is an entry, and it is especially interesting when read in the light of the after-history of the candidate :—

‘W——. The peculiarity of this case relates to the report on July sermon. I was the hearer. After the service I had to leave for Guernsey, and remembered, when crossing, that I had not written the report, which would be wanted next morning in the July Committee. On reaching the island I telegraphed : “Capital sermon, exegesis excellent, delivery good, spirit admirable, powerful application—all capable of being blessed. Give good marks. Will hear of this

boy later on.”’ No report of the year received more interested attention.

Very likely it is the only one ever received by telegraph. The prophecy has been fulfilled. ‘This boy’ has been heard of ‘later on,’ and that in more lands than one. Now, in 1909, he is a member of the Legal Hundred.

Some of the reports on trial sermons provoked keen criticism. One of the most sarcastic of men, albeit very clever, wrote a withering report, quite cruel, and in absolute contrast to those of other men on the same candidate’s other sermons. It did not contain one word of kindness. It resembled two other reports the same critic had given. The minister who wrote the notes says: ‘This very damaging report might have thrown the candidate but for a speech of Mr. —, who said, “I do not attach much value to this report. We know the brother who gives it. He is a very hard critic, though we can all assure him that he is himself a much-criticized man. His words continually cut men like whips, and he carries a gall-pot, into which he dips his pen when he writes. As some men, after service, are freed from sitting again on juries, so Mr. — should never again be called to hear candidates preach trial sermons.”’ He was elected, by a small majority, into the Legal Hundred, but he is the only man of whom I ever heard against whose election a

considerable number of the members of the 'Hundred' were said to have recorded their votes on the confirmation vote of the nomination being taken.

Take another extract, from the year 185—:—

'B——, a raw, lanky country lad, said to be simple-hearted, godly, fluent; with strong nasal twang. The Rev. W. L. Thornton was the examiner; tall, thin, bald, coat buttoned from top to bottom, most correct in utterance, painfully polite. With a deep bow he asked, "Brother ——, are you acquainted with any of the sciences?" The suggestion seemed ridiculous when we looked at the gaunt young blacksmith. But he was equal to the occasion, and said, "Yes, sir, with one: I play the flute!" Collapse of Mr. Thornton.'

The candidate was accepted. He played his flute for three years in college, to the intense gratification and amusement of his fellow students. It would have been a loss not to have heard that flute. He lived a sensible saint, a plodding circuit minister, and died as only good men die.

Among the papers is the following memorandum:

'Brother —— gave a striking report of a sermon of a candidate—a tall, burly young man, with a deep sepulchral voice, and very solemn mien. The service was held on a Sunday evening. The congregation was good. The hymns were such as—

Lo on a narrow neck of land !
And am I only born to die ?
Depth of mercy, can there be ?

The text, "Ye serpents ! Ye generation of vipers !
How can ye escape the damnation of hell ?"

'The discourse left no doubt as to the preacher's opinions on eschatology. He believed in the doctrine of eternal punishment and the reality of material fire, without a doubt. When Boanerges concluded his blood-curdling discourse he announced a prayer-meeting, and said, "All you people who want to go to heaven, stay ; and all you who want to go to hell, go !" Many stayed ; some went.'

I wrote of a July sermon :

'This candidate has great self-possession, and needed no sympathy on the 'ground of nervousness. On entering the vestry I found him with long legs stretched across the hearth. He rose, held out his hand, and effusively told me he was pleased to see me, and had heard me preach a few weeks before in Manchester. I thanked him, being rather impressed by his condescension. He said, "I think of changing the sermon, and not preaching the one I intended to preach." I told him that was somewhat risky, and advised him to stick to the one he had prepared. He replied, "Well, I will. It is rather a pretentious subject for a trial sermon, but

I am further advanced than most candidates." His text was, "I saw a great white throne, and Him that sat on it."'

But the lad preached a good sermon, and the mark '2' was given for it. College life checked self-conceit, he became a useful circuit minister, and left two sons, whose examination records are also in this pile of papers.

I wrote another report on a sermon heard the same Sunday :

'Mr. — is a pleasant-looking young man, with a good soul. He was dreadfully nervous. Before the service I told him, in the vestry, that he had nothing to fear; that the people were kind and godly, and would pray for him. He said he did not fear the people, but he feared me, his critic. I assured him that he need not, for I was the simplest-minded hearer in the world; that gospel truth, common sense, and simplicity, with a desire to do good, was all I wanted, so he must not be afraid. He said, "Thank you, sir; I will try to commend that to my judgement." Poor fellow! he could not rally. His hand shook like a leaf in the wind.'

Then comes the detailed report. There is a last sentence :

'It will be seen that the outline was good; the aim could not have been better; the sermon might have been effective if the preacher had not been so

scared. Therefore, I hope the committee will give a good carrying mark.'

The Committee gave '2.' Subsequent history justified the recommendation.

A minister who wrote and preached about the 'Sublime and Beautiful' was a gentle critic. He says of C. A——, he was 'a rushing flame of Cornish fire,' and of B. C. B—— 'his sermon was sweetly interesting.'

Now and then an affectionate father or a loving mother feels greatly aggrieved when a son has been declined. A minister once told me, after his son had failed twice, that the July Examination Committee 'might be composed of men of good intention, but they were not men of discretion; they did not know when they had a young man of remarkable, exceptional ability before them. The idea of rejecting my son! Why, he fills the chapels when he preaches; crowds go to hear him.'

I assured him that I was not surprised to be told so; and that, if he was within reasonable distance, I would go myself to hear what he would say next.'

'What has he said?' the father asked.

'Well, he told us that the Epistle to the Hebrews was remarkable for its account of our Lord's transfiguration on Mount Horeb, and for Peter's exclamation, "Let us build here three tabernacles." He also said, "the Apocrypha is an amorous Jewish poem,"

and that "rivers flow from oceans to interiors," illustrating this by the "river Thames, which rises in the German Ocean, flows through the Isle of Thanet, past the city of Rochester to London." Yes, he gave his examiners much wonderful information ; very interesting, quite new, and original.'

The Rev. Frederick P. Napier, who, as a Richmond College tutor, was for several years a member of the July Examination Committee, kept a record of extraordinary answers given by candidates. It was rare reading. One youth, below average stature, who had a great gift of grimace, gave an admirable reply to a question, full, adequate, and lengthy, and then added, with an amusing facial expression, ' I need not inform the committee that that definition is from Richard Watson ; but I may say that I endorse it.'

Still, answers given to us are not more remarkable than some reported from Oxford and Cambridge. At the latter University an examiner in 'Pass-Divinity' asked a man, 'What is faith?'

'Faith is the faculty by which we are enabled to believe that which we know is not true,' replied the undergraduate, who had not perfectly learned his definition from his cram-book.

It is curious to know how many candidates who were accepted have left us, and entered the ministry of other Churches. Many have gone to the Anglican ranks, many to the Baptists and Congregationalists,

two or three to the Unitarians, and at least one to the Roman Catholics. Among those who have gone to the Church of England and Ireland, perhaps not more than two have become archbishops, and two bishops; there are at least one dean, and several canons and prebendaries, whilst a good number have been hard-working and successful parsons in town and country.

PRESIDENCY, AND THE BOOK-ROOM

I WAS elected President of the Conference for the first time in 1889, for the second time in 1905. By the Conference of 1889 I was also appointed Book Steward by a very decisive vote. The committee had requested Conference to 'select for appointment one of the following ministers: the Rev. Charles H. Kelly, Walford Green, George Kenyon.' The voting was as follows: the Rev. Joseph Bush, 4; the Rev. George Kenyon, 21; the Rev. Walford Green, 23; the Rev. Charles H. Kelly, 402. Doubtless the fact that I was President influenced many in voting. Other considerations were powerful. The Book-Room had long been regarded as something like a close borough. Few ministers had ever seen over it. The committee did not really manage its affairs. The power was in the hands of a small 'Consultation Committee' selected by the Book Committee. The constitution of that committee was carefully guarded. Six months before my election as Book Steward the Rev. W. J. Tweddle, secretary, proposed me as a member of the Consultation Committee, and found himself in a minority of one. My election to the

Book-Stewardship by such a vote as the Conference had given was not a welcome surprise to a few in whose hands the management of Book affairs had rested for several years; and that I was made to feel for a little while by a very few.

I undertook the office of Book Steward with definite intentions, and several distinct aims. And, with perhaps one exception, they were all secured.

First, it was absolutely necessary to get an entirely different sort of committee. That was successfully achieved; so that now the committee is really in power, and the small Consultation Cabinet has ceased to be.

Second, there was a very heavy debt of which the Conference knew nothing, the growth of many years. That growth had to be stopped if ruin had to be averted. It was stopped; and every penny of the debt was paid by trade profits and economical working, without any appeal for subscriptions. Twice before, in its varied history, the Book-Room had been almost strangled by debt; and was saved only by the 'Methodist Itinerant Preachers'—whose property it is—being all assessed to raise the amount needed. I was resolved that there should be no attempt to repeat that. We cleared that debt by careful management and business profits. Let me add that, in all these arrangements, I had the great help of Mr. William Strange, the general manager,

and Mr. John Shepherd, the cashier, both of whom gave the devotion of unbroken loyalty and service. Mr. Strange served God and the Conference at the Book-Room for more than sixty years, and, when the old order had to be changed, retired to rest with a blameless life and a record of service that any man may safely covet who has to meet his God in judgement. Mr. Shepherd is still at his post, and possesses the entire confidence of all who know him. He has given more than fifty years' ungrudging service of inestimable value to the Book-Room and its adjunct, the Conference Office.

Third, the Allan Library buildings had been erected, but were not paid for. That debt was a great burden. But it was a pleasure, in a few years, to be able to report to the Conference that they were clear of debt.

Fourth. One of the most important items of my incumbency as Book Steward was in securing an extension of the lease of the property from 60 years to 999. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners are the ground landlords. The property was held on two leases, the first of which had about forty years to run, the second sixty. The value of land in the locality was rising fast, and likely to go higher. A property within five minutes' walk of ours in and near Moorgate Street, which had been held on a long lease from the Corporation of the City of London, had been disposed of. Its product for

rents and ground-rents had been less than £3,000 per annum, but now it reached, for ground-rents alone, £22,000. I was told that by a member of the committee dealing with the case, and was prompted by it to try to deal with our own case. My first effort was to secure the freehold, and I proposed to purchase that on the basis of paying a lump sum on twenty-five years' value of the ground-rent we were paying, which was over £800 a year, based on 3 per cent. tables. This the Commissioners declined, and said there were difficulties in the way quite apart from financial considerations. They declined again.

But, although the freehold was refused, the Commissioners did the next best thing: they offered to extend the lease from 60 years in one case and 40 in the other, forming the two into one, to a term of 999 years on the annual payment of the amount of our present ground-rent, and an immediate payment of £4,000. The trustees of our property all consented, either in the formal meeting that was held or by letter. It may be noted here that the premises and their contents do not belong to the Book Committee, but to a considerable body of trustees separately appointed by the Conference.

The one thing I failed to accomplish, on which I had set my heart, was to obtain the absolute freehold. If I had continued in the office as Book Steward, I would have tried again, as I am of opinion that, as

in other cases the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have sold freeholds, so they might have done in this. But if the refusal was continued it would only accentuate the need of pressing upon Parliament the desirability of legislation for enfranchisement in such cases. I hope that, in saying that, I shall tread on no one's political bunions. It has nothing to do with party politics.

But, meanwhile, it is a comfort to know that our possession is safe ; and we need not plague ourselves with anxious thought as to what our beloved posterity will do in a thousand years from now.

As Book Steward I was succeeded by the Rev. Robert Culley. Mr. Culley had succeeded me as Secretary of the Wesleyan Sunday School Union eighteen years before, and had proved his ability by signal services of great value. In his hands the Publishing House will doubtless be a great success and power.

The two Conferences over which I presided were, as usual, largely attended. The debates and the legislative and business sessions were important. The most trying item was at the Conference of 1889, when the unpleasant 'Missionary Controversy' had to be considered. It was referred to a Commission that sat during the year, whose report was presented to the following Conference, presided over by Dr. Moulton, when resolutions were passed fully exonerating the

missionaries against whom 'painful and humiliating charges, injurious alike to their personal character and to their usefulness as missionaries had been made. These charges were fully investigated and were proved to be wholly without foundation.' The full resolution was printed in *Minutes of Conference*, 1890, page 211. That controversy at the Conferences and the Commission gave me and many others great pain and sorrow.

To what rapid vicissitudes is a President of the Conference subjected!

It is said that the lizard canary, a bird of rare type, has very magnificent plumage for just one short year of its life; but never has it again. It is very much like that with the President. For the twelve months in which he holds office he is somebody. He has many compliments. Men salute him who never did before, and never will again. Children are brought to him that he may put his hand upon their heads and bless them. Scores of working men all over the land will say, 'I've never had the honour of shaking hands with a President of the Conference; might I have it now?' Then comes that July day when the plumage drops; the chair is left; and he is only '*the Ex-President*'! How great is the fall! Aye, but there is a greater, for in twelve months more he ceases to be '*the Ex-President*,' and becomes simply '*an Ex-P.*' I remember Dr. Robert Newton Young,

when he entered this third rank, speaking of it quite pathetically.

In a London restaurant, one day, when several ministers and laymen were at lunch, Mr. T. P. Bunting, noticing that the Rev. Charles Prest, the Ex-President, was not served, said, 'Waiter, attend to the Ex-President.' 'Yes, sir.' 'Do you know who the Ex-President is?' 'No, sir.' 'I'll tell you,' promptly said Mr. Prest; 'he is a gentleman who has seen better days.' In that way Mr. Prest prevented Mr. Bunting saying the sharp, witty thing that was on his lips. Mr. Prest and he had often measured swords together.

SECOND PRESIDENCY

WHEN these 'Memories' had been put into the printer's hands' my good friend, the Rev. Robert Culley, who had read the MS., said to me, 'You have not said anything about your second Presidency.' I remembered that I had not; but I should have done so, and now repair the omission.

When elected, I became one of two living men who had received the honour of having twice filled the chair of the Conference. Since then Dr. Rigg has died, and now I am the only one. To me it seems to be incredible. Not more than twenty-one have been elected twice since John Wesley died.

A second election is so rare, it is not wonderful that it is not always approved by every one. Mine was not. There were hundreds of warm congratulations, but there were some good men who were annoyed. A prominent minister who was supposed to hold strong political and ecclesiastical opinions was heard to say, when the figures were stated, 'Well, notwithstanding the vote, I will try still to have faith in God !'

He was not the only man who thought God might have something to do with such matters. On the last day of a Conference, many years ago, which had been presided over by a strong-willed man,

who was something of a crank, I met the Rev. William Arthur in the street. He said: 'What a very delightful Conference we have had!'

I replied: 'Yes, indeed, but the most remarkable thing about it is the wonderful way the President has got through.'

'My dear brother Kelly,' replied Mr. Arthur, 'that is the most remarkable proof we have had that the Lord has been with us!'

One distinguished man to whom my election was unwelcome showed how a clever man can evade a difficulty. He looked at me with a placid smile, took my hand, and said sweetly, 'I need not tell you how I feel on your elevation to the chair.' I assured him that he need not.

My second election was at Bristol, in 1905; the nomination to it was at the Sheffield Conference the year before. It was a coincidence that at Sheffield I was President before in 1889, and there also I was President of the Free Church Council.

The Bristol Conference was interesting, important, and inspiring, but not specially eventful or remarkable. It was held in a great public hall, the first Conference not held in one of our own chapels or mission halls.

My official sermon was preached at Victoria Chapel, Clifton, July 23, 1905, from 'Thou shalt be called a city not forsaken' (Isa. lxii. 12).

My charge, as Ex-President, to the newly ordained

ministers was delivered at Halifax Place Chapel, Nottingham, August 1, 1906, from the words 'Preach the preaching that I bid thee' (Jonah iii. 2). My successor in the chair was the Rev. Albert Clayton, who died on September 11, 1907. By his death I became the Ex-President for the third time. Mr. Clayton was the very successful Secretary to the great Million Guinea Fund, and piloted it through many difficulties and incidents. He had an extensive knowledge of Methodist history and polity, and made an admirable President. Progressive Methodism suffered a severe loss when he so unexpectedly passed away. Many of us mourned the departure of a true friend.

There were no very memorable incidents or debates during our Bristol Conference, but we had important subjects broached. The oft-considered question of Church Membership, certain social topics, items connected with Foreign Mission matters—and particularly Indian chaplaincies—and some other matters of interest, besides the consideration of the management and administration of our various great departments, were carefully considered. I felt, as I have often felt, that it is a great disadvantage that so much of the time of the Conference is spent on 'dress parade' debates to the exclusion of fuller attention to the details of such work as that of Home and Foreign Missions, Temperance, and other

costly and important departments. Too often men who have subjects of national, even semi-political, interest dear to their hearts, have come down for two or three days, fired off their speeches, got themselves well and widely reported, and then returned home leaving the most important work of the Conference to be done by those who keep close to business through all the sessions. This gives a mistaken idea to outsiders, who are apt to suppose that the few whose names come prominently to the front are the chief representatives of Methodism. They are not! Our Church would fare badly if it had to depend for real church work and spiritual service on mere Conference orators, and not upon the men who fill our pulpits as local preachers, class-leaders, and people who 'meet in class,' and in other ways attend to our distinctive Christian and peculiarly Methodist characteristics.

During the year my health broke down. I had not had to cancel an engagement on account of illness for the fifty years of my ministry. I had thought so little about personal illness that I felt surprised that illness should think of me. The work of the Presidency is very heavy, and the wonder is that more holders of the office have not succumbed. Public services, often as many as a dozen in a week, scores of new chapels to be opened, almost innumerable committees to be presided over, interviews to be granted, an enormous correspondence, advice to

be given, disputes to be settled, kindness and hospitality which is often exacting and involving late hours, vexation and annoyance caused by thoughtless and disagreeable people, and the great strain of almost incessant railway or motor travelling—all this presses heavily upon the President, and I was overpowered in the autumn of 1905 and compelled to keep my bed for several weeks. Happily, I was sufficiently recovered to resume public official duties again with the May meetings of 1906, for which I was profoundly thankful.

The unspeakable kindness I received during my months of enforced retirement showed in what respect and affection the President of the Conference is held by the Methodist ministers and people. My ministerial brethren supplied for me in pulpit and on platform at more than a hundred services and meetings. May our Master reward every one of them! Letters of sympathy and assurance of prayers were only exceeded in number by their preciousness. They came from all over the land, and from foreign stations. One of the most touching was from a Wesley Guild meeting of Hindu boys in India. It was in the handwriting of one of the boys, and in thoroughly Oriental style of composition. My bedroom was often like a garden with fruit and flowers from many parts of England, the Riviera, and other of this world's lovely spots. Our talented

brother, the Rev. R. Corlett Cowell, did not die before sending some early primroses from Cornwall. All these kind expressions by individuals were accompanied by votes of many meetings and messages from Sunday schools too many to be separately mentioned. Then the great Foreign Missionary Meeting crowned all, when the whole audience rose to their feet to greet me. That was an incident that made me feel most humble before God and the people.

My recovery was a direct answer to prayer. It happily occurred in time to enable me to fulfil many of my engagements to preach at several Sunday-school anniversaries at places to which I had gone every year for a long time. The services at Temple Street, Keighley, are always a great event. The congregations number teens of hundreds, and the collections have been considerably over £100. I had been the preacher for many years. On my entering the pulpit on the Sunday morning in 1906, the great congregation rose and sang the doxology in good Yorkshire fashion :

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise Him, all creatures here below ;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

It was very touching. Many of that crowd had prayed earnestly for me, and they were witnesses of the fact that God had heard and answered prayer.

IRISH METHODIST CONFERENCE

THE Presidency of the British Wesleyan Conference carries with it that of the Irish Methodist Conference. I acted in the office both in Dublin and Belfast. It is one of the pleasant incidents of the year for the President to go to Ireland. He always finds a welcome. Some have just found that—a welcome; but most, nearly all, a reception brimful of cordiality, affection, loyalty, and kindness. From Wesley's day till now, the proportion of Irish ministers who have been members of the Legal Hundred has been one-tenth. When I was younger, I hoped to live to see some minister of the Irish Conference elected President; but, though I have waited long, I must die 'without the sight.' No doubt there would be some geographical difficulties, but who can doubt that—not to mention living ministers—there have been some who would have made splendid Presidents? Wallace M'Mullen, keen, dignified, wise, statesmanlike, a master in Israel; Oliver M'Cutcheon, an encyclopaedia of Methodist matters—able to settle points of law and order, and to counsel and guide wisely in Con-

nexional affairs; Joseph W. M'Kay, of a ruling spirit, a sledge-hammer ability, with fine intentions and masterly mind,—these, and others, would have well filled our highest ecclesiastical seat.

I thought it would be pleasant to me to mention the names of brethren in the Green Isle, for whom I have the highest regard, and who have been kind, and more than kind, to me; but the list is too long, and I have to stop; indeed, it seemed as though it would be necessary to copy the list of stations, and put down so many; but their names are inscribed in my heart.

So, too, of my hosts: Mr. and Mrs. Horner, of Belfast, now among the sainted redeemed ones, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Lambert Jones, of Dublin; and many others true and kind.

One incident stands out very vividly in memory. In 1880, by appointment of the Conference, I accompanied the then President, the Rev. Benjamin Gregory, D.D., to Ireland. Dr. Gregory was an extremely nervous and sensitive man. He took pulpit fright about his Official Sermon, and declared he could not preach. He begged me to go and take the service. We were staying at the same house—Mr. Brown's, of Dalkey; Dr. Punshon was there, too, unexpectedly. I strongly declined, as I was advertised to preach that morning at the opening of a new Sunday school, and urged Dr. Punshon to go

to Dublin for the President ; but he stoutly refused, and said he would not do it for a thousand pounds. He was too nervous. Very much against my will, I went. It was Sunday morning, June 20, 1880—bright and fine. The service was in the Conference Chapel, Stephen's Green. A number of prominent ministers were in the vestry to receive the President. I told them the circumstances, and said how grieved and troubled I was to have to come. They were all on their feet. The Rev. W. Guard Price, who was 'every inch a gentleman,' said: 'Mr. Kelly, we beg you to make no apology or feel any difficulty. We expected to welcome the President, and should have been delighted to see him ; but he has not come, and you have. We welcome you with gratitude, as an angel of God.' Others also said kind words. Then Mr. Guard Price said, 'Will I read prayers for you?' But I declined that help, preferring to sharpen my own tools ; but I asked him to explain matters to the congregation. To which he replied : 'Not at all : they have come to hear the President ; but they do not know him ; and when they see and hear you they will be perfectly satisfied that they have seen the President.' However, I insisted, and he explained. One of their greatest men, Dr. Appelbe, sat in the middle of a pew ; when prayers had been read and I took the hymn-book to announce the hymn before sermon, the old gentleman left his seat

and came up to the platform, put down his head for prayer, and I heard him say devoutly, 'The Lord help him! The Lord help him!' After preaching he thanked me, and said nice words to me. I said, 'You nearly frightened me out of my wits, Dr. Appelbe!'

'No, no,' said he; 'when you read the prayers I felt pleased, because I had never known a member of the Deputation take any part in the service before, and I thought it was a compliment to the Irish Conference; but when you took up the hymn-book I saw you were going to preach instead of the President, and thought what an unpleasant thing it must be to you; and I said to myself, I will not sit in this pew, I will go to the platform and show him my sympathy.'

Was not all that an instance of perfect politeness? I doubt if anywhere out of Ireland, or by any but Irish gentlemen, could such a thing be done in such a perfect manner.

METHODISM AND LOYALTY

THE Methodist people have always been a loyal people. On several occasions, very many years ago, addresses were presented to the throne and duly acknowledged. But in the eighteen-eighties, official recognition was given when Queen Victoria decided that the President of the Conference should have the right to attend Court every year. In 1840 certain representatives, ministerial and lay, were received by her Majesty and the Prince Consort on their marriage, when an address from the Conference was presented.

Somewhere in the eighties the President was officially presented at the Levee. To prevent difficulty and confusion, the Court dress to be worn was prescribed by the Lord Chamberlain. Since then, several, not all, of the Presidents have availed themselves of the right of entrée. I first attended in July 1890. The Levee was held at St. James's Palace by the Prince of Wales, now King Edward VII, on behalf of his mother, Queen Victoria. Whilst waiting in the Queen Anne Room for the arrival of the Prince and his suite, I observed a party of young military officers who were to be presented.

One of them, a bright youth, told a good story, and wound it up by saying, 'to look at him, he was precisely like a Methodist preacher.' I thought it strange that such a word should be spoken at Court, probably for the first time in history, and the man standing at the lad's elbow should actually be a Methodist preacher. It was a coincidence. Some few years afterwards I was at Court again, on the accession of King Edward VII. There was a gay and glittering throng. The Lord Mayors and Mayors of many Corporations were present in the pomp and glory of robes, chains, and all their proper paraphernalia. One of them was very noticeable. His chain was handsome, massive, and had many links. It was evident he represented an ancient municipality. After a time there was a look of recognition. He came to me and said, 'I am very glad to see you here. I have been looking all round, and could not see a face I knew except that of our town clerk until I saw you. But I am a member of Society, a humble local preacher, and the Mayor of ——. It is pleasant to see some one I know in this brilliant function.'

On the same occasion a well-known advanced Radical politician said to me, 'You know, this, after all, is nonsense; it is vain, trifling, frivolous, *but I like it*.' Certainly I was not surprised to hear it. I liked it too.

I hope successive Presidents will continue to avail themselves of the right and privilege of access to the Court. It is very right and proper that so large a Church as ours should be thus represented, and so give a visible proof of the loyalty of its people. That such action on our part is welcome to the Monarch is seen in the fact that not only has Court attendance been recognized, but that our representatives have also been commanded to attend the King's garden-parties at Windsor. I have had the honour to receive such invitations to all the parties so given since the King came to the throne. In this and other ways his Majesty declares himself to be not the monarch of mere parties or sects but of the Empire and of all his many varied subjects.

WESLEY'S CHAPEL

My position as Book Steward, with offices at City Road, brought me into close touch with Wesley's Chapel and its affairs.

The premises were in bad condition, the financial liabilities were alarming. There were no wealthy people in the congregation. There were no local officers able to bear responsibility for debt or provide funds. There were no men of Connexional name or position, although there were several of earnest spirit, high character, and great love for the old sanctuary.

Several thought that a great effort for relief and improvement should be made, by which to celebrate the centenary of John Wesley's death, March 2, 1891.

The proposal met with wide-spread approval, and the work was soon put in hand. The building was under-pinned, the roof was raised about four feet, and a vestibule was run along the whole front. Seven jasper monolith columns were made to replace the wooden pillars which formerly supported the gallery. These columns were the gift of the Irish Methodist Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church, the Methodist Episcopal Church South, the Canadian

Methodist Church, the Australian Methodist Church, the West Indian Methodist Church, and the South African Methodist Church; and I think they were all obtained through the efforts of the Rev. Dr. Stephenson, President of the Conference of that year.

Beautiful commemorative stained-glass windows were given by the United Methodist Free Churches, the Primitive Methodist Church, the Wesleyan Reform Union, and the Methodist New Connexion.

In addition to the alterations mentioned, more expenditure and trouble had to be faced in consequence of local authorities having condemned as unsafe the old preachers' house. A new one, now 49 City Road, had to be built on the former site.

The great scheme was piloted splendidly by the Rev. Allen Rees, the superintendent of the circuit, under whose ministry, after the alterations, the grand old chapel was crowded regularly. A man of such singular and varied ability was needed. City Road Circuit had had a succession of talented and prominent men as superintendents, men often of Connexional position, but not progressive, men not able, sometimes not willing, to tackle a big financial difficulty; so the mischief was left untouched and allowed to grow. These excellent ministers knew that the three years' limit would require their speedy

removal, and therefore, over and over again, it was 'Give peace in our time.' But the appointment of Mr. Rees marked a change. He was not, happily, in that sense, a pacific Christian. He soon made things begin to hum. Despite opposition, and many difficulties, he carried through a scheme by which, in one way or another, more than £14,000 was secured.

The successful ministry of the Rev. Allen Rees at Wesley's Chapel was closed at the Conference of 1894, so that the remaining work was left to his successor. Then came the Rev. Thomas E. Westerdale, a man of marvellous organizing power and success in raising money for places of forlorn hopes. He set himself to clear off all the debts on the estate, to put right the other preachers' house—the historic house in which Wesley died—and to finish the necessary alterations and additions. He applied himself, body and soul, to his task. He wrote with his own hand thousands of letters. He entreated, he exhorted, he persuaded, he importuned, he bombarded every probable benefactor of whom he could think, and he succeeded. The total expenditure and money raised was £29,780 18s. 8d.

It is amazing how many distinguished men Mr. Westerdale secured to help at the various services: Dr. Parker, Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren), each for a sermon; Lord Strathcona, Lord Battersea, Lord

Avebury (Sir John Lubbock), Sir J. Fletcher Moulton (Lord Justice of Appeal), Sir J. Lawson Walton (the late Attorney-General), Mr. Asquith (Premier), and ministers galore. My little share in these movements was to act as treasurer and a sort of consultant counsel. In acknowledgement of my services a magnificent illuminated address was publicly presented to me.

At the first anniversary after the reopening, March 2, 1900, Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) preached in Wesley's Chapel, and the final public appeal was made that day in the evening meeting. It was a grand success.

Dr. Watson (Ian Maclaren) preached a sermon on Patriotism, a sermon of 'Comfort to England.' His text—adapted—was, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to—ENGLAND.' The war-fever was still raging. Christian men were much divided in opinion. Dr. Watson was strongly anti-Boer. The sermon, if not a great one, was timely. All did not approve of it, but most did.

An untoward incident had just occurred. Mr. Chamberlain had been invited by Mr. Westerdale to preside at a luncheon after the sermon. He was Colonial Secretary. He accepted the invitation. He had distinctly said his address would be non-political, and that he should not touch on the war.

He would speak on the 'Influence of Methodism on the British Colonies.'

A great hullabaloo was raised by some who opposed Mr. Chamberlain's presence. They were not prominent men, but they captured newspapers, especially the *Manchester Guardian*, and a London morning halfpenny supported them.

A meeting of Ex-Presidents was called, and although all—with maybe one exception—would have been glad of Mr. Chamberlain's presence, it was felt undesirable to risk an agitation and the offering of a street affront to the distinguished visitor. I was deputed to represent the Ex-Presidents and present the case to him on their behalf, and I had a long conversation with him in his house. The result was that he wrote an admirable letter there and then, and the luncheon was abandoned. Mr. Westerdale was attacked very harshly about the affair, but I am sure he did what he did with a pure motive and without the slightest idea of making any political capital out of it.

It would not be proper, otherwise I should like to give a report, as far as memory would serve, of the two hours' conversation with Mr. Chamberlain.

Many who regretted that an invitation should have been given felt keenly that, as it had been accepted with courteous cordiality, we should have stood by it. Certainly by not standing by it we missed a great

utterance on a subject of rare importance from an orator and statesman of front rank. But political passion was very strong. Personally I was very sorry about the incident ; and most sorry that pain was given to Mr. Westerdale, who had done all from the best motive, and who had accomplished such a wonderful result for City Road. But he has, and will yet have, his reward.

PRESIDENCY OF THE NATIONAL COUNCIL OF EVANGELICAL FREE CHURCHES

I BECAME President of the Free Church Council on March 13, 1900, at Carver Street Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, Sheffield.

I was the second minister of our Church to hold that office. The first was the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A. He was one of the earliest promoters of the Federation, and rendered it conspicuous service. In more ways than one he was a remarkable personage. He had great personal fascination, and was a tower of strength to any cause he undertook to help. He had many advantages as a public man. He had a good presence, good voice, and was a ready speaker. He had the conviction that he was always right, and that the Lord held the same opinions that he did on every subject. That was peculiarly helpful to him in advocacy or defence. He was a man of immense force and talent, who crowded a great work into a comparatively short life. He possessed some of the valuable characteristics of the Jew and the Celt.

Mr. Hughes's magnetic influence, eloquent platform utterances, skill in committee, absolute devotion to his work, fearless defence of principles, extraordinary power of repartee in debate, and earnest Christian devotion combined to make him a fine leader at the foundation and early working of such an organization as the Free Church Council. He also rendered splendid service in the Methodist Church, to which he was passionately attached.

He entered into the land of rest on November 17, 1902, aged fifty-five years.

The feeling and opinions of Wesleyans with regard to the Free Church Council have differed greatly from the first. Many have disliked it exceedingly, chiefly because they considered it too much of a political organization, or an organization that might be used for one of the political parties. Such persons opposed it altogether, and attacked it both by voice and pen. Others were indifferent, and took no part in support or opposition; whilst, on the other hand, a great number were keen in their support of the movement.

It is not surprising that, with this difference of feeling, my election met with much variety of opinion. Many resented my acceptance of the office. They would have done that with reference to any Wesleyan minister who had become President. Some neutral sort of people mildly acquiesced, supposing that it

mattered very little, and that I should do as little harm or as little good as any one else, and on the whole, perhaps, less harm than some other man; but there is no doubt that a vast number were pleased that one of their own ministers was elected, and that Methodism should be recognized and give recognition.

One good man asked, 'Do you think John Wesley would permit you to take that chair if he were here?' to whom I replied, 'No, I do not think he would. He would be so impressed with the importance and possibility of the office that he would set me aside and take it himself.'

I had long felt the need of some such organization through which Nonconformists could make their voice heard and their power felt in Parliament and in the nation generally.

They suffered under many grievances; they do so still. There were many mortifying disabilities. Often, especially in country places, they were literally persecuted. They were compelled to send their children to day schools which were not under popular control, but were often under the control of persons of alien faith and of bitter sectarian bias. Often, if their sons and daughters wished to enter the teaching profession, they were blocked as pupil teachers from becoming students in training colleges unless they would desert the Church of their

fathers and their childhood and submit to the rite of confirmation in the Episcopal Church. In these and other ways the Nonconformist in hamlet, village, and small country town was tormented and annoyed.

The power to deprive them of their property on the expiration of the leases of their chapels, and so compel them either to pay exorbitant charges to ground landlords for the renewal of the leases or else be left without a place of worship, and several other items of local trouble to which they were subject because of their Nonconformity, had become a great crying evil, and called for parliamentary interference, and for compulsory powers for the enfranchisement of such leasehold property; and yet there was no one organization that could deal with these matters. Separate denominations, if not powerless, were not able to do what was needed and what was possible to a great united body such as the Free Church Council soon became.

Then, in addition to local necessities, there were great subjects affecting the empire and the world that needed attention, such as national education, religious and civil freedom, the world-wide spread of Christian missionary enterprise, and, more than all, the extension of spiritual religion and the conservation of Protestantism.

I considered that, so far as certain definite, im-

portant, fundamental principles were concerned, the Free Churches stood together; and that therefore Methodism should fall into line.

They stand for Jesus Christ, God's well-beloved Son, and man's only Salvation.

They stand for all He has taught us respecting God the Father and God the Holy Spirit.

They stand for the supremacy of the Scriptures; for the communion of saints.

They stand for the principles of civil and religious liberty, and are pledged to transmit them.

They stand as lovers of liberty, and as determined defenders of personal rights.

They stand for that proper individualism that is in accord with the sound, healthful, democratic spirit, the tendency of which is to widen the scope of both personal and associated activity in both Church and State.

All through my association with the Free Church Council I have carefully held to my Methodist attachments. So have all other Methodists whom I have known. We have never regarded this great Federation as the burial-place of Denominationalism; nor as a tower from which we can fire shot in order to secure organic union. It has not asked us to give up highly cherished beliefs; to change Church polity; to aim at a mere professed uniformity; to submit to it the internal management of the various Churches.

It does strive to secure unity of spirit, oneness of life in Christ, one faith, one hope, one love ; but not to endeavour to force uniformity either of belief or Church polity ; nor to lessen our attachment to our particular Churches in order to substitute a sort of indefinite, universal love.

Nothing would be gained by that ; much would be lost. Sydney Smith had a hazy hearer in one of his parishes who said to him : ‘ Mr. Smith, I owe you a debt of gratitude. Before you came to the parish I neither cared for God nor the devil ; but now, through you, I love them both.’ That is not the sort of thing we want. The Free Church Council has not made me love Methodism less but more, and yet to esteem more highly than I did the sister Churches and the other servants of our Master of the same flock but other folds.

During the year of my Free Church Presidency I preached and spoke at a very large number of places. I was thus afforded an opportunity of observing the religious life and work of many Churches, and the fine spiritual tone and life in scores of Dissenting families. This experience was very refreshing, and spiritually profitable. I was impressed with the godliness of the people.

Recently strong words have been used about ministers introducing ‘ politics in the pulpit.’ All I have to say is that I do not think connexion with

the Free Church Council is likely to promote that nuisance in Methodism. Rather the reverse, for if a minister has an itching for it he need not use his pulpit in which to air his views—the Free Church platform is big enough to hold him, although even that is not a desirable place for party political fights. There must be no interference with the personal liberty of ministers and people with reference to their political opinions, but our pulpits and sanctuaries must be kept clear from their promulgation.

CORRESPONDENCE

SOME of the letters one receives are very odd. Strangers ask advice of a personal nature that should only be asked of close friends—if even from them—or of doctors or lawyers. Many wish for guidance as to investments. Once I had a letter asking me to say what was the limit of age for candidates for our ministry. I replied that we had no hard-and-fast rule, but that it was not well for men to offer who were more than twenty-eight. An answer soon came to say I was evidently mistaken in supposing that I was corresponding with a man of twenty-eight, whereas he was only a boy of fourteen, who wished ‘to become a candidate, go to Didsbury’s towers’—that college has no towers—‘enter the ministry, and ultimately ascend the President’s chair.’ I answered sympathetically, and heard no more until 1908, when a letter came saying it was an answer to one the writer had received from me sixteen years before that had encouraged him very greatly, and that he is now pastor of a church near New York.

An interesting letter received recently is typical

of many written by uneducated but sincere people. It says :

‘This his the age of young men and I think it his very nigh time young men began to look around themselves and see for themselves wether the are doing any think to improve things. This is why I am writing this to you because Me and my Friend—[name given] have looked around ourselves and have seen . . . we are hand in hand in the Great and Gigantic and blessed movement (I refer to the Temperance movement). I think it his a shame and a curse to see what strides this great imposter Alcohol has made. We have thought we would like a hall built. Now his the time for action. So sir do me the favour to let me know the address of Lady Summerset, also Mr. J. D. Rockefeller, and Mr. Andrew Carnegie the two American millionaires, and if you know any other Millionaires will you pleas let me know as we want to build a very large hall in our village. Send me a reply as early as you can.

‘Yours truly,

‘—— [one name]

‘Sir this is not a bogus movement on our part.

‘Signed

‘—— { [Two names of “ Me and
‘—— { my Friend ”].

‘P.S. I will send a stamp next time.’

I have received a good many letters informing me that their writers were connected with Mutual Improvement Societies, Wesley Guilds, &c., and, as they were on the syllabus to read a paper or deliver an address on given subjects, they would be obliged if I would write them a MS. and send it, so that they could use it.

The number of letters asking for autographs, 'favourite quotations' for bazaar albums, and for a shilling for the 'privilege' of insertion, is very large, and would cost a good deal of money every year if replies were sent.

Sometimes Tuesday morning's post will bring kind, grateful, and inquiring letters as the result of preaching on Sunday. Occasionally they are unsigned, for obvious and sufficient reasons. Sometimes also letters of another sort come—insolent, violent, rude : e.g. 'I have often heard you. I heard you on Sunday. Do you think everybody admires you? If you do, you are mistaken. I do not. I can preach myself much better than you can ; and I know what sermons should be ; in addition to which, I have enjoyed the blessing of entire sanctification for many years. You cannot say that ; oh, seek the gift, and cease to be a blind leader of the blind.'

Letters asking for letters are common enough. One says: 'Nearly forty years ago my brother was a young soldier in a cavalry regiment when you were

stationed at Aldershot. He became a Christian then, and has been faithful. He has often quoted your sayings. The doctor says he cannot live more than six weeks. He longs for a letter from you before he dies ; will you kindly write him ? He dies of cancer, and has great agony.' When all was over his brother said the letter was a comfort to the poor sufferer, and he kept it under his pillow till he died.

I wonder if old soldiers are more susceptible than other men on the matter. I have often enough been asked for letters to give strength before undergoing painful operations ; or to go to anxious sick people, specially to offer prayer.

Not long ago a letter reached me from one of the colonies. The writer was interested in some good work, and wanted me to help. He said that, many years ago, when he was a boy, I taught him to swim, and now he would be glad if I ' would help him to keep his head above water.'

OLD LETTERS

I THINK it is very undesirable to keep old letters. If they are left behind, mischief may follow. A layman in the provinces told me he had bought a pile of papers from a relative of a well-known deceased minister. There were many letters written to him by some of his brethren still living. I read several of them, and was interested to find not only opinions expressed on important subjects, but also my own name freely mentioned, as were the names of many others. One correspondent was very frank in his expression about his brethren, and in one letter, especially, about his own personal importance. On returning home I wrote to the possessor of the precious bundle, asking him to sell the set to me. He fixed his price, and I obtained the whole for some pounds. Many of these letters should not have been preserved. None of them should have been sold, either by the man to whom they were addressed or by members of his family after his death. I destroyed almost all of them.

A clergyman of the Church of England, an old boy-friend of mine, once told me that he had a large

collection of autographs, and in it more than three hundred of Wesleyan ministers. I found these were letters that had been written in the course of years to an official minister, and had found their way to the hands of my friend. They related to one of the Connexional funds, and some of them were quite pathetic, and all of them personal and confidential. I told my friend that, as autographs, most of them were of little or no value; but all of them were of interest to me, as they were from my brethren, and I should be obliged if he would give them to me. He was a rare, fine, good fellow—always was—and he consented gladly. In about half an hour later the entire three hundred were in the fire. They made a delightful blaze.

A well-known auctioneer informed me that, among other things, the executors of an estate had sent to him, for sale, several cases containing hundreds of autographs and portraits of Wesleyan ministers, from Wesley and his early helpers down to men of the eighteen-fifties. He said he would be obliged if I would give him some idea of their worth. Seeing how desirable it was that they should not get into the hands of strangers, I suggested that he should not offer them for sale in the auction mart, but let me have them by private purchase. He consented to that, and I secured them by paying as many pounds as satisfied him. I have never counted them,

but presume there must be nearly, if not more than, two thousand. Some of them are valuable, many of them are very interesting, and others are of no worth. If any relic-hunters should happen to read these words, I hope they will not feel called upon to write me about them, or to make any offer of purchase.

ANONYMOUS LETTERS

MOST men in prominent official life know that they must face enmity in different forms. High places are cold places. Until they became somewhat prominent they were left alone, and fairly free from attack; but afterwards they were targets for spiteful firing. Two forms of disagreeable onslaught are anonymous letters and disparaging paragraphs in papers. I have had my share of both these things. In my early ministry I was bombarded by anonymous letters, especially at Chatham and Wandsworth. In both places I successfully reduced the number by announcing that, at the first word of insolence, I ceased to read, then destroyed the letters, but kept the envelopes, so that if, in later days, the writers had to write in their own names, I could compare the handwriting and so find out 'who's who.' At Wandsworth a set of godly folk who held special theological views used to write to me often, and send me tracts. Generally they were respectful, but sometimes they were offensive. One Thursday night, when there was a large congregation for a week-evening service, and several of the cult were present, I observed: 'Now, having said *that*, I

know you would send anonymous letters if I said no more. But do not. Some of you claim to be divinely instructed to teach ministers the truth; but I doubt that. I notice that, on an envelope sent to me this week, there are five mistakes. One is in spelling the name of the place where we live. "Wansworth" is not on the map. Is it likely that if, on one small envelope, you make so many mistakes, I shall readily suppose that you are divinely inspired to teach on the deep things of God?' No more communications came in that handwriting.

But when I became President of the Conference, scores of anonymous letters, and some of them most abusive, came; many more, quite as offensive, were signed; but it should be said, that hundreds of others were most kind, most affectionate, and most encouraging. I suppose one may be encouraged, when we receive these horrible specimens of spiteful letters, by remembering that men of all ranks in office or prominence have been the recipients of such rubbish. In *'The Life of Lord Tennyson'* the subject comes up, and a specimen of anonymous letters is given:

'SIR,—I used to worship you, but now I hate you. I loathe and detest you. You beast! So you've taken to imitating Longfellow.

'Yours in aversion,

'—.'

But I have had worse than that. The consolation is that, in more than one case, the writers were either insane when they wrote or were afterwards recognized as lunatics and sent to asylums. One wrote literally piles of letters and post cards, and in one day has sent me thirteen offensive telegrams, that must have cost him many shillings.

For perhaps fifty successive years the Presidents of the Conference received anonymous letters from a man who is supposed to have been a deposed minister. They were strange productions. Some were dated from 'Pandemonium, Year of Satan's bondage, ——.' One now before me is from 'Hades, Year of Satan's fall, 5871.' One gives a graphic report of a 'Committee held in Hell, with Dr. Adam Clarke in the chair and the Devil in attendance.' It mentions the names of several well-known ministers who were present, and states that, if any of their friends wish to visit them, 'their numbers are ——, ——, ——, under cataracts of brimstone.'

This man's letters came, without a break, to every President during, or soon after, his Conference, until quite recently. They seem to have dropped three or four years ago. I remember the first of them that I saw. It was addressed to the Rev. John Bowers, who was in the chair at the Hull Conference of 1858. My impression is that the writer was insane, and a patient in one of the lunatic asylums

in London, as the envelope bore the London post-mark of a place where there are one or two private asylums. I think I know—from internal evidence—the name of the clever but unfortunate writer.

A lunatic lady wrote from an asylum. She confessed sad sins; said that she had done so some years before to the then Bishop of London, who gave her absolution, but also pronounced a curse upon her. Needless to say, that was a delusion. She begged me to accept her confession, absolve her fully, and lift the curse.

In my early ministry I knew a boy who was at boarding-school. He was quiet, reserved, and gloomy. He moped about, but never or seldom joined the other boys in sports. One day I asked him the reason. He said he was miserable because he was under a curse, and had been excommunicated from the Church.

He had been at a large school. The Governor was a minister. Several boys were expelled for bad conduct. This lad had been also expelled, although he assured me, and I believed him, that he had been no party to the wrong-doing. He had the idea that, because his expulsion was pronounced by a Christian minister, it was equivalent to excommunication, and that there was no hope of the salvation of his soul. I assured him he was wrong, and reasoned with him, without avail. Then a happy thought occurred to me. I said, 'Do you

think if one minister can pronounce such a curse on you, that another can remove it; and if one can put you out of the Church, another can receive you back?’

Almost directly his face brightened. He said, ‘Yes, I am sure you could, though I never thought of it before. If you will do it I shall be happy again, for I think vastly more of you than I ever did of the Rev. Mr. ——.’ So I prayed earnestly with him, put my hand on his young head, and pronounced a benediction. He remained true through a long life.

The anxieties and sorrows of young lads are greater than people are apt to suppose. There was another boy at the same school, a sorrowful little chap at times. One afternoon he had come to have tea with me. He was twelve. He looked very sad. I said, ‘What’s to do, Jack?’

‘Thinking about my mother in India. I have not seen her for more than two years’; and a tear was in his eye.

‘Do you mean to say, Jack, that nobody has kissed or cuddled you for more than two years?’

‘No one since I left my mother.’

‘Bless you, boy! come to me, and I’ll kiss and pet you.’

He rushed to my arms, and I did what his mother would have liked to do. He burst into tears, and always after knew where to put his head and find comfort.

MINISTERIAL DISCIPLINE

THE work of the Conference is very varied, but perhaps no part of it is of more importance than that which guards the character of the ministry. The consideration of 'character' is reserved to the Pastoral Session. Inquiry is very searching, and discipline is righteously administered. The number of flagrant cases is extremely limited, of cases of doctrinal default very few. The penalties are expulsion, reproof from the chair by the President, enforced supernumeraryship, with the name not being allowed to appear on the printed *Minutes* of the Conference, or name being dropped altogether from the Journal of the Conference, and the man deprived of his status with a money payment made to him to enable him to start in business, and most frequently a loss of years in the way of reckoning the time of his ministry, which not only affects his precedence but ultimately his pension.

Necessarily, jilting cases come up frequently. Many of them are easily dealt with ; others are troublesome ; sometimes they are like a case which came before an old Oxford don. An undergraduate had got

entangled with an unsuitable girl in a humble station of life and was determined to marry her. He consulted a college don, the famous 'Tommy Short,' on the matter, whose reply was decisive. The oracle said: 'If you marry her, you are a fool; if you don't marry her, you are a blackguard; in either case, you will cease to be a member of this college.'

We have had many cases of that sort. Young men who know little or nothing of the world, of men and women, of society, or of the variety of a Methodist minister's work, fall in love with a pretty face or get taken up in a kindly way by a girl who has a purpose in life, and, after a course of sheepishness and folly, make matrimonial proposals which are most unsuitable, and which they afterwards regret, and departure from which lands them in a charge at Conference. Some are more cautious before they come up for examination, like one youth whom I remember, who parried the question, 'Have you taken any steps with reference to matrimony?' said, when pressed, 'No; but I have a familiar female friend.'

There is no doubt that often there are cases in which men should not be allowed to bring their selections into the work as ministers' wives; and yet they have gone so far in their calf-love adventures that they are bound, in honour, to marry. 'Tommy Short' was right. We may say: 'If you marry her,

you are a fool ; if you don't marry her, you are a blackguard ; in either case, you cannot enter this ministry.'

But there are other cases—cases in which it would be hard and wrong to expel, or indeed to punish at all. I was once convener of a discipline committee at Conference to which such a case was sent for trial. It transpired that the young man's father had married the young lady's mother—widower and widow. We thought it was a pity to make a chronic family trouble, and asked if it were not possible to heal the breach. He had a staccato sort of speech, and replied, 'No, sir.' I said, 'But why?' 'Because,' said he, 'she is violent in her temper and pugilistic in her tendencies.' She had literally thrashed him. He was let off easily. We sent for the gentle creature, and, having seen and heard her, were glad that such a virago was not to go as minister's wife among colleagues and circuit stewards and their wives. It was not hard to imagine that, in her displeasure, she would have thrashed him again, chased him round a room, and given him a strong parting stroke as he jumped through a garden window for escape, while she shrieked, 'There, sir ; you learn what to expect when you trifle with the fine feelings of a loving and sensitive woman !' Poor fellow ! long ago he went to the world where they neither marry nor are given in marriage.

STATIONS

IN the variety of work that falls to the lot of official Methodist ministers none is more anxious than that of representatives to the Stationing Committee. The duties are very delicate and onerous. After many years' experience as a member of the Stationing Committee, I have no hesitation in expressing the opinion that those duties are performed with great and considerate kindness, and with the utmost regard both for ministers and circuits. It is, of course, impossible to please every one, or to meet wishes in every case. It occasionally happens that opinions differ as to ability and suitability. The minister thinks he is the best judge of his own powers. The circuit authorities think they can judge best as to his suitability.

One young minister was anxious to get a certain important circuit. I said, 'Well, what sort of a preacher are you?' He said, 'I scarcely know; I don't think I shall set the Thames on fire.' 'Oh, never mind that,' I said, 'no one will. But would you make it fizz if you were put into it?'

We thought he might. He did very well.

I believe that the vast majority of the brethren are chiefly anxious that their appointments should be made, not for personal advantage or preference, but for the glory of God and the good of the Church. It is astonishing with what good temper, hope, and willingness they go to places they would not have chosen. But when 'stations are confirmed,' they more than acquiesce.

Every year many ask for London circuits on the ground that their sons and daughters are in the great metropolis completing their education or engaged in professions or business, and naturally they wish to provide a home for them and be near them. Some wish to be in the great centre of the world's life, having a profound conviction that they have a message to the crowds. One young brother once objected against a lovely country town where we had a very good church and schools, whose circuit steward was a Member of Parliament and a devoted Methodist. He said, 'That is not the place for me: my place is not in a small population, but among the masses.' I said to him, 'Probably; but where do you put the M in that sentence, ungrammatically at the end of one word, or at the beginning of another?'

Another good brother specially wished to be in London because his uncle was buried in one of the metropolitan cemeteries, and he thought he should like to visit the grave occasionally.

Such excuses remind me of the fun in the Manchester District Synod, quite fifty years ago, when the Rev. George Curnock asked permission to attend the Conference that he might act as precentor and start the tunes. When the Rev. George Carnaby Taylor, who was a great wag, and a remarkably clever man, was asked if he also wished permission, he said he did so wish. 'But,' said Dr. Hannah, the Chairman, 'why do you desire to go, Brother Taylor?' With that inimitable smile and mouth-movement of his, and putting the points of the fingers of his two hands together, he replied, 'I long to go to Conference so that I may hear Brother Curnock sing!'

Mr. Taylor was a man of punctiliously polite manners. One day, walking on the sea front at Southsea, where he lived as a supernumerary, he was startled to see his big retriever dog go up to a prim old maiden lady, and, putting his paws on her shoulders, literally kiss her. She shrieked. Mr. Taylor, rushing up to her, said, 'Madam, ten thousand apologies for my dog! I condemn him for his rudeness and the fright he has given you; but, although I must blame him severely, permit me to say that, at the same time, I cannot but admire his taste!' The good old lady was quite mollified.

On trivial points care is needed to avoid appointments that would appear ridiculous. It would not

be wise to send Bate to Fishponds, nor two or three men to the same circuits whose names standing together, would cause a smile, such as Box and Cox. A suggested appointment to a Welsh circuit was changed. I was told that, when the English name was literally translated it meant 'Jolly Devil.' On looking once at the First Draft of Stations, my eye rested on sets of names standing not far from each other; for example: Young, Cocks, Peck, Barley; and again: Giddy, Ladd, Follows, Maden. It would never have done to appoint those worthy brethren as colleagues, nor Brother Catt to Mousehole.

A CONFERENCE DINNER-PARTY

AT the Bristol Conference of 1867 I was one of the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Budgett. The others were senior ministers; I was only then completing my tenth year in the ministry. These seniors were the Rev. John Scott, who had been twice President; the Rev. William Arthur, author of *The Tongue of Fire*; the Rev. Dr. George Osborn, who also was twice President; and perhaps one or two others whom I do not recollect. We had many visitors from the Conference, and had one especially notable dinner-party. The house-guests were there joined by the Rev. Dr. Waddy, John Lomas, W. B. Boyce, and Sir William M'Arthur, Mr. T. P. Bunting, and others. Mr. Lomas left the table during lunch. There had been a wonderful 'feast of reason and flow of soul.' When he had gone Mr. Bunting said that Mr. Lomas was a great and charming man, and that, when his three years' ministry came to a close in their circuit, his wife, Mrs. Bunting, had mourned with the sense of a great personal loss. But she was comforted when Mr. Lomas handed her a book as a farewell gift and remembrance. She expected

to find it a work of consolation and instruction. But what was her surprise when she found, on opening it, that it was Boyce's *Kaffir Grammar*! Our eyes turned to that remarkable man as he sat there, but Mr. Boyce looked 'yonderly,' as they say in Yorkshire—far off, as though he had no concern with the joke. But Dr. Waddy, born humorist, old friend of Mr. Bunting's, said: 'It was a most appropriate present, Bunting, intended by Mr. Lomas more for you than your wife; he was so tired out with your perpetual talk, that he wanted to break your jaw, and so gave you Boyce's *Kaffir Grammar*!' Then followed Sir William M'Arthur, with a ludicrous story of Mr. Boyce's given in one of his books of travel and missionary adventure. But the hero remained imperturbable, and would not be drawn.

One of the guests had been provokingly taciturn for some days, but after the *Kaffir Grammar* incident brightened up, and asked Mrs. Scott, who was a fine, intelligent, stately old lady, if it was true that her husband was a Doctor of Divinity. She said it was true. 'Then where is his diploma, and why does he not use his degree?' The reply was prompt; the diploma was in the lumber-room at home. The would-be witty man asked if it was true that she had uttered some threat that restrained Mr. Scott from calling himself 'Dr. Scott.' She said that if he meant to ask whether she had told her husband

that if he used the title she would never kiss him again, it was quite true. The taciturnity returned, for the good man who had measured swords with the stately woman held one of the titles himself, and very likely wished, at the moment, that he had not used it.

Standing far off from that memorable day, it is interesting to know that now (1909) the University of Aberdeen has conferred on Mr. Scott's distinguished grandson, the Rev. John Scott Lidgett, M.A. (Lond.)—the President of the Wesleyan Conference of 1908—the degree of Doctor of Divinity in recognition of the ability, learning, and value of his theological books. That is a degree of which neither he nor his friends can be ashamed.

THE SPIRIT WORLD

How often have I been asked if I believed we can have communion with departed ones who are now in the spirit world !

How often, too, by other sort of people, has the question been put to me, 'Do you believe that there is really a living, actual Person—God, who holds direct intercourse with us?' My answer is, without a doubt, in the affirmative. With reference to the spirits of the departed it is impossible to explain ; it is not always agreeable to affirm. But I have often been conscious of unseen presences, to my help and comfort. Those whom I have known, who have died, are not dead. As to divine communion and interpositions, they have been realized thousands of times. This is consolatory when we think of the future. It assures me that, to the Christian believer, heaven will be no strange place, but a place of familiar sights, familiar music, familiar faces ; and that God, when seen, will be no Stranger, but the One with whom I was acquainted when on earth.

I do not know that I am more of a psychist than

many believers in the supernatural and of the revelation of God, but I have had more than a few incidents in life that have made me realize truths respecting the unseen world, and that have given me food for thought.

On Sunday, November 5, 1854, when a local preacher, I preached at a hamlet called Rixton, some miles from my home. A boy friend, John Hardey, who went with me to many of my appointments, walked back with me. I told him that, in a strange dream, I had seen a school-fellow friend dead; that I should look in lists of dead and wounded of that horrible Crimean War, then raging, to see if his name was there. Of course, we did not know then that the battle of Inkermann had been fought on November 4, the day before; but it was. Almost as soon as tidings could come I saw, in the *Manchester Guardian*, the announcement: 'On the 4th inst., at the battle of Inkermann, whilst holding the colours of his regiment, Lieutenant John Stirling, 41st Foot, aged eighteen.' Was it a coincidence that my text that afternoon was, 'Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way?' (Luke xxiv. 32)? They had been with One whom they had known, but whom they did not recognize; One who had died, but who appeared to them.

It was from that same noble boy, John Stirling, that I received the first letter that ever came to

me by post. It was dated from St. Andrews, in Scotland. I have it yet. The paper is faded, but the love-fragrance still clings to it.

Sometimes the doubter and the sneerer intimate that the messages and impressions from the unseen world are of no practical value in daily, ordinary life. But these people do not know everything.

Many years ago I was appointed to preach for Home Missions on a February Sunday, in Jersey, and to address meetings there on Monday, and in Guernsey on the following Wednesday.

I had arranged to cross by the Friday night boat, but during the day had a strong presentiment of danger, and felt as if voices of the unseen warned me not to go. During tea-time I received a telegraphic message from my sister-in-law, who was then an invalid staying at Torquay, saying, 'Do not cross to Jersey to-night.'

But, setting the warning aside, I went to Waterloo Station for the night train. I walked the length of it and back again, and thought it looked weird. Instead of travelling by it, I wrote two notes, one for Jersey and one for Guernsey, which the guard promised to hand to the steward on the boat for delivery. I returned home. Next afternoon I heard the unusual cry near our house of a newspaper boy selling evening papers and shouting, 'Dreadful collision in the Channel. Loss of life.' I found that the boat

had sailed from Southampton, got near to the Needles, collided with a French boat, and that the latter had sunk, and all on board her had found a watery grave. The English boat had returned to Southampton. I received a letter from an old bachelor of Guernsey, in which he asked : 'What would be thought of a General who, on the eve of battle, instead of leading his troops to the fight, turned back ?' I replied : "What would be thought of a General" would depend upon the man who thought he could think. If he were a fool, he would think the General should have risked his life and the lives of his men ; if he were a wise man, he would remember that a battle is not a campaign, and he might avoid one that he might live to fight many more.' To that reply I received no answer.

I had no doubt I had received a direct providential warning.

PEOPLE—AGREEABLE AND DISAGREEABLE

I HAVE met with an enormous number of people and come in contact with great varieties of character. The vast majority have been more than agreeable. Of colleagues I have had none with whom I would not gladly work again.

I could not say that of all the reverend and other people with whom it has been my lot to live, move, and have my being. Some of them—just a few—have been so disagreeable at times as they dared to be, or the devil could make them.

In some cases it has comforted me to know that men do not live so long now as they did before the Flood, and that human nuisances disappear in, say, eighty or ninety years at the longest. I have had a comfortable hope about some of them that there may be a sort of magical bath into which they will be plunged directly they die, and where they will be washed of their defilements of temper and tone. When the Burial Service is read over the casket that contains their remains men will not be thrown into inconsolable grief. People of that sort

have been a kind of living apologists, to my mind, for the doctrine of purgatory. They have almost made their acquaintances sympathize with Ugo Foscolo, when, criticizing old Lady Holland, he said: 'I would not go to heaven with Lady Holland, but I could go to hell with his lordship.'

I am sure I have known about half a dozen disagreeables who, if they were to be in heaven anything like what they have been here, heaven would be spoiled, and I should not care to be of their set, even among the celestials. But there is always consolation in the thought that heaven is a place of *many* mansions, so that, if they are in one, we may be in another, and a good way off.

Probably we have no need to fear, because the cause of their arrogance, self-conceit, vanity, and nastiness of temper may be purely physical, and will die with them. I knew a minister who was a perpetual blister to people. He was always in trouble and the cause of trouble. What was said of one whom I knew could be said of him: 'Where'er he went he found a foe to fight.' Once he consulted me in one of his fierce conflicts with colleagues. I told him that, if I were his dearest friend, I would order a post-mortem examination when he took flight to the better world. I would do this in order to clear his character and explain why he had been such a troubler in Israel all his life. I was sure it

would be found that he was not accountable for all he did, because it would be seen that there was undue pressure on the *dura mater*, or something else to explain his thoughts, words, and acts.

It is an unsolved mystery how some pious, worthy, and talented people can be so uncanny and unclubable as they are; of whom it can be truthfully said that, like Carlyle, they are 'gey ill to live wi'.'

INTERESTING PEOPLE CASUALLY MET

HAVING to preach at St. Austell on January 22, 1901, the day on which Queen Victoria died, I broke the journey at Plymouth on the night before. A gentleman who had travelled by the same train, also turned into the Duke of Cornwall Hotel. Conversation soon turned on the dying Queen. We supped at the same table. He was an interesting talker. He asked me if I knew anything of Sir Thomas Barlow, who was physician attending Her Majesty. He knew a little of him through similarity of taste about etchings, I think. That led him to say he had met, in the course of a fairly long life, with many eminent men, and that he had many cherished memories. He said that, when a young man, he was privileged to spend one evening a week in the studio of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and there frequently to meet men who have since acquired fame. He mentioned several. I am afraid I have forgotten some of the names, but Swinburne, William Morris, Burne-Jones, Millais, and his faithful brother, William Rossetti, with a few others, were often there. This was before the poet-painter retired to his deep seclusion

in his great ghostly house in Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, where he had Carlyle for a neighbour, and before he had sunk into the slavery of the chloral habit.

My hotel companion told me that one night it was arranged that the whole set should stay in the studio until William Rossetti returned from the printers, with the first pull of a new poem by Tennyson, which was to leave the press in a few hours. They stayed until after eleven o'clock, patient and impatient. Then, full of excitement, William Rossetti rushed into the room. He had the new book, the great poem, and the earliest copy of it. It was *In Memoriam*. All the company sat for hours to listen to Gabriel Rossetti reading it. He had a wonderfully fine, deep, rich baritone voice, and could hold his listeners spell-bound. It is very interesting to me to have spent those hours with one who saw the first printed copy of that immortal poem, and who was one of the small company who heard it read for the first time.

I never met him again. The next day he went to Truro Cathedral on professional duty. He was an expert. He gave me some interesting particulars about the building of the new Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, where, although he was not a Romanist, a solemn requiem was celebrated for him when he died a very few years afterwards.

He was a great architect.

When I was about ten years old a notable Roman Catholic priest was a neighbour, the Rev. Daniel Hearne—a tall, portly man, who dressed very much like a Wesleyan minister of the old school. He and my father were on friendly terms. He was fond of children, and I was invited to his parties of little folks. He was Irish of the Irish. He entertained both Daniel O'Connell and Father Mathew, the apostle of temperance. On both occasions he asked my father to allow me to breakfast at his house ; so that, in years after, I might be able to say that I had the opportunity of meeting two of the greatest Irishmen of their day. When Mr. Hearne came back from Rome, whither he had gone to appeal to the Pope, he brought me a pretty silver pencil-case in the shape of a harp. He said to me, 'This won't write much—it is too small for that ; but it will write Love, Peace, and Concord.' I have it yet among my treasures.

As at Plymouth, so elsewhere, I have often found hotel experiences very interesting, and that fellow guests, short as is the intercourse, are sometimes most instructive. At one of the Brighton houses where I stayed there was a very pronounced Roman Catholic journalist. He was a pervert. He took no pains to disguise his dislike of Cardinal Manning, and his admiration of and belief in Dr. Vaughan,

who in days after succeeded Manning. It was a great delight to him that the *Tablet* newspaper held his views about those leaders of different schools of Romanists.

‘Cardinal Manning a great man! Bah! there is nothing great about him. The greatest calamity to the Church in modern times, in England, was Mrs. Manning’s death. If that woman had lived he could never have been a priest, nor have held the position he has held.’

He spoke of Manning with great scorn, and said that numbers of the intelligent members of the Romish community held the same views.

In one of the hotels at Baltimore I noticed, on arrival, on the telegraph-slips in the hall the words :

A.M.E. Conference in session at Baltimore.

As I was at dinner I said to a bright young waiter, black as jet, about eighteen, ‘Do you know anything about this Methodist Conference that is meeting in Baltimore?’

‘Yes, sah ; it is our Conference.’

‘Oh, I see : A—African ; M.E.—Methodist Episcopal Conference ; that is it, is it?’

‘Yes, sah.’

‘Will it sit long?’

‘All week, sah ; at Saratoga Street Church. Very great Conference, sah.’

‘Well, I must go to it.’

‘You go to Conference, sah?’

‘Yes,’ I said, ‘I’m a Methodist.’

‘Oh, sah! proud to see you.’

I said, ‘I have come from England.’

‘From England, sah? That country that I love! that country I would like to see! that country that was kind to us when we were in bondage!’

‘Yes,’ I replied, ‘I have come all the way from England on purpose to attend a Methodist Conference, and it would be a pity to miss yours.’

‘Sah,’ he said, ‘are you the delegate from the mother Conference of Britain to the General Conference that meets in New York next month?’

‘Yes, I am.’

‘Oh, sah, sah! then I must not speak another word to you. I am only a young member, myself; I must send a class-leader to you. He will be proud!’

He went, and a good, portly, middle-aged brother in black took his place; and in a few minutes perhaps half a dozen more buzzed about me, and there is no doubt that I was the best-waited-upon person in that great hotel that night, and all the time I stayed.

I was crossing to the Isle of Man a few years ago.

when a bishop of the Church of England was on board the packet.

He introduced himself to me, and said, after speaking of other things and the difficulty of getting some good objects secured, 'We have many bigots in our Church.' I told him I knew that very well; 'but,' I said, 'If ever you are afraid they will be troubled for the lack of company, refer to me, and I will give you the names of as many Methodists who are as bigoted, and we will pair them.' Then he told me that, a while before, he was walking in St. James's Park with a very High Churchman, who had said some hard, bitter things against Dissent and against Nonconformists personally. They were walking on a gravel path. The bishop stopped and drew a large circle with his umbrella. It was like a big wheel. In the middle of it he drew a small one; all round, from the small one, he drew lines like spokes. He said to the parson: 'That wheel represents the Catholic, universal Church of Christ; that circle in the centre represents Christ Himself; those spokes represent the various parts of His Church; but notice this—the nearer they are to the centre, the nearer they are to each other.' That was good teaching to give to a bigot. It is good doctrine for the twentieth century. Things are better than they were. Views are broader, but there is still much room for improvement, and numbers can be found who hold the opinions summed

up by Thwackum in *Tom Jones*: 'When I mention religion, I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England.'

True and full catholicity cannot be secured by political power, or ecclesiastical arrangements; it will be gained only when Christians are gathered together in one in Christ. Near to Him, we shall be near to each other. We may not have organic union, but we may have unity of spirit. Surely we shall do well to pray and work to secure that the Christians of various communions may be gathered together again in oneness of spirit, even though, it may be, not in oneness of body. More than this we can scarcely hope for yet; but it would be very much if we could secure this. The great difference in temper, taste, opinion, and training among good people makes it almost impossible for them all to dwell in one enclosure, under identical conditions; but we might, as children of one Father and servants of one Master, dwell in peace and 'love one another.'

There are alterations in the Revised Version of the New Testament that I do not prefer; but that in the change of one word in John x. 16, is worth all—the word 'flock' for 'fold': 'there shall be one flock, one shepherd.'

George Matheson's hymn is helpful :

Gather us in, Thou Love that fillest all !
Gather our rival faiths within Thy fold !
Rend each man's temple-veil and bid it fall,
That we may know that Thou hast been of old :
Gather us in.

Gather us in ; we worship only Thee.
In varied names we stretch a common hand ;
In divers forms a common soul we see ;
In many ships we seek one spirit land :
Gather us in.

METHODIST PREACHING

THE preaching of the early, and also what may be called the mediaeval Methodist preachers, explains one secret of the phenomenal success of Methodism. It was the utterance of converted men ; of men who were of the people ; who preached for conversions and expected to secure them ; and who, unlike many who never aim for conversions, and never expect to get them, are never disappointed.

Methodist preaching, for decades, was not only a great characteristic of Methodism, but a great revelation to British Christians. It was something wonderful to have a race of men who considered it a sin to be dull in the pulpit ; who were powerful speakers, neither dull nor dry ; who evidently knew that, although the Conference could make ' Wesleyan ministers,' it was only God the Holy Spirit who could make ' Methodist preachers.' So mere graceful declaimers, elegant essayists, sound theologians who had little more than sound, were at a discount ; and there was nothing to encourage the men who preached sermons that might as well have been delivered to a row of figures of waxwork as to living men and

women for all the good they would do. Men ask how we are to secure the continuance of successful Methodist preachers. The answer is, Secure the continuance of Methodist experience. That is not all, but it is a chief item.

The effective preaching was not peculiar to the 'ministers'; it was characteristic of 'local preachers' too. If the Reformation opened the lips of the clergy, Methodism unsealed the lips of the laity. Many of the best sermons I ever heard were delivered in our village chapel at Ashton-on-Mersey, Sale, when I was a youth, by local preachers. All through the land such men did a splendid work. They did not forget their vocation. They were made truly eloquent when they were born and sent of God. If, by what St. Paul called 'the foolishness of preaching,' mighty results were achieved, it was not by foolish preaching. Those pioneers who filled our pulpits would have disdained to take some of the modern topics that degrade our services and disgrace the men that advertise them.

No doubt there was great variety. Methodism has never had preaching of any regimental pattern, nor have all her preachers been of front rank.

Many have found that it was advisable to retire; some have had it found out for them; and some have, with strong pertinacity, stuck to their positions to the last. As a rule, if a man thinks himself called to

preach and cannot find congregations who wish to hear him preach, it may be safely said he ought to decide that the inward call was misunderstood. And the Church should make effective the annual question in the Synods, 'Has he competent abilities for our work?' and should either advise him to cultivate the grace of resignation or compulsorily retire him.

If Methodism was born in a revival, and if revival fires have always been kept alight on her altars, it has had no dull uniformity of method. In its early days conversions were expected and usual under preaching—actually while sermons were being delivered. Happily that sort of result still continues. But special means of securing personal results and avowals have been used, notably by the old 'Society Meetings.'

In the eighteen-thirties and forties the 'penitent-form' became a force. Then it became a custom, both in this country and America, to hold prayer-meetings after evening services, and press people to go up to the Communion-rails, there to be spoken to and prayed for, and to make their personal, open surrender to Christ. These meetings often took the place of the old 'Society Meetings,' and the change was not always an improvement.

Many of the older school disliked and condemned the new plan. But it spread in use and popularity

quickly, and it was largely adopted by younger preachers. One of its chief apostles was the Rev. John Rattenbury. He rapidly became wonderfully popular. He was not a man of much mental calibre, but he had great oratorical power. He had a handsome physique ; a remarkable voice, musical and of almost electrical influence ; a mesmeric movement of hand and fingers. It seemed as if the effect of his preaching was magical. There was something almost hypnotic about it. Crowds of people seeking for mercy thronged the penitent-forms. His converts were numbered by thousands, and very many held to their faith to their lives' end.

Many ministers worked the penitent-form with great effect. Their success did not seem to depend on preaching, although in some instances their preaching was powerful. The Rev. Thomas Nightingale was an illustration of this. He was one of many. He was never a great preacher, but he was an effective minister. He worked the prayer-meeting for all that was possible. Scores went to the Communion-rails. Both he and his wife went round to the pews exhorting the people to go up to the others who were seekers. In all their circuits many were truly converted to God. Mr. Nightingale was a good man, a sound preacher, a fine pastor. He had a great sense of humour and power of sarcasm. He was in the Lambeth Circuit during the stirring times of the

Agitation, and saw a number of the Radicals, who were leaders of the troubles, sitting together, earnest and demonstrative enough ; to whom he said waggishly, 'Brethren, don't you think you had better all come to the penitent-form?' They did not go, but they appreciated the pleasantry.

Once in later life, when Mr. Nightingale was Chairman of a District, the Rev. John Lomas, that great preacher, had delivered a remarkable sermon before the Synod. He was then aged and a supernumerary. In supporting a vote of thanks a somewhat pompous minister said that Mr. Lomas was often a member of his congregation, and in future, when he had to preach before him, he should always pity himself. 'Don't do that, brother So-and-So,' said Mr. Nightingale ; 'pity Mr. Lomas.'

I have a book, alphabetically arranged, in which I have kept a careful record of the places and dates at which I have preached since September 19, 1875, the Sunday on which I first preached after my appointment as Secretary of the Sunday School Union, up to November 22, 1908. The texts are all entered. The book has been useful. It has saved me from repetition of sermons in the same place, with the exception of about three occasions when I got wrong by mistaking an entry ; as, for instance, 'Chron.' for 'Corin.' I find that, without reckoning ordinary

services in camp, garrison, or circuit work, I have preached in at least nine hundred and thirty-three different sanctuaries of one sort and another. That could not have been done if I had not been set free from fixed pastoral duty by my appointment to the Sunday School Union and Book-Room.

I have the impression that the Methodist preaching of to-day is on as high a level as it ever was, and as generally effective. There is little difficulty in supplying its great variety of pulpits. We have no such widely popular men as Benson, Newton, or Punshon, but we have a larger number of superior preachers in the ordinary work. A lady once said to me, 'We have no great preachers now. You are nearly all on one level, and that is not a high one.' I turned to the late Mr. William Dingley, of Sherborne, who was then an old man, and I said, 'I suppose, Mr. Dingley, there were giants among the preachers in your young days?' He replied, 'Yes, there were some giants then, but the average stature is better now.'

CHILDREN

I HAVE often been impressed by the sayings of young children. Travelling northwards one Saturday, I sat in a single seat of a third-class Midland corridor carriage. On a seat on the other side were father, mother, and little boy. The child and I had several telegraphic sort of communications by our eyes and smiles. After a while he got over his father's legs which were stretched across their seats, and came to me. I put him on my knee to let him look out of the window. He said: 'I'm six. We had a little sister, but she's dead. Do children have playthings in heaven?'

I said, 'I don't know about playthings; but I am sure they have everything in heaven to make little children very happy.'

'Do you think my little sister is happy?'

'Yes, I am sure she is.'

'Then,' he said, 'shall I die too?'

'Yes, some day; but not yet.'

'When I die shall I live again?'

'Yes, when you die you will live again.'

'Then,' said the tiny thinker, 'how will God do it?'

In a railway car in America a pretty little girl of six said to her mother, 'Let me go to that gentleman ; I want to kiss him.' She came across to me, and said, 'I think you like to see little children around.' She was quite right.

When doctors and others thought, during my serious illness, that I should die, I felt sure I should recover. I knew that thousands of prayers were being offered for me. I remembered the words—

My Son is in My servant's prayer,
And Jesus forces Me to spare.

But my confidence was fixed when I heard that young children in their homes and scholars in schools were praying for me. I knew that, if God would listen to and answer the prayers of grown-up folks, He would not spurn the cry of innocent childhood, and of 'our boys and girls.'

I have read that 'The Turks have a touching custom when the plague rages very greatly, and a thousand corpses are carried out daily from Stamboul through the Adrianople gate to the great groves of cypress which rise over the burial-ground beyond the walls. At times of terror and grief such as these the Sheikh-ul-Islam causes all the little children to be assembled on a beautiful green hill called the Oc Maidan (the Place of Arrows), and there they bow down upon the ground and raise their innocent voices

in supplication to the Father of Mercy, and implore His compassion on the afflicted city.'

I was greatly touched when, on resuming work again, children were brought to me who had personally prayed for me.

One Sunday morning, while sitting in the vestry after service, I noticed a little boy of nine standing at the open door and looking wistfully in. I beckoned to him, and he came. He was a shy lad. He drew a birthday book out of his pocket, but said nothing. So I said, 'You want me to write my name in that, don't you?' He said, 'Please.'

In a few minutes his mother came in and said, 'My little boy wants you to write your name in his birthday book.' When I told her it was done she seemed surprised, and said, 'Why, has he asked you?'

She went on to say, 'When you were ill this child prayed for you every day ; and on that Sunday when the miracle was performed, and you had the wonderful change, he had special prayer for you several times ; and nothing would persuade him that his prayers did not help to save you !' No, indeed, and why should any one try to persuade him otherwise, or disturb his lovely faith? On that Sunday uncountable prayers were offered in Sunday schools. The answer came. There was a sudden spring of the heart from a long-continued beat of twenty-seven to a strong, lasting

beat of over seventy. Dr. M'Dade, my able and excellent doctor, said to me on the next day: 'Your brethren must have been praying for you very hard yesterday. That is the only explanation; there is no medical one.' In that opinion he was right.

FINE TALKING

I ATTENDED the ceremony of stone-laying of a new Wesleyan church in the south of England. The Mayor and Corporation were to be present. His worship could not come, being detained on the bench by a protracted police-case; but he was represented at the luncheon by a worthy Alderman who presided. In proposing the health of the civic dignitaries, and prosperity to the municipality, I spoke of the growth and improvement of municipal government, and of the marvellous increase in the duties and engagements of the Mayoralty. The alderman, at whose back stood the bearer of the mace, or other paraphernalia, responded. He said: 'The reverend gentleman is right when he described the various duties of the Mayor, and the many engagements he has to fulfil. I can assure you, gentlemen, the office of a Mayor in these days is no *sine qua non*.' There was real, sympathetic applause.

But others besides a red-robed Alderman can afford mild amusement by a slip of the tongue. Even learned professors and University preachers have made liberal contributions to the mirth of their hearers. It is said

that the late Dean Burgon preached on the great, overpowering merits of the High Anglican school of theology. He eulogized Jeremy Taylor and the renowned Dr. Bull, and then exclaimed, with his most characteristic fervour, 'May I live the life of a Taylor and die the death of a Bull!'

It is pleasant to remember that, at one of our meetings, the chairman, who belonged to another Church, wishing to be friendly, urged us all to cultivate kindly feelings, especially as we all hoped to attain the same home of eternal bliss. He exclaimed, with earnestness, that all Christians were striving to reach the same great *gaol*.

In a neighbouring parish to that in which I live, several of the Anglican clergy lived together in the same house—bachelors—celibates. A man was on the outlook for a lady, and thought probably she lived at the house, not knowing it was the Clergy House. An old woman servant answered his knock; he asked if Mrs. So-and-So lived there; the old woman told him no lady lived there, no one but clergy; 'and,' she said, 'they are all inebriates.' She meant celibates.

Old General Kemmis was a *fine*-spoken man. He found a soldier very dirty. 'Take him!' said he to a sergeant; 'take him and *lave* him in the Tagus.' Some hours after—'Sergeant, did you do as I ordered you?' 'I did, sir.' 'Where is the culprit?' 'Sure

I left him in the Tagus, as your honour ordered—up to his neck.'

The story of General Kemmis and his way of fine talking, with the Irish sergeant's reply in good Irish brogue, brings to mind one of William O'Connell, a cousin of the Liberator. Once O'Connell was pointing out the celebrities in Phoenix Park to a young friend, when the Hon. and Very Reverend Fitzroy Stanhope passed. 'D'ye see that man?' he said, 'him in the trap? That's a dane.' The youth, however, had seen the reverend gentleman before. 'No, it isn't,' he replied, 'that's Mr. Stanhope—an Englishman.' ''Tis not a Dane of Swaden I mane, sir,' said O'Connell angrily, ''tis a dane of the Church.'

‘THE HONOURABLE UNDERSTANDING’

I HAD a long friendship with the Rev. John Bond. He was at Didsbury before my day, began his ministry in 1852, and died in London in 1905. He was no ordinary man. For some years he was a Methodist storm-centre. He held strong political views, and declared them, although he did not introduce them into our services or chapels.

He had attended the annual meeting of the Liberation Society one year, and at the following Conference, that of 1875, had to face a strong opposition. It was urged that he had broken ‘the honourable understanding’ that Wesleyan ministers of all shades of opinion were to abstain from public political partisanship. He defended himself stoutly. Feeling ran high. In the memorable case of Joseph Rayner Stephens, who attended similar meetings and was Secretary of the movement, and who left the ministry rather than yield, it had been urged that, if he should abstain from such political action, so should Dr. Bunting, who had sent a signed letter to the *Standard* in favour of the Tory candidate for Finsbury, and

had also appeared with him on the hustings. So with Mr. Bond, who urged that he had no more broken 'the honourable understanding' than had Dr. Osborn, who, with Mr. Bunting, had appeared before a Parliamentary Committee over which the Duke of Marlborough had presided, and given evidence in favour of Church Rates.

The upshot was that 'the honourable understanding' was confirmed, and although Mr. Bond never severed his connexion with the Society for the Liberation of the Church of England from State Control, it was felt that it would be a great wrong for Methodists of any opinion to bring party politics into church premises or church services ; or to act as if they had the right to represent Wesleyan Methodism. On the other hand, it was made quite clear that, in their private and civic life, they had full liberty to express their political opinions, of whatever colour they are ; although the feeling was strong that it is very undesirable for ministers of a Church so cosmopolitan as ours to mix themselves up with political controversy.

Mr. Bond told me that, when he went to a Welsh town to preach and address a meeting, he was entertained by a medical man, who said to him: 'I do not know your views on politics, social economics, or ecclesiastical matters, Mr. Bond ; but make yourself quite at home here, for I can assure you that, whatever opinions you hold on any subject under the sun,

you will find some member of my family will agree with you.'

Mr. Bond was Head Boy at Kingswood School in his day, and reputed to be the best classic at Didsbury, although people did not always know it.

He preached with much power. His sermons were delivered very effectively, and they were evangelistic. For many years his after-meetings were remarkably successful, and he had much 'fruit' to his ministry. He was perhaps the first to institute Mission Bands in circuits. These were composed chiefly of voluntary workers, who visited houses, sang and spoke in the streets, and recruited for Sunday evening services to be held in the chapels.

He was appointed Secretary of the Metropolitan Chapel Building Committee in 1881, and held the office for twenty-three years. He would have been happier, and done better service, if he had continued in circuit or more evangelistic work. On his nomination for reappointment at the Sheffield Conference, 1889, the Rev. Joseph Posnett voiced the mind of many when he said 'he did not think there was any other appointment that so shocked a great many people throughout Methodism as that a man of Mr. Bond's wonderful gifts should not have been doing other work for many years than that he had been doing. Some of the best men in Methodism were troubled that such a man should not be in the van of spiritual

work. He thought Mr. Bond ought, as soon as possible, to get into spiritual work.'

Mr. Bond knew of this feeling, and very probably sympathized with it more than he said. He felt he was not a success in his post, and it tended to make him unhappy. But he had difficulties and troubles, and, with them to wrestle against, it seemed to be too late to make a change, for, in addition, he had physical health dangers, and was called to endure great bodily pain, and, indeed, agony.

To the end he held his strong views on various subjects. He was an intense Protestant; he hated Popery, and Ritualism in the Anglican Church no less, perhaps more; he preferred a Papist to an Apist. About three or four weeks before he died he said to me, 'Mr. ——' (a Wesleyan minister whom he did not know intimately) 'called and asked if I should like him to administer Holy Communion to me. I told him "No" very plainly. He sounded as if it was a Viaticum, and was glad to get me to heaven—a sort of Extreme Unction—and I would have none of it.' I assured him that Mr. —— had no Romanizing tendencies, and meant nothing of the sort. But Mr. Bond did not like the way of putting it. 'But,' he said solemnly, 'I should like the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and have thought, if you would administer it here, all the children who are at home would join for the first and last time with me.' It

was a solemn and tender service. At its close he spoke very nicely to the younger children. On the Christmas Day, shortly before, his sons and daughters were all with him, gathered from several parts of the world. After his burial they were soon scattered again.

He was a prompt and punctual man—careful in the fulfilment of all his engagements.

On the Tuesday but one previous to his death he said to me, 'I think it will be all over in a fortnight, and then you will do for me what you did for the other two, will you not?'

I had buried both his wives—'the other two.' He died precisely as he said, a fortnight after the conversation. That day Methodism lost a loyal son, and there was hushed the voice of an eloquent preacher, a powerful lecturer, and a forceful debater and platform orator.

PERSONAL CRITICS

IN writing these reminiscences I have had no diary to help me—I have kept none; but two or three people have greatly helped me. They did not do it intentionally for this book. Over long years they have sent me scores of newspaper cuttings, magazine articles, and other ephemeral literature relating to myself. Mr. Thomas Hayes, formerly of the Mission House, and then of the Allan Library, sent me, pasted as a bound book, the cuttings from newspapers relating to my first Presidency. Then come ‘interviews’ and articles from 1858–9 onwards. In one there is a somewhat conceited prophecy as to the probability of my election to the chair, by a writer who modestly says his friends sometimes tell him ‘he holds the key to the Presidency,’ because his newspaper forecasts are like nominations and have so often come true. Another is very funny. It is from an Indian paper, published on or about the date of my first election to the chair. It contains a likeness of a well-known minister, his biography, a flattering and well-won

tribute to the value of his work, and the announcement that he had been elected President of the Conference. The writer was surprised to find his too-previous article was wrong, and that his nominee was not elected; but, amateur-journalist-like, in the issue for the following month he informs his Indian readers that he was wrong, but that, although the person he had mentioned was not elected, he ought to have been, and that, if the better of the two had been, the article would have been correct—with which opinion I could agree. Poor fellow! The hand that wrote will write no more; the voice that praised was hushed by the beating waves in a shipwreck.

Here are several articles and notices from the pen of 'H. K.,' presumably the Rev. Nehemiah Curnock; all, needless to say, kindly, and written not only with characteristic ability, but with accurate knowledge of his subject and a lifelong acquaintance.

Australia contributes a very clever article on what the writer calls my 'humour.' He gives a number of quotations from my sermons and speeches, and says he heard me, during an eighteen months' visit to England, preach many sermons, deliver many addresses, in many parts of the country, and never heard sermon, speech, or illustration twice. That is remarkable, because I have not been afraid of

repeating myself. Why should not a sermon or speech be repeated, as well as a hymn or a tune? If it is good for Jerusalem, why should it not be heard in Jericho?

Another colonial paper is of interest. It is accompanied by an explanatory and apologetic letter from the publisher, who says the offensive article slipped into the paper one week when both he and the editor were away from home. He asks what amends they can make, and would I wish them to decline all future communications from their 'English correspondent'? In reply, I ask them not to make a martyr of him, but in future to put his name to each article, and then no one who knows him on this side the water will care a fig for anything that he may choose to write.

Considering how far from perfection we are; how varied work has been; what a difference there is in temper, taste, type, and opinion; what a love for chatter and what strength of self-opinion some of our critics have, I do not wonder that fees, and spite, with jealousy, tempt writers of paragraphs in 'religious' papers at home, and as English correspondents to American and Colonial ones, to imitate, even at a great distance in ability, the writer of the *Wesleyan Takings*, by scribbling about the 'characteristics' and 'many unfortunate mannerisms' of the

victims of their not too clean pens—pens sometimes dipped in vitriol.

There are always a few of these undesirables. Mr. Charles Reade coined a good descriptive name for them when he said they were ‘anonymuncules who go scribbling about.’

SUPERNUMERARY

I BECAME a supernumerary at the Conference of 1907, having been fifty years in the ministry. The title 'Supernumerary' is not a happy one. It seems to signify 'one too many.'

Perhaps it is impossible to accept the position, after an active life, without some sadness.

It is sad to feel that accustomed duties claim no more attention; that henceforth you are only a looker-on; to feel that your dream of doing certain work is only a dream, and can now never be realized; that some long-thought-of texts will never be preached from; that your place will be in the pew and not in the pulpit.

If thoughts of this sort tend to sadden one, there are others that comfort. The old men can rejoice that the young have seized their war-weapons and begun to fight; have started in the race; have entered on work. It is pleasant to know that the croakers are wrong who tell us that most of the younger men do not preach the old truths with the old spirit and power, but that the strong old theology has been driven out by weak humanitarian

and socialistic faddists, and hard-working, honest, devout preachers are hustled out of sight by self-advertising charlatans, who are fine specimens of the impudence and pomposity of twaddle. No, no ; the old man who is old enough to remember can tell you that these objectionables are not new creations, and are a minority ; that things are better, not worse, now than in the past.

It certainly saddens one to know that, while the good fight rages, his own arm is powerless to strike a blow, and he is out of the ranks ; but it gladdens him to know that, like Moses or Elijah, he can pray, and, maybe, if the lads in action know it, they will be strengthened to give harder blows ; and it is pleasant to think, when the race is keen and we cannot run, that still we may have joy in standing among the lookers-on, and of shouting to cheer the young fellows on our side as they rush past, and of calling out in triumph when they win.

Now is the time, when a man is a supernumerary, to show good temper ; to be generous in opinion about the workers of to-day ; not to become a querulous old crank, a mere grumbling critic ; not to think that the world is going to the dogs, and the Church to the devil, because he has grown old, and can do little ; not to condemn new methods simply because they are new ; nor, on the other hand, consider them excellent because some good man

pushes them, and quotes poetry in their favour ; and not to be too touchy if some upstart thinks that, because he has recently begun to button his collar behind, he is justified in attempting to patronize one because he is in the ' full work ' and you are ' only a supernumerary.'

ILLNESS

THERE is something pathetic in having to lie in bed powerless, when you know that, except for one item, you are well ; but that one thing means that you can never again be, so far as strength is concerned, what you have been. Just as there are some seas through which ships may pass, but, having sailed through them, can never be the same again, so there are some experiences in life after which men are never the same. A serious illness is one of these. For fifty years in the ministry, I scarcely had any sickness. Since my seventieth year I have had to take the rest cure in bed and my room for five months three times.

Happily, my regular medical attendant was a very sensible man, Dr. C. E. M'Dade, who, as Sir William H. Broadbent said, showed how wise and prudent he was by abstaining from trying experiments in my Stokes-Adams' heart-trouble.

In these periods of enforced retirement, I have had time to think and to pray, and grace to trust. I have been free from excitement, and fear, and anxiety. Perhaps my early lessons in Quakerdom as to quiet

and repose of spirit, were helpful. I found that sick people can do without preachifying, and do not need exciting visits to stimulate meditation or religious life; that the human soul can live and thrive alone with God. 'I waited on the Lord.' 'He cared for me.' I could pray to Him and say—

In the weary, waiting time,
Give me this day
A little work to occupy my mind;
A little suffering to sanctify my spirit;
And, dear Lord,
If Thou canst find some little good that I may do for Thee,
I shall be glad, for that will comfort me.
Mind, spirit, heart,
I leave them all to Thee.

After a long life of seventy-six years, and serious illness, with a feeble heart-beat, which is like carrying your signed death-warrant about with you, it is impossible to forget that the end will come soon. We need not repine. I have had more than my share of joy, comfort, friendships, Christian privileges, bright hope, and shall have no violent change when the day's work is over. I shall pass from one part of Christ's Church to the other; from one set of friends, who will survive me for a time, then follow almost before I am fully settled among the majority of my friends above. So all is well. I think of Mrs. Barbauld's lines:

Life ! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather :
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear :
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time,
Say not 'Good night,' but in some brighter clime
Bid me 'Good morning.'

I feel keenly that no friend and servant of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, needs to fear to die, or to fear anything after death. He will never leave us ; never forsake us. Why should we shrink from loving His messenger, Death ? Why dread the grave ? I feel, with George Meredith :

Into the breast that gives the rose,
Shall I with shuddering fall ?

And, still better, with Charles Wesley :

Happy soul, thy days are ended,
All thy mourning days below :
Go, by angel-guards attended,
To the sight of Jesus go !

MEMORANDA OF APPOINTMENTS AND INCIDENTS

Preached first Sermon at Sinderland (Altrincham Circuit)
December 18, 1853.

Preached District Synod Trial Sermon at Burnley, Wednesday morning, 5 o'clock, May 16, 1855. Committee of hearers: the Revs. James Osborn, George T. Perks, and John Relph.

District Examination May 17, 1855, conducted by the Rev. John Hannah, D.D.

London Trial Sermon (July Examination), preached at Stoke Newington, July 3, 1855. Hearer to report: the Rev. Luke H. Wiseman.

Accepted as Candidate, Leeds Conference, 1855.

Entered Wesleyan Theological Institution, Didsbury, September 6, 1855.

Finished term as Student at Didsbury, June 26, 1858.

Appointed to Didsbury as President's Assistant, 1858.

Appointed to Aldershot Camp, 1859.

Ordained Wednesday, July 31, 1861, at Brunswick Chapel, Newcastle-on-Tyne, by President John Rattenbury, Secretary John Farrar, Ex-President W. W. Stamp, and the Revs. Thomas H. Squance and John Bowers.

Appointed to Chatham Garrison, 1861.

Married at Wesley College Chapel, Sheffield, July 13, 1865.

Appointed to Chaplaincy to the London Garrison, and Chelsea Circuit, 1867.

„ to the Wandsworth Circuit, 1870.

„ „ Westminster Circuit, 1873.

„ Secretary of the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday School Union, 1875.

„ Book Steward, 1889.

„ Delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, America, 1888.

Elected to Legal Hundred, Bradford, 1878.

„ President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference (First time), Sheffield, 1889.

„ President of the Wesleyan Methodist Conference (Second time), Bristol, 1905.

Became Supernumerary, 1907.

„ President of National Council of Evangelical Free Churches, 1900.

„ President British Chautauqua, 1897-98, at Aberystwyth and Edinburgh.

„ Vice-President British and Foreign Bible Society, elected 1903.

„ „ Sunday School Union.

„ „ Young Men's Christian Association.

„ President Metropolitan Free Church Council (twice).

„ Chairman of the First London District for several years.

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